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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

CASANOVA. *His Known & Unknown Life.*
By S. Guy Endore. *The John Day Company*
$5 9¼ x 6¼; 390 pp. *New York*

This biography of the celebrated liar, forger, card-sharp, seducer and jail-bird has many virtues. It is honestly and ably written and heavily documented. Mr. Endore has plainly made a very careful study of all the relevant literature, which is full of contradictions, and has probably extracted as much truth from it as is humanly ascertainable. He quotes a great deal from the famous Memoirs, but only from the authenticated portions. Finally, he does something which few other biographers have done. He points out that the king of adventurers was not a trashy fellow. "He had a keen reasoning intellect," and his poems and novels are full of merit. Voltaire had great respect for him, and after a few hours' conversation with him once, "cried out that he would feel insulted unless Casanova were willing to sacrifice a whole week to him." There are ten illustrations, a good critical bibliography and an index.

THE VIRGINIA PLUTARCH.
By Philip Alexander Bruce.
The University of North Carolina Press
Chapel Hill, N. C.
$9 9⅜ x 6¼; 2 vols.; 328 + 353 pp.

Dr. Bruce, who has behind him three or four highly competent histories of Colonial Virginia, here presents a collection of brief biographical sketches of thirty-two eminent Virginians. They are "not a series of detached character studies, but rather [form] a continuous narrative of deeds running from the beginning of the colonial age to our own times." Among those considered are Capt. John Smith, Sir William Berkeley, Nathaniel Bacon, Col. William Byrd, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, George Rogers Clark, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Chief Justice John Marshall, James Monroe, John Randolph of Roanoke, Sam Houston, John Tyler, Winfield Scott, Edgar Allen Poe, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Woodrow Wilson and Dr. Walter Reed—a galaxy of stars that helps greatly to atone for the present disgraceful state of the Old Dominion. Dr. Bruce takes a just pride in all of them, but his discussions are not made up of praise alone. He has much to say about John Marshall and Wilson, to mention only two, that is sharply critical. There are many illustrations. An index is lacking.

WALT WHITMAN.
By Harrison S. Smith. *The Harvard University Press*
$1.50 7¼ x 4⅜; 122 pp. *Cambridge*

Mr. Smith was a close personal friend of Whitman during the last ten years of the poet's life, and here sets down some of his recollections of him. He has a great deal to say that is highly interesting. Among other things, he shows that Whitman was not gifted as a critic. He was very fond of the works of George Sand, but Hawthorne seemed to him to be too "morbid," and the best he could say of Blake was that "he was a queer fellow with 'streaks of poetry in him.' " His general carelessness as to his person and surroundings is well known. Mr. Smith once found his "room in a perfect riot of confusion. Surrounding W. W.'s feet were books, old shoes, newspapers, pamphlets, stools, in a wild disorder and a foot deep at least. . . . He sat in the midst of this débris as placid as if all were correct and luxurious." As for his method of composition, "he said an idea would strike him which after mature thought he would consider fit to be the 'spinal' theme of a 'piece.' This he would revolve in his mind in all its phases and finally adopt, setting it down crudely on a bit of paper—the back of an envelope or any scrap, which he placed in an envelope. Then he would lie in wait for any other material which might bear upon or lean toward that idea, and as it came to his mind he would put it on paper and place it in the same envelope. After he had quite exhausted the supply of suggestions, . . . he would interweave them into a 'piece,' . . . I asked him about the arrangement or succession of the slips, and he said they always fell properly into place."

EDWARD COKE: *Oracle of the Law.*
By Hastings Lyon & Herman Block.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$5 8¼ x 5⅜; 385 pp. *Boston*

Coke is known in America almost solely for his commentary on Littleton, but in his day he was far more the politician than the writer, and the mark that he left upon English history was a brilliant one. He was the leader in the battle of the Common Law against the royal prerogative, and he cleared the way for the present dominance of Parliament in the English system of government. His leadership cost him dear, for it lost him the Chief Justiceship, got him into the Tower, and came near bringing him to the block. He had, as Attorney-General, sent many another man there. He was chief of the prosecution at the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh and at that of the

Continued on page vi

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JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH
139 East Forty-Sixth Street New York

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

Gunpowder Plot conspirators, and gave dreadful exhibitions of rancor and bullying. That, of course, was before he got out of favor with the King, and began to be in danger himself. To lawyers, perhaps, his argument in the famous case of Wolfe vs. Shelley is more interesting. Out of that action flowed the Rule in Shelley's Case, which still afflicts law students. Coke was married twice, both times to rich and influential brides, and left a large fortune. His second marriage was less happy than his first, and for years his melodramatic rows with his wife entertained London. Messrs. Lyon and Block, who are members of the New York bar, have made an interesting book about him. They go at length into the politics of the time, and spare nothing that could conceivably throw any light upon Coke's career. Their volume is well illustrated and has a good index.

THE GENERALSHIP OF ULYSSES S. GRANT
By J. F. C. Fuller. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$5 9⅛ x 6¼; 452 pp. *New York*

Colonel Fuller is an old English Army officer of European reputation, and the author of several books on military affairs. Here he attempts what amounts to almost a complete reëvaluation of Grant's status as a general. He admits that he lacked imagination, that he was "not endowed with outstanding genius," and that he "never fully appreciated . . . the defensive power of the rifle, and the enhancement of this defensive power by field works—entrenchments, riflepits, slashings and abattis." But the legend that Grant's one and only great quality was dogged determination, he says, is without basis in fact. "Grant has gone down to history as a bludgeon general, a general who eschewed maneuvre and who with head down, seeing red, charged his enemy again and again like a bull; indeed an extraordinary conclusion, for no general in [the Civil War], not excepting Lee, and few generals in any other war, made greater use of maneuvre in the winning of his campaigns, if not of his battles. . . . He was the greatest strategist of his age, of the war, and, consequently, its greatest general." Lee, true enough, "fought like a paladin," but he was "an indifferent general-in-chief," and inferior to Grant. The difference between them was this: "Grant understood the meaning of grand-strategy, Lee did not." There are eighteen maps and a good index.

A FRONTIER MOTHER.
By Owen P. White. *Minton, Balch & Company*
$1.50 7¼ x 4¾; 101 pp. *New York*

Mr. White's mother, whose story he here tells with great simplicity and charm, was born in Virginia, but spent most of her early life in a small town in Colorado. In 1868 she married and moved to a ranch on the South Platte and thereafter, for several years, she knew the hard life of a frontier wife and mother. More than once there was danger from the Indians, and at all times she was cut off from communication with other white women. Later on she and Mr. White moved to El Paso, and after that to various small towns on the border. She was a woman of superior education and never permitted the hardships of her life to destroy her interest in books. Her son's account of her adventures makes capital reading.

VOICE & PEN.
By Victor L. Berger. *The Milwaukee Leader*
$1.50 7¾ x 5⅛; 753 pp. *Milwaukee*

Berger deserves a full-length biography: he was one of the most interesting men ever elected to the House of Representatives, which disgraced itself and the nation during the war by twice expelling him. Pending the preparation of an adequate account of him the present collection of his speeches and letters must suffice. It includes his speech before the special committee of the House which recommended his expulsion in 1918, his speech at his trial under the Espionage Act in 1917, when the celebrated Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis sentenced him to twenty years in prison, and his remarks at the funeral of Eugene Debs. The book is badly printed and amateurishly bound, and has only a partial index.

PHILOSOPHY

CRESCAS' CRITIQUE OF ARISTOTLE.
By Harry Austryn Wolfson.
The Harvard University Press
$6 9¾ x 6¼; 759 pp. *Cambridge*

In the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries the center of Jewish philosophical activity shifted, in order, from the Arabic speaking countries to Christian Spain, to Southern France and to Italy, in each of which the sole literary language of the Jews was Hebrew. The Jewish scholars of the time translated all the current philosophical literature, "and thereby Hebrew literature became also the repository of the whole Aristotelian heritage of Greek philosophy." Hence its great importance in the history of human thought. "Of the vast learning so attained by Fourteenth Century Jewish scholars and also of the critical attitude which inspired their studies Crescas is the fruition. In his work are mirrored the achievements of five centuries of philosophic activity among Moslems and Jews, and in his method of inquiry are

Continued on page viii

"I Won't Leave This Book No Matter Who It Is!"

"Rather read?"

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Before we were members we dreaded an evening at home alone—actually dreaded it. But Joe had foresight enough to subscribe to the Literary Guild and *now we'd rather be alone*. Poor Harry couldn't understand it. "What *are* these books you keep your noses in?"

We had a good laugh at his expense a few months ago. One evening he started telling us about some startling, inside history just after the Civil War. Both Joe and I recognized his source of information at once. He had bought *The Tragic Era*, paying full price for it, of course. We let him run on for a few minutes, then Joe said: "Yes, Harry. We read it too. We read it when it was *new*. It was a Guild book, you know."

But, to get back to the telephone,—when it rang I looked at Joe and he looked at me. "It must be for you," he said. I went back to my book: "No indeed. I'm *sure* it's for you." Finally he answered it. Just as we suspected, it was Harry.

"Oh—ho!" I heard him say, clear in the front room. "Playing hermits again. I knew it. . . . Well, listen. I'm on page one hundred and three; where are *you*?"

"What do you mean?" Joe asked.

"I mean I've joined the Guild. And I just got *Coronet* and I'm on page one hundred three and I'm going to read until dawn. . . . Don't ask me to come over. I can't. I'm reading."

We still laugh every time we think of it. But Harry is grateful to us for getting him started in the Guild—and you will be too after you receive one or two of the books and compare them with ordinary volumes.

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

reflected the originality and the independence of mind which characterize the Jewish philosophic writings of his time—an originality and an independence which are yet to be recognized." Crescas was born in Barcelona in 1340, and died in Saragossa in 1410. His chief work was "Or Adonai" ("The Light of the Lord"), a historical and critical investigation of Aristotle's "Physics" and "De Caelo." The present book is a detailed examination of it, and is full of hitherto unpublished material. Dr. Wolfson is Nathan Littauer professor of Jewish literature and philosophy at Harvard, and one of the most distinguished Semitic scholars in America.

MATTER, LIFE & VALUE.
By C. E. M. Joad. *The Oxford University Press*
$6 8⅞ x 5⅝; 416 pp. *New York*

Mr. Joad is one of the leading philosophers of England, and the author of numerous books on metaphysics, ethics and epistemology. The present volume is a sort of final statement of his general position. He does not belong to any particular school, but sees much good in nearly all of them. It is thus impossible to label him with any degree of precision. He "affirms the reality of at least three different classes of entity —matter, life and objects of value. . . . Each type of entity is irreducible and cannot be resolved into entities belonging to either of the other types." As for the outside world as we know it, "it appears exactly as it is." We cannot deny that mind interacts with matter, but we must also admit that we do not know how they interact. "Life is a dynamic force or activity; the chief characteristic of this activity being that of awareness. . . . Higher qualities and greater powers of life are to be defined in terms of scope and subtlety of awareness. . . . The highest level at which life has up to the present emerged is that manifested in man." The movement of evolution is not without direction. "The evolution of life is . . . a process which, beginning with awareness of matter, advances through interaction with matter to a knowledge of reality." Thus "the purpose of life is the contemplation of reality." As for the existence of a Supreme Being, we cannot deny it, but we really have no ground "to make any positive affirmation about Him." There is a brief index.

THE SCIENCES & PHILOSOPHY.
By J. S. Haldane. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$3.75 8¼ x 5⅜; 330 pp. *New York*

No known scientific laws, says Dr. Haldane, can give us a rational explanation of our universe. "We cannot dispense with biological interpretation by substituting for its physical interpretation, . . . and [neither] can we dispense with psychological interpretation by substituting for it either physical or biological interpretation. . . . A merely physical or biological interpretation of experience is impossible. . . . We need something which goes deeper than any of the sciences. . . . We need Philosophy, not merely Science." Science, by its very nature, can never give us objective truth. "There is nothing truer than Hegel's saying, 'Das Geistige allein ist das Wirkliche.'" The real world is "the spiritual world of values, and these values are in ultimate analysis nothing but the manifestation of the Supreme Spiritual Reality called, in the language of religion, God." The God of Christianity, at bottom, is this God. He is obscured to the populace by "a buttressing of bad theology by bad science." There is no contest between Science and Religion. "The present widespread belief that Religion will die as Science advances is nothing but evidence of intellectual blindness. . . . Religion will no more die out than Science will, or Philosophy will. Religion and Philosophy are in reality one thing, which is just as indispensable as Science is." Dr. Haldane is a fellow of New College, Oxford, and honorary professor at the University of Birmingham. He is president of the English Institution of Mining Engineers, a Companion of Honor of the British Court, a fellow of the Royal Society, and a member of the Royal College of Physicians and of the Royal Society of Medicine. He is an international authority on ether and respiration, and the inventor of the gas mask during the World War. He is one of England's greatest biologists. God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.

THE SON OF APOLLO. *Themes of Plato.*
By Frederick J. E. Woodbridge.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$4 8¾ x 5⅜; 272 pp. *Boston*

This popular discussion of the ideas of Plato is almost a model performance. Dr. Woodbridge, who until recently was dean of the faculties of political science, philosophy and pure science at Columbia, and is now professor of philosophy at the same university, sticks close to the facts and never indulges in any rhetoric. He begins with a brief outline of Plato's life, and then considers his dialogues on politics, education, love and death. He touches upon his metaphysics and epistemology only in passing. The writing throughout is excellent. There are some drawings by the author's son, Frederick J. Woodbridge. An index is lacking.

Continued on page x

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Continued from page viii

HISTORY

THE ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY.
By Henry Sée. *The Adelphi Company*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 154 pp. *New York*

Dr. Sée was professor of history and economics at the University of Rennes from 1893 to 1914, when he resigned to devote all his time to research and writing. He has behind him about twenty volumes, and his reputation among his colleagues, despite the fact that he is a Socialist, is solid. In the present book he considers two distinct problems: the materialistic conception of history *per se*, and the use Marx made of it in "Capital." Of the first he says that, despite its obvious one-sidedness, its "outstanding merit has been to free us from the idea that great men make history, and to draw the attention of historians to the less dramatic phenomena which reveal economic life, and to that silent mass of workers . . ., who are without doubt the real actors in the human drama." The Socialistic interpretations, however, which Marx made of this excellent and relatively new method of approach were not always happy. He was aware of the fact himself, for he revised his ideas frequently. But even in their final form they have not stood the test of time. "Industrial and capitalistic concentration have progressed, it is true, but much more slowly and less generally than Marx predicted. . . . [Neither] has the evolution of the small holding followed the trend predicted by [him]. . . . The Bolshevist Revolution itself, in spite of appearances, is a refutation of Marx's predictions, for it broke out in the very country of all Europe where capitalist society was the least developed, and where it had least paved the way for Communist society." The translation is by Melvin M. Knight. There are many notes and a good bibliography, but the book suffers greatly from the lack of an index.

THE NEW GERMAN REPUBLIC.
By Elmer Luehr. *Minton, Balch & Company*
$5 8⅜ x 6; 442 pp. *New York*

Mr. Luehr begins by describing the German revolution of 1918, and then proceeds to discuss its causes, and to outline the ensuing efforts to erect a stable state upon it. He brings his narrative down to the end of 1928. He is uncompromisingly republican in sentiment, and deals with the Kaiser in a far from impartial manner. "The German Republic," he concludes, "has triumphed, but its struggle was real. . . . Through the blistering blasts of Bolshevism, through the degradation of treaty and reparations, through the ferocity of Fascism, German democracy stood as the strongest bulwark of free representative government on the European continent. Today, when its enemies have receded into the background, the republic stands firm, tolerant, superior, ready to pull the country out from the last soft spots of the war mire." At the end of the book are a bibliography and an index.

OLD LOUISIANA.
By Lyle Saxon. *The Century Company*
$5 8⅜ x 5⅜; 388 pp. *New York*

Mr. Saxon's previous book upon New Orleans is well known. In the present volume he presents a series of charming sketches of Louisiana plantation life in the days before the Civil War. Much of his material is derived from private papers, and is thus unfamiliar. The many illustrations are by E. H. Suydam. At the end there is a brief bibliography.

A HISTORY OF NATIONALISM IN THE EAST.
By Hans Kohn. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$7 9½ x 6⅜; 476 pp. *New York*

What is now happening in the East, says Herr Kohn, is a repetition of what happened in Europe on the fall of the feudal system. "Modern industrialism, wholesale trade, and finance capital are beginning to penetrate everywhere. The old ruling caste of landed nobility, warriors and priests is being slowly ousted by a rising class of merchants, lawyers and men of letters. . . . The press is developing rapidly, and its influence is growing." With this preliminary the author proceeds to a detailed examination of the nationalist movements in the former Turkish territories, in India, in Egypt and in Persia and Afghanistan. The influence of British colonial policy and of the Russian revolution is discussed at length. There is much in the book that is unfamiliar and a great deal that is wise. Herr Kohn views the future with a considerable optimism: his eyes are not so much upon wars as upon cultural changes. "A new civilization," he says, "is in the making. Its motive forces are two, as was once the case in Europe. One is the rediscovery of ancient, forgotten history, the revival of a classic age irradiating later generations. The second is the discovery of new horizons, the influence of distant, alien civilizations." The book is supported by an extensive bibliography, and there is an index. The translation from the German is by Margaret M. Green.

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. . . I *let the* TITLE scare me *but I was mistaken*

DWIGHT C. ROSE

author of A SCIENTIFIC APPROACH TO INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT has successfully directed the investment of hundreds of millions of dollars with the firm of *Scudder, Stevens and Clark*, pioneers in the new profession of investment counsel. Everything he tells in his book is based on personal research and investment experience. His ability to translate this experience, so interestingly, into terms pertinent to every investor has made INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT the most popular, as well as the most authoritative book on this much discussed subject—a subject vitally important to all successful people.

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INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT

I listened with polite unconcern. It sounded too full of statistics and charts for an amateur investor like me. And when I saw it announced as a best seller and praised by men like *The Counselor on Investments* of the Irving Trust Company and papers like the *Wall Street Journal*, I thought it must be a topnotch technical book for financiers and students.

But yesterday I picked up the book from my brother's library table and dipped into it. Happening on the dedication I read: *To the increasing army of American Investors, upon the intelligent direction and expansion of whose accumulated wealth our growing civilization depends.*

Right there I realized that this was no ordinary book on investing. I read on and found myself aboard a Transatlantic liner listening eagerly to spirited argument between a successful young business man and his conservative but more experienced uncle—representing the new and the old schools of investing.

The market break hit me about as hard as anyone else, but I'm making up a new investment plan for myself now—and thanks to Mr. Rose, it is a good deal better than my last one. He strips the mystery from investing, and reveals the methods followed so successfully by the largest investors.

Not only was INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT fascinating to read, but what's more, it has certainly opened my eyes to my own investment problems and the way to solve most of them. Now I've got to buy a new copy for my brother and keep his because I couldn't help marking passages as I read. It's going to be a mighty good adviser for years to come.

Now it is selling faster than ever!

What financial authorities say:

"I have seen no evidence of practical investment experience that in any way approaches the evidence offered in this book."—W. E. LAGERQUIST, *Counsellor on Investments, Irving Trust Company, New York.*

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. *A Cartoon History.*
By Albert Shaw. *The Review of Reviews*
$8 11 x 8¼; 2 vols.; 263+277 pp. *New York*

Volume I is entitled "The Path to the Presidency," and deals with Lincoln's political life up to the beginning of the campaign of 1860; Volume II, as its title indicates, is confined wholly to "The Year of his Election," and covers the period from the beginning of the political conventions of 1860 up to the inauguration in March, 1861. The text occupies about half the space of the books, and is "rather in the sphere of presidential politics than in that of detached biography." The remaining space is given over to the reproduction of the more interesting cartoons, lithographs and photographs of Lincoln and his contemporaries that were in circulation in the North and South and in such foreign countries as England and France. They are very entertaining and instructive—many of them hitherto unpublished—, and constitute an important contribution to the socio-political history of the time. There is an index in each volume. Dr. Shaw, who is editor of the *Review of Reviews*, is at work on similar volumes dealing with Lincoln's career as President.

A SHORT HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA.
By Rockwell D. Hunt & Nellie van de Grift Sánchez.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$4.50 8½ x 5½; 671 pp. *New York*

Dr. Hunt is dean of the graduate school at the University of Southern California, and Mrs. Sánchez is well known as a State historian. They have produced a safe and sane history, apparently intended for use in the California schools. In dealing with the literature of the State they list Ambrose Bierce between John Steven McGroarty, the Los Angeles Eddie Guest, and Eliza A. Otis, "with her rich poetic gifts." In discussing the local contributions to theological and moral science they make no mention of those of Aimée Semple McPherson and Pastor Bob Shuler. And when they come to politics they are prudently silent about such things as the Mooney case and the ferocious war upon radicals in Los Angeles. At the end of each chapter they print a list of books for further reading. There are some useful illustrations and maps, and at the end there is a good index.

THE SCIENCES

ARE WE CIVILIZED? *Human Culture in Perspective.*
By Robert H. Lowie. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 8⅜ x 5⅜; 296 pp. *New York*

Dr. Lowie is professor of anthropology at the University of California; his writings upon the subject are well known to readers of The American Mercury. In this interesting and unusual book he shows some of the similarities between the behavior of savages and that of civilized man. His successive chapters deal with such things as the food supply, housing, dress and fashion, the common crafts and industries, travel and transportation, education, medicine, religion, marriage customs, and the development of the fine arts. His immense ethnological knowledge stands him in good stead. Under every heading he presents a large mass of unfamiliar facts, and in his elucidation of their significance and interrelation he shows a great deal of skill. His book makes fascinating reading, and is full of odd and amusing stuff. There are many illustrations, and at the end is a good index.

EVERYMAN'S PSYCHOLOGY.
By John Adams. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5⅜; 427 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Sir John Adams was for twenty years professor of education at the University of London, and for a time also served as exchange professor at Harvard. His interest in psychology is thus that of a pedagogue, and he devotes a relatively large amount of space, first and last, to the process of learning. He believes that the professional psychologists tend to burden their science with mumbo-jumbo, and his main purpose is to get rid of that mumbo-jumbo, and so make the chief concepts of modern psychology comprehensible to the ordinary layman. His book is written briskly, and despite its length is never dull. His last chapter, on the psychology of the crowd, is especially sensible and entertaining. He prints no bibliography, but there is a good index.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY.
By V. E. Fisher. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¾; 512 pp. *New York*

Dr. Fisher is assistant professor of psychology and director of the mental clinic at New York University. His book is intended for use as a college text, but it will also be interesting and useful to the general reader. It is marked by clear writing, an orderly arrangement of the materials, and much good sense. The ideas of Freud are given due place, but the author is by no means a slavish follower of the Vienna seer. He first describes the normal individual, and then proceeds to a discussion of the various abnormal states of mind, beginning with simple neurasthenia and ending with the manic-depressive psychoses, paranoia and schizophrenia. There follow excellent

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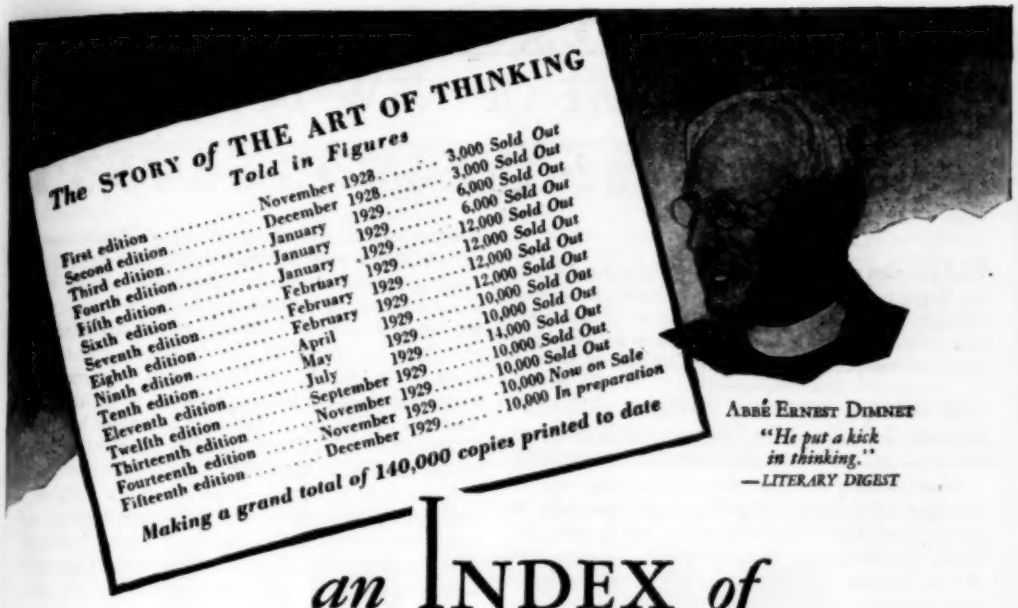
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OTHER LEADING educators, including President JOHN GRIER HIBBEN of *Princeton* and President NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER of *Columbia*, urged readers at once to buy *The Art of Thinking*, echoing Professor Dewey's unqualified endorsement. Reviewers all over the country discovered in the book an adventure for the mind and nationwide criticism became nation-wide acclaim. The book of the hour became the book of the year. Educators and men of letters hoped (but dared not prophesy) that *The Art of Thinking* would be enjoyed by those nineteen out of twenty men and women who needed just this wise and mellow introduction to the joys of real thinking.

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brief chapters on the physiology of sleep, on dreams, on hypnotism and suggestion, and on the feeble-minded. A glossary of technical terms is appended, and there is a good index. The book is probably the best that has yet appeared in its field.

THE TERMINOLOGY OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE.
By Duane Roller. *The University of Oklahoma Press*
$1 8¼ x 5⅜; 115 pp. *Norman, Okla.*

After pointing out that many of the terms used in the physical sciences at present, and especially in physics, are either meaningless or ambiguous, Dr. Roller points the way to their reform. He gives lists of the common scientific prefixes and suffixes, with their meanings; of the names of the chemical elements, showing their origins; and of scientific terms that are often mispronounced. In spelling he is in favor of such shortened forms as *bromin, oxid, gage* and *analog*, and even appears to incline toward *alfa, ellips, malleabl* and *sfere*.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THIS WORLD OF NATIONS.
By Pitman B. Potter. *The Macmillan Company*
$4 8⅜ x 5⅜; 366 pp. *New York*

This is an excellent elementary treatise upon the relations between nation and nation. It deals both with those that have come under the regulation of international law, and those that still lie outside its domain. The author is in favor of the United States joining the League of Nations, but he is by no means blind to its defects. The best way to get rid of war, he believes, is to carry on ceaseless agitation against it. If public opinion on the subject makes itself heard in plain terms, then politicians will be forced to take notice. The book is clearly written and gets a considerable order into matters that, to most persons, are hopelessly confusing. The author is professor of political science in the University of Wisconsin.

DANGER SPOTS IN WORLD POPULATION.
By Warren S. Thompson. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.50 8⅜ x 5⅜; 353 pp. *New York*

Dr. Thompson is director of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems. Here he discusses the pressure of population in such critical regions as Japan, China, India, Italy and Central Europe. He believes and argues that it would be wise for the Powers that possess unoccupied or sparsely occupied territories to relieve this pressure by donations of land. Such a proceeding, of course, would go counter to the immemorial policy of such Powers, but the alternative before them, on some not distant tomorrow, will be a series of bloody wars, with the chances running against them. Dr. Thompson, unlike most other students of population, does not believe that the Japanese will ever prosper in Manchuria. He holds that they are best fitted, not for a cold climate but for a warm one, and so he proposes that room for them be made in the islands of the Malay archipelago. The case of China, he believes, is almost hopeless. No measure within the realm of practical politics would suffice to accommodate her swarming millions. The one hope lies in the reduction of the birth-rate, and that must wait until civilized ideas dispose of the current superstitions. Dr. Thompson's book is packed with novel matter, and sets forth many suggestive ideas. There is a brief bibliography at the end, followed by an index.

MARRIAGE & MORALS.
By Bertrand Russell. *Horace Liveright*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 320 pp. *New York*

Such books as this are usually marked by a great deal of fantastic theorizing. Mr. Russell prefers to confine himself to hard common sense. His discussion of marriage in civilization today is unfailingly shrewd and plausible. He sees plainly that the institution is bound to undergo radical changes in the near future, but he is by no means convinced that they will destroy it. On the contrary, he believes that marriage is destined to endure, and that once the superstitions which corrupt all thinking about it are disposed of, it will be in a healthier and more vigorous state than ever before. His book is an excellent contribution to the discussion of a much mauled subject. It is unhackneyed in approach, but it is by no means radical.

PROSPERITY. *Fact or Myth.*
By Stuart Chase. *Charles Boni*
75 cents 7⅜ x 5; 188 pp. *New York*

This is a discussion of the economic changes in the United States in the last ten years. Its range is indicated by the chapter titles: "Wall Street and Prosperity," "Why Business Prosperity Came," "Houses," "Clothing, Food and Motor Cars," "The Share of Labor," "The Share of the Farmer," "The Share of the Middle Class," "The Share of the Owners," and "The Modern Tempo." Mr. Chase admits that "a somewhat greater allotment of material goods and services has been distributed to the average man and woman in the last eight years," and that industrial management has made tremendous strides. "Steadily the output per worker rises in the well managed factories, railroad, mines. Steadily the cost of pro-

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duction falls. . . . Similarly, the psychological contacts with the worker grow more intelligent." But the industrial manager is not free to apply his ideas to the limit. "He is undone by the vested interests of the owners who demand their pound of flesh in rent, interest and dividends *now*, with no thought for the rounded perfection of engineering principles, and the time, which they—and the physical laws which sanction them—demand. . . . Above all, the technician is undone by failure to inaugurate a national system of super-management, whereby production might be articulated to consumptive needs," and the fabulous wastes of modern industry brought under rational control. It is the owning class that has benefited most from the prosperity of the last decade, "absolutely and probably relatively." The unskilled workers, the skilled workers, the white collar workers, and the farmers have gained very little, or nothing. "The lower sections . . . of the middle class were under the budget and are still under it. . . . Prosperity from the commercial standpoint, it must be remembered, has never meant much to the rank and file." As for the immediate future, "Logically, prosperity should continue. Psychologically, we may be headed for a business depression."

THE THEATRE

FOOTLIGHTS ACROSS AMERICA.
By Kenneth Macgowan. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.75 8⅜ x 5¾; 398 pp. *New York*

On a grant from the Carnegie Corporation and the American Association for Adult Education Mr. Macgowan made a 14,000-mile tour of the United States, studying the Little Theatres *in situ*. The result is an encyclopediac and extremely interesting book. Not only the Little Theatres, properly so-called, are described and discussed, but also the littlest theatres that have sprung up in colleges, high-schools and country towns. How many of them there are in the country is not known precisely, but the number probably runs beyond 1200. So far they have not been brought into a national organization, but Mr. Macgowan is hopeful that this will come very soon. Such an organization, he believes, would be of great value. It could supply sound business advice to beginners, it could solve the royalty problem, it could keep a registry of competent producers and performers, and it could establish scholarships in the drama in colleges and universities. Mr. Macgowan's book is well illustrated, and has valuable statistical appendices. At the end there is a bibliography, followed by an index.

A REPERTORY OF MARIONETTE PLAYS.
Edited by Paul McPharlin. *The Viking Press*
$6 10⅜ x 7; 372 pp. *New York*

After an interesting introduction devoted mainly to the history of the marionette theatre, Mr. McPharlin presents the text of fourteen plays. The authors represented include Goethe, Maeterlinck and Jack B. Yeats. One of the plays is from the Chinese. In appendices there are lists of marionette producers in England and America, past and present, and selective book lists, including plays in English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Czech, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Turkish and Arabic. The book is illustrated.

TRAVEL

IRELAND: *The Rock Whence I Was Hewn.*
By Donn Byrne. *Little, Brown & Company*
$2.50 8⅜ x 5⅝; 146 pp. *Boston*

This little book will probably be the last to bear Mr. Byrne's name; his death in an automobile accident, in June, 1928, cut short a career that was full of high promise. His first success was won in the United States, where he was born in 1889, but as soon as he was able he returned to the land of his ancestors, and it was there that he died. The present volume is made up of brief notes, apparently for a larger work that was never undertaken. They deal with the charm of the Irish countryside, the peculiarities of the Irish peasants, the difficulties of Gaelic, and the glories of Irish history. There are many illustrations from photographs. The brief preface is by the late T. P. O'Connor. In it is reprinted Mr. Byrne's first published work, a poem that he contributed to *Harper's* in 1911.

NORAVIND.
By Dudley Vaill Talcott. *Edwin Valentine Mitchell*
$10 9⅞ x 7¾; 130 pp. *Hartford, Conn.*

Mr. Talcott, who is an American artist, made a trip in a canoe along 500 miles of the rugged Norwegian coast, finally reaching Tromsö, far beyond the Arctic Circle. The voyage was made in Summer, of course, and seems to have been very enjoyable, despite the rigors of paddling in menacing seas. In this book Mr. Talcott offers a pictorial record of it. There is some text too, painfully engrossed in capitals by the artist, but the pictures are the principal part. They are vigorous drawings in ink, and show a bold draftsmanship and a fine feeling for masses. The book

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Books worth owning for their current importance and lasting value

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appears in a limited edition of 375 copies, each signed by the author.

THE ARTS

THE CITY OF TOMORROW.
By M. Le Corbusier. *Payson & Clarke*
$7.50 9¾ x 7¾; 302 pp. *New York*

Le Corbusier, who is a Swiss domiciled in Paris, favors a clean sweep in architecture. All the present styles and traditions, he argues, must be abandoned, and the houses of the future must be designed, not by artists, but by engineers, as locomotives, automobiles and steamships are designed. "A motor-car which is achieved by mass production," he says, "is a masterpiece of comfort, precision, balance and good taste. A house built to order (on an 'interesting' site) is a masterpiece of incongruity—a monstrous thing." Apparently M. Le Corbusier is unfamiliar with the old Model T Ford—but, again, maybe he is, for some of the house designs that he presents very forcibly suggest it. They could be executed cheaply, but that is about all that may be said for them. They are unqualifiedly hideous, and it is highly improbable that living in the ensuing houses would be comfortable. His book is written in a rhetorical manner and is liberally illustrated. The translation from the French is by Frederick Etchells.

THE METROPOLIS OF TOMORROW.
By Hugh Ferriss. *Ives Washburn*
$7.50 12 x 8¾; 143 pp. *New York*

Mr. Ferriss is well known for his "renderings," as architects call them, of plans for new buildings. Here he presents some superb specimens of his work, and allows his imagination to play about the tasks that will probably greet him tomorrow. The first part of his book is made up of drawings of existing buildings—the Chicago Board of Trade, the Shelton Hotel, the Master Building in Riverside drive, the Los Angeles Municipal Tower, and so on. In the second and third parts he tries to envision the American city of tomorrow, with its huge masses of sky-scrapers, its lordly plazas, and its probable double-decker streets and hanging gardens. He sees "buildings like crystals, walls of translucent glass, sheer glass blocks sheathing a steel grill—no Gothic branch, no acanthus leaf, no recollection of the plant world—a mineral kingdom, gleaming stalagmites, forms as cold as ice, mathematics." His drawings are excellent, and his text is always interesting. The reproductions are in rotogravure.

THE FRESCOES OF DIEGO RIVERA.
Introduction by Ernestine Evans.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$10 12¾ x 9¾; 144 pp. *New York*

Rivera's frescoes are probably the most important works of art produced in Mexico in the present age. They are on the walls of the Ministry of Education in Mexico City, and on those of the National Preparatory School in the same place, and those of the National Agricultural Academy at Chaping. They are extremely modernistic in spirit, and the harsh, implacable emotions of the revolution are in them. Their importance as works of art, indeed, is almost exceeded by their significance as revolutionary documents. Here nearly a hundred of them are reproduced in black and white. Unluckily, they need color to carry; in monochrome they often seem wooden and ineffective. There is an excellent account of the artist by Miss Evans, and as a frontispiece there is a photographic portrait of him by Edward Weston.

PETER ARNO'S PARADE.
With a preface by William Bolitho. *Horace Liveright*
$3.50 11¾ x 8¾; 120 pp. *New York*

Mr. Arno's mordant drawings are familiar to readers of the *New Yorker*. Here fifty or more of the best of them are reproduced in enlarged form. It would be hard to over-praise them. They are not merely pungent; some of them are downright shocking. No draftsman at present in practice in America has a sharper eye for shams and frauds, and none tackles them with a more devastating pencil. The book is a valuable contribution to the social history of the time. It is appropriately bound in red, white and blue.

DE SADE.
By Beresford Egan & Brian de Shane. *The Fortune Press*
£1, 1s. 11½ x 9; 47 pp. *London*

Mr. de Shane's introduction to Mr. Egan's drawings is entitled "In Defence of Sadism," but what sadism has to do with the drawings is not apparent. They are in line, and in a way resemble those of the late Aubrey Beardsley, but they are by no means so good. Any competent illustrator, in truth, could do as well. The introduction by Mr. de Shane is a garrulous treatise on cruelty, in which it is argued that moral frenzy usually has a sadistic basis. The fact is surely too obvious to need argument. The book is handsomely printed on a paper suggesting vellum, and appears in an edition limited to 1600 copies.

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REPRINTS

SOUTH WIND.
By Norman Douglas. *Argus Books*
$20 9¼ x 6⅛; 2 vols.; 288+300 pp. *Chicago*

This reprint of Mr. Douglas's story, now on its way to classical dignity, is beautifully turned out, and has a great many delightful illustrations, some of them in full color, by John Austen. Its one defect is that the pages are uncut. In a book appearing in a permanent binding this is a gratuitous nuisance. But otherwise the edition is almost ideal.

PAINTED VEILS.
By James Huneker. *Horace Liveright*
$15 9¼ x 6⅛; 310 pp. *New York*

"Painted Veils," Huneker's only novel, seems destined to outlast the criticism upon which his fame rested while he lived. Here is the third reprint in half a dozen years—this time with twelve charming illustrations in color by Majeska. The printing and binding are very well done, and the edition is limited to 1250 copies.

THE BOOK OF URIZEN.
By William Blake. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$8 9¾ x 7¾; 85 pp. *New York*

It seems likely that Blake intended to follow "The First Book of Urizen" with a second book; if so, he never carried out the project. Of the first book six copies are known to exist, of which four are now in the United States. They differ considerably in detail. The present reproduction in full color is of the copy that belonged to the late Baron Dimsdale. The drawings look very muddy, but there is no evidence that they are not faithful to the original. There is an interesting interpretative note by Dorothy Plowman.

THE ADVENTURES OF PEREGRINE PICKLE.
By Tobias Smollett. *The John Day Company*
$15 9¾ x 7; 2 vols.; 648 pp. *New York*

The text here is that of the second edition, from which Smollett, according to his own preface, "expunged every adventure, phrase and insinuation that could be construed by the most delicate reader into a trespass upon the rules of decorum." That was in 1752. During the century and a half following notions of decorum changed, and "Peregrine Pickle," even though "expunged," fell into the disfavor of the virtuous. But now, despite the Comstocks, there is a more civilized attitude in such matters, and so it is not likely to shock. It is, without question, one of the great novels of modern times, notwithstanding its garrulities, its divagations, and its frequent descents to personal rancor. The present edition is admirably printed, and has a number of full-page illustrations in the modern manner by Alexander King. It is limited to 1000 copies, of which 950 are for sale.

FICTION

ULTIMA THULE.
By Henry Handel Richardson. *W.W. Norton & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 314 pp. *New York*

Richard Mahony, a distinguished English physician, starts out at the age of forty-nine to recuperate his fortune, with a wife and children dependent on him and a hand unnerved by his losses and an alien life abroad. He returns to Australia, where he acquired his wealth, and sets up practice in Melbourne. But life there becomes unendurable—he feels that he is an ignominious, marked man—, and he flees to the bush in a kind of panic, then to Barambogie, and later to Shortlands by the sea. Misfortune dogs his trail. At Barambogie his daughter Lallie dies and his health is undermined. At Shortlands his illness wrecks his mind, his practice dribbles away, and finally he is laid low with a stroke and committed to an asylum for the insane. In the end his wife rescues him and takes him to live with her at Gymgurra, the miserable cross-roads where she has a government position as postmistress. He dies there, months later, a pitiful lunatic, and is buried in the bare downs. "His resting-place was indistinguishable, with the passing years, from the common ground. The rich and kindly earth of his adopted country absorbed his perishable body, as the country itself had never contrived to make its own, his wayward, vagrant spirit." A memorable piece of work.

BITTER WATERS.
By Heinrich Hauser. *Horace Liveright*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 245 pp. *New York*

This novel, which was awarded the Gerhart Hauptmann Prize for 1929, is the story of Able Seaman Glen, of the steamship *Hispaniola*—his marriage with Chiquita, a charming child he finds in a Tampico brothel; his life with her on a desolate German farm, where he attempts to found a home; his losing struggles with soil and climate; his final, strangely passionless separation from her; and his return to the sea. A vigorous tale, told with unfaltering precision. The translation is the work of Patrick Kirwan. Liam O'Flaherty contributes a brief introduction.

Continued on page xxii

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SIBERIAN GARRISON.
By Rodion Markovits. *Horace Liveright*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 407 pp. *New York*

Rodion Markovits, a Hungarian newspaper man, was taken prisoner by the Russians in 1915, and spent six years in Siberian prison camps. This is the story of his life there. He describes the implacable hatreds and kindnesses; the pitiful amusements to pass the time—sack-races, pancake-eating contests, a sprint for Old Boys, a race for officers over fifty, a football match; the deadening resignation, for no letters from home had arrived since the revolution; the gnawing hunger for food, for warmth, for women. An arresting piece of work. The translation from the Hungarian is by George Halasz.

THE MIRACLE OF PEILLE.
By J. L. Campbell. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7⅜ x 5; 223 pp. *New York*

Thérèse Ursule Corbeille is the daughter of a gypsy woman and a shepherd, both of whom are done to death by the fanatical peasants of Peille. Thérèse herself is a cripple and lives in the ruins of an ancient monastery, where she shelters all outcasts and writes strange messages upon the altar with a piece of chalk. The new priest of Peille discovers the writings, and notices that they are directions in Arabic for restoring the monastery. She undertakes this task as her mission in life. Now she is happy. Everywhere she sees the hand of God. She puts her trust in Him completely. But in the end she realizes her vision only through her own death: she is hit by an automobile as she snatches a baby from under the wheels, and the baby's parents rebuild the monastery. On the whole, a charming story.

DIANA.
By Emil Ludwig. *The Viking Press*
$5 7½ x 5; 2 vols.; 330+349 pp. *New York*

Diana Wassilko is beautiful, brilliant and gracious. "An atmosphere of freedom envelops her . . . , and all she says is impregnated with such a power of imaginative faculty as is only to be found among children of exceptional gifts." Andreas, the poet, who is delirious with love of her, compares her to the narcissus, and pins a sonnet to her dog's collar; the dog, a Great Dane, whose name is Othello and whose forelegs are like Gothic columns, himself whines at the mention of his mistress's name. Diana, in brief, is a wholly fictitious character who animates an equally fictitious Europe of twenty years ago, where innumerable plots and counterplots, liaisons and duels surround her, and not only poets but also a prince, a soldier, a diplomat, an editor and an anarchist are bedazzled by her charms. Dr. Ludwig has written a boldly romantic narrative. It is done with some skill, but runs thin long before the close of the second volume. Eden and Cedar Paul have made the translation.

JOINING CHARLES.
By Elizabeth Bowen. *The Dial Press*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 302 pp. *New York*

Of the eleven stories in this collection only one, "The Dancing Mistress," is wholly successful. Miss Joyce James goes all over the country six days a week giving dancing lessons. She has eight dancing dresses, like clouds, and besides these and the fur coat to cover them, nothing at all but a cloth coat and skirt that looks wrong in the country and shabby in town. She is twenty-one, "pretty but brittle and wax-like from steam-heated air. All day long she is just an appearance, a rhythm; in the studio . . . she expands into delicate shapes like a Japanese mystery flower dropped into water. Only late at night she stops *seeming* too tired to be, too tired to eat or to speak. Her eyebrows tilt outward like wings; over her delicate cheekbones look out, slightly tilted, her dreamy and cold eyes in which personality never awakens." That is all there is to Miss James, except her persecution of poor, fat little Margery Mannering, in her Wednesday dancing class. A picture of feminine cruelty achieved with considerable skill. For the rest, Miss Bowen's stories contain the elements of novels rather than shorter pieces, and they accordingly suffer from her abbreviated treatment.

HARRIET HUME.
By Rebecca West. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 275 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

In this satirical fantasy Miss West maintains the melancholy and somewhat banal thesis that human beings are forever doomed to failure in their attempt to attain their aspirations. Harriet Hume, a talented pianist, "a birdwoman built by a magician expert in fine jewellers' work and ornithology," is endowed with the power to see everything that passes in the mind of her lover, Arnold Condorex, a politician. A happy gift, yet she becomes aware, along with pleasant truths, of the fact that he will desert her for any woman who can further his ambition in ways she cannot. He and Harriet are revealed in five episodes, from youth and their first hour of ecstacy, to middle age and death, even to a meeting beyond the grave. At the close, Miss West has the two, the artist and the man of action, contemplating their failures and their past: "I may have been innocent, but I was also impotent," says Harriet. "If I had derived a

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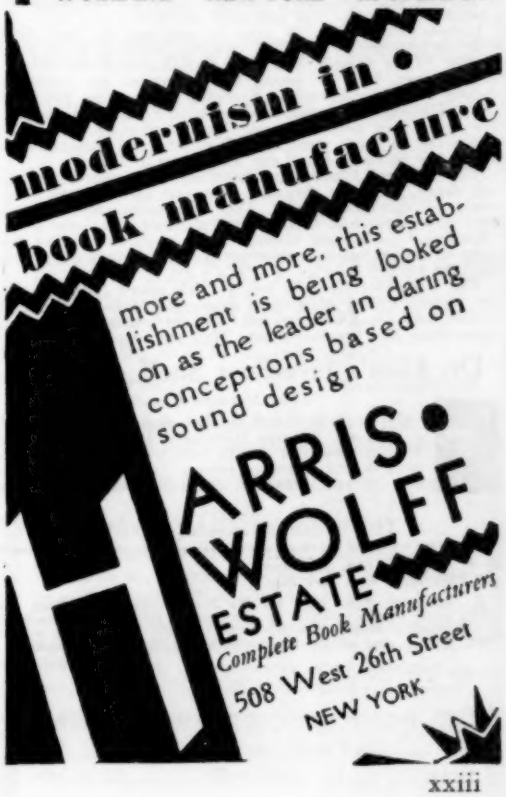
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comprehension of harmony from my art, it was a grave lack in me that I could not instil it into others and establish it as the accepted order of life. . . . Humanity would be unbearably lackadaisical if there were none but my kind alive. 'Tis the sturdy desire you have to shape the random elements of our existence into coherent patterns that is the very path and marrow of mankind." "True, I was an excellent administrator," Condorex agrees gloomily. "But all the same I feel guilty beside you and your life spent in contemplation of the eternal beauties. Do not forget that I found it impossible to work without surrendering to the principle of negotiation; and that it led me to murder, and logically so. For that principle forbids one ever to let the simple essences of things react on each other and so produce a real and inevitable event; it prefers that one should perpetually tamper with the materials of life, picking this away with the finger nail, flattening that with the thumb, scraping that off with one's knife and stamping it on the ground at one's feet."

MISCELLANEOUS

SHADOWS OF MEN

By Jim Tully. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*

$2.50 7½ x 5; 330 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

This volume is a miscellany, largely made up of Mr. Tully's contributions to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. It includes "Sapping Day," "Jailbirds," "Vagabonds and Thieves," "The Giver of Life," "Bull Horrors," "The Graveyard That Moved," "Bright Eyes" and "A California Holiday." The other chapters are of the same character—reminiscences of the author's early days as a vagrant, memories of queer fish encountered in jails, and observations in more recent years. The people who move through them are rogues and unfortunates of all sorts—tramps, thieves, fakers, jailers, policemen, drug addicts, men waiting to be hanged. Their stories are told with a brilliant vividness, and always with sympathy. Some of them are little masterpieces, notably "Vagabonds and Thieves," "Bull Horrors" and "A California Holiday," this last the account of a hanging at San Quentin. Mr. Tully's writing shows an improvement with each successive book. His grip upon his materials is almost perfect, and his nervous, staccato style is admirably adapted to his ends.

EXCUSE IT, PLEASE.

By Oliver Herford. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*

$2 7 x 5; 172 pp. *Philadelphia*

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Continued on page xxvi

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contributions to *Scribner's*, the *Century* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. There are sonnets to a crocodile, a flea, a goldfish, a cow and a hen crossing the road, toasts to an editor, a typewriter, a creditor and a publisher, and pieces with such titles as "Bluebeard's Last Wife," "A Cubist Romance" and "The Wash That Stayed Out All Night." There is also a prologue to Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," spoken in the character of George Bernard Shaw, and at the end there are some "Fancies in Prose."

MEN & MORALS.
By Woodbridge Riley. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$5 9 x 5¾; 425 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Dr. Riley, who is professor of philosophy at Vassar, confines this history of moral ideas to the written records; there is nothing in it about the extremely interesting ethical notions and practices of savages. He begins with an excellent review of the whole field, and then proceeds to a detailed discussion of the Greek schools, the principal Asiatic systems, the development of moral ideas in Christendom, and the great war that has been going on between the idealists and the utilitarians since the Seventeenth Century. His exposition is clear and his discussion is always shrewd. The book is illustrated with portraits of sages. It has no bibliography, but there is a good index.

THE LITERATURE OF AMERICA. *An Anthology of Prose & Verse from the Beginning to the Present.*
Edited by Arthur Hobson Quinn, Albert Croll Baugh & Will David Howe. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$7 9¾ x 6; 2 vols.; 1397 pp. *New York*

This book is no better and no worse than its predecessors. It proves once more that anthologists of American literature never forget anything and never learn anything. The last fifteen years have witnessed a complete reëvaluation of Thoreau. The best critical opinion now is that he was a far better political thinker than a nature writer—one of the most courageous social philosophers, indeed, in our entire history; but Drs. Quinn, Howe and Baugh apparently know nothing about this. They print three long passages from "Walden," but not a line from the "Essay on Civil Disobedience." In dealing with more recent times, they leave even more to be desired. Can it be that they have never heard of Frank Norris, Sinclair Lewis, Percival Pollard, James Branch Cabell and Ambrose Bierce? Then why are their names not even mentioned? Is it because they think Mary Wilkins Freeman, Margaret Deland, O. Henry, Dorothy Canfield, Agnes Repplier and Samuel McChord Crothers are better artists, with more to say? Apparently so, incredible as it may seem, for they give

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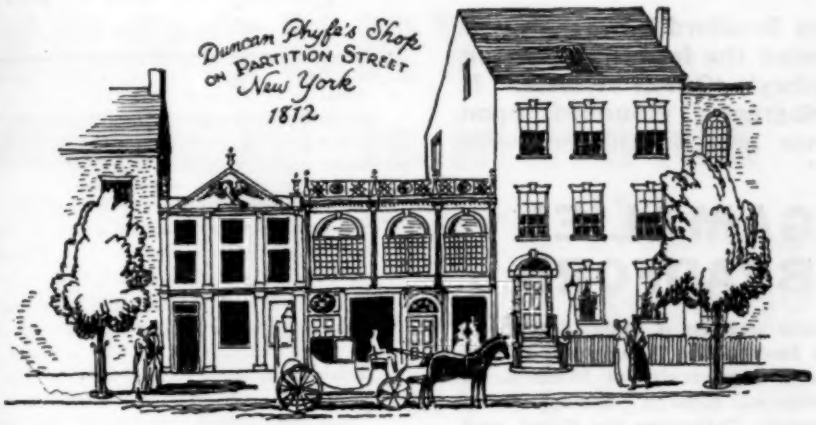

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them plenty of space. Both Drs. Quinn and Baugh are professors of English at the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Howe was formerly professor of the same subject at Indiana University.

LIES & LIBELS OF FRANK HARRIS.
By Gorrit & Mary Caldwell Smith & Kate Stephens. *The Antigone Press*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 197 pp. *New York*

This book is red-hot stuff, and very amusing. Miss Stephens, a spinster approaching eighty years, is angry with Harris on half a dozen counts, and belabors him with virginal ferocity. His main crime, it appears, is that he lays claim, in his celebrated "Life and Loves," to a considerable intimacy with one Byron Caldwell Smith, professor of Greek at the University of Kansas back in the early 70's. Miss Stephens, who was engaged to Smith in those days, denies that any such intimacy existed, and brings up a vast mass of evidence to prove her case. Sometimes it consists of very plausible proof, but at other times it gets little beyond terrific charges that Harris is the worst liar ever heard of. "A chimpanzee," she howls, "pretending to personal intimacy with Bernard of Clairvaux!" Another thing that greatly infuriates her is Harris's lack of reverence for American idealism. His career in the late War to End War is denounced with great vigor, and there is room too for a general assault upon all the non-Anglo-Saxon vermin who infest the land. Her parting shot is to charge that Harris is "of Hebrew and Irish blood," and that his parents were members of the Plymouth Brethren. The little book is very exhilarating, and will no doubt give the sardonic Harris a considerable amusement. What part the two Smiths had in it is not clearly apparent. All of the invective seems to be by the virtuous Miss Stephens.

SOLD OUT!
By Edward Dean Sullivan. *The Vanguard Press*
$2 8⅛ x 5⅛; 192 pp. *New York*

Mr. Sullivan here assembles a series of anecdotes, some of them humorous, about the great stock market débâcle of October 24 last. The book was plainly put together hurriedly, and is mainly trash. The author puts the blame for the smash upon the Federal Reserve Bank's encouragement of speculation, and upon the over-optimistic public statements of Mr. Mellon and the late Mr. Coolidge.

THE FINE ART OF READING.
By Robert E. Rogers. *The Stratford Company*
$2.50 7¼ x 5; 299 pp. *Boston*

This is a sort of guide to reading for the tired business man, and is rather well done. Dr. Rogers, who is associate professor of English at the Massachusetts

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Institute of Technology, discusses the various forms of the novel and the short story, the evolution of the drama, poetry, philosophy, science and biography. What he says is always intelligent, and his suggestions for reading are judicious. He commands a pleasing style.

DREISERIANA.
By Vrest Orton. *The Chocorua Bibliographies* *New York*
$2.75 7½ x 5⅛; 84 pp.

Mr. Orton has given a great deal of time to the problems that Dreiser's bibliography presents, and has here assembled much novel and interesting matter. For one thing, he disposes completely, on the authority of a letter from Dreiser himself, of that "Studies in Contemporary Criticism" which has badgered bibliographers for years. The book simply has no existence. Dreiser prepared it back in the 90's for a subscription publisher, but the publisher went into bankruptcy before it could be printed, and so it was never set up. Mr. Orton's list of Dreiser's contributions to periodicals, not listed by McDonald, is an impressive testimonial to his industry. At the end of his little volume he prints a note on the present location of the Dreiser MSS. and another on the notices of Dreiser in books and pamphlets.

THE RED HILLS.
By Cornelius Weygandt.
The University of Pennsylvania Press *Philadelphia*
$4 9⅛ x 6; 251 pp.

Dr. Weygandt, who is professor of English literature at the University of Pennsylvania, is of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, and here he gives a sympathetic and delightful account of his people. He defends them against the common Philadelphia sneer that they are crude rustics, and shows how little truth is in it. As a matter of fact, they were carrying on most of the arts of civilizations when Philadelphia was still a squalid village, and to this day they stand vastly above the average Pennsylvania level. Their country is the triangle made by York, Easton and Philadelphia—a region of red hills with limestone underneath, and one of the most fertile in the United States. For two hundred years it has been tilled, but still it bears bumper crops, and the variety they show is almost as amazing as their sheer bulk. Dr. Weygandt is a frequent visitor to the back country, and has a great deal that is interesting to say about the ways and ideas of its people. A large part of his book is given over to a discussion of the excellent pottery and glassware that they have been making for two centuries. His book is full of pleasant and amusing stuff. He has a lot to tell and he knows how to write. There are a number of illustrations from photographs.

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February 1930

THE TWILIGHT OF LEGISLATURES

BY HOFFMAN NICKERSON

Of the two chief instruments through which we are governed—first, elective monarchy, represented by the President, the Governors of the States and the mayors of cities; and second, legislatures or parliaments, such as the Federal Congress, the State Legislatures and the aldermen or selectmen in cities—the second or legislative instrument is plainly in decay.

Before considering the causes and nature of that decay let us define our terms. Monarchy is rule by a single magistrate responsible for the chief decisions of government. Whether he—or occasionally she—be elective or hereditary makes no difference as to the monarchical nature of the power exercised. The greatest of all monarchies, the Roman Empire, was never formally hereditary; each new emperor owed his legal title to election or confirmation by the Senate of Rome or Constantinople. Oligarchy is government by a group that is small compared to the whole body of citizens; at its rare best it produces the aristocratic state, in which the masses desire government by a certain class. Democracy is government by the direct and corporate action of the citizen body itself. These three elements are in practice always mixed in varying proportions in every government, that one which preponderates determining the type of the government as monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic. There is no fourth element.

All stable governments rule by the consent of the governed. A withdrawal of consent to the existence of any government by any important faction of the community makes that government's future precarious. It is true that the general consent is often passive; and that many successful revolutions have been made by small minorities over the heads of a community consenting tepidly to an existing government, and afterwards consenting as tepidly to that set up by the revolutionary minority. But in the long run there must always be general consent, and in practice custom and habit are so strong that the consent—not of course to any single act of government, but to the continuance of the government itself—is usually all but unanimous. Democracy is an altogether different thing. No state, whether or not it enjoys an active and enthusiastic consent of the governed, is a democracy unless its laws are corporately made by the citizens. Thus the organ typical of democracy is a popular assembly to which all citizens may come and in which all may vote, as in the democratic assemblies of the ancient city states, in the *Landsgemeinde* of the pre-Napoleonic rural Swiss canton, and in the New England town-meeting.

Democracy appeals to a sense of ideal

justice, an instinct strong in men of European stock. Many have called it the noblest form of government and the one most corresponding to the dignity of man. It is, however, physically impossible except in small communities because it demands a deliberative assembly of *all* free citizens. Moreover, all political policies, however democratic, must be carried out through magistrates, and where the community is of any but the smallest size, most actual governmental work must be thus done, so that the magistracies inevitably develop monarchical or oligarchic powers of their own. Other more or less unofficial oligarchies, such as organized political parties, also tend to appear. Furthermore, democracies have this permanent disadvantage: that they are unstable. No people can act with the unity and coherence of a monarch or true aristocracy; contests and divisions inevitably arise. When the citizens are sharply divided in race and in religion matters become more difficult still. Therefore, the great Alexander Hamilton, intentionally neglecting the small political unit, simple in social structure and without racial or religious division, as an exception to his rule, truly said that democracies have been short in their lives and violent in their deaths.

A legislature or parliamentary body is of its nature the rule of a few, *i.e.*, of an oligarchy. Hamilton saw this clearly, and if, in the *Federalist*, he did not sharply insist upon so unpalatable a point it was simply because he wanted to get his Constitution ratified. His constant harping upon the contrast between a democracy and a representative republic together with the whole tone of his writing, clearly shows what was in his mind. "Your people, Sir," he is reported to have said to some luckless democrat, "is a great beast." He well knew that a representative assembly would by no means be the people. Rousseau and his followers saw the point with equal clearness; a typical suggestion of theirs was that, since large political units made parliaments necessary, their public galleries should always be large enough to hold a number of visitors many times that of the assembly itself, so that "the people" could overawe their representatives on the floor.

II

What Hamilton with all his genius did not see was that the egalitarian temper which he feared and hated was to remain typical of America. With all his un-English lucidity he understood and admired the aristocratic England of his day. Undoubtedly he hoped that a similar temper might appear west of the Atlantic. Therefore, Parliament being the natural organ of an aristocracy, he anticipated that the Congress would be the dominant partner in the new American government. He had the wisdom to limit its authority by his written Constitution, with its legislative limitations and its independent Supreme Court and presidential veto, but the *Federalist* shows that he regarded all these as no more than cautionary checks upon the chief instrument of authority. Especially he speaks of the President as a sort of Hanoverian king, overshadowed by the two houses and fighting rear-guard actions against their advancing power.

So different has the event proved that today such a picture seems grotesque. The men who have stamped our history have been the Presidents. One may count upon the fingers of a single hand the parliamentarians who have helped mold the nation: Webster, Clay and Calhoun. Individual readers may add a name or two from local or personal preference, but it would be hard to achieve national agreement on such names. The one attempt to impeach a President was both despicable and a failure. Roscoe Conkling, the great orator and Senator from New York State, thinking himself one of the masters of the Republic, collapsed like a pricked balloon before a mediocre President, Garfield. As for the famous Pennsylvania dynasty in the Senate, it derived its power less from the in-

dividual abilities of its members—although these were in several cases considerable—than from the disciplined coherence of the Republican State organization of which they were the heads. So unusual have been great parliamentary statesmen that the few who have appeared are often classified as "men who failed to be President."

That sovereign parliaments are oligarchies tolerable only under the conditions encountered in an aristocratic state is abundantly shown by the experience of Europe, where little Switzerland seems the one conspicuous exception. The American present, however, will amply suffice for examples. Any legislative body is a club—obviously, not an aristocratic club like the old British House of Commons, which men called the best club in London, but nevertheless a club. Membership in or any close association with Congress, a State Legislature or even a Board of Aldermen will teach anyone this truth. The members meet constantly; they are human realities to one another, as contrasted with the nameless thousands who have elected them. New arrivals soon learn the unwritten by-laws and habits of the place—for instance that a man must choose, if he would make a name, between proposing or opposing legislation. Let him oppose other men's bills, no matter how bad, and he will find those others—personally affronted and perhaps even diminished in numbers by his action—more and more voting against any bill he introduces, no matter how good.

Within their own body legislators choose their officers without any reference whatever to the electors, often making the choice by set rules of their own, such as the one which makes the chairman of a committee of the United States Senate the senior majority member of that committee—a rule justified only by the senior's greater familiarity with the mere routine of the place. The voters of a given district may have elected John Jones by the smallest of majorities assembled, and it may have been rolled up only on the belief that the man running against him was even worse than he. But let his legislative colleagues now raise him to honor, making him Speaker, majority leader, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, or what not, and not only the electors of his colleagues but his own electors also might as well be citizens of China or Peru for all they can do about it. Of contact with the average elector the legislators have none; he is only a grain of dust in the nameless heap piled up by incalculable winds on election day. It may be objected that the voter ought to know what he is doing. Doped by propaganda smelling of the democratic fallacy, he may meekly confess his ignorance as a sin. But the fact is that he never was, is not now, and doubtless never will be thus learned. And for the good and sufficient reason that the poor devil has troubles, and let us hope pleasures, of his own.

In practice, of course, the chief desire of the average legislator is to be reëlected, and so he will seldom do anything he fears may prove unpopular. But what he must chiefly beware of is not the body of electors but the organized pressure groups—the Anti-Saloon League, the Chambers of Commerce, the labor unions and all their like. To them he will usually submit without a murmur.

Unfortunately for the parliamentary institution this subservience of his, although a working guarantee against arbitrary action on the initiative of the legislators themselves, degrades the institution whose members habitually so act. With the best will in the world no one can revere a pack of almost ideally perfect cowards. Assuming for the sake of the argument that the average American State Legislature is a more distinguished body than the average Board of Aldermen, and in the same way that Congress is more distinguished than the aforesaid average Legislature, nevertheless a celebrated United States Senator (against whom the charge of political cowardice emphatically does not apply) once told the writer that the House and Senate were the two most cowardly bodies

in the world. This cowardice, indeed, is blatantly apparent. Everyone knows that many important legislative acts are dictated by outside agencies. Blackmail was a chief weapon in the arsenal of the suffragettes; while serving a term in the New York State Assembly the writer saw some choice attempts at it. And it is everywhere believed, and for good reasons, that blackmail played a great part in the submission and ratification of the Prohibition amendment.

Here I intend no blanket condemnation of American legislators. Many, of course, are far better than the foregoing paragraphs would imply. Much hard, ill-paid and conscientious work is done by little known individual members, especially in the committees. The point is that in the eyes of the average man the legislative institution itself is degraded. Most men now believe that the average legislator is quite willing to act against his own notion of the public interest if by so doing he thinks he can improve his chances of reëlection. The Congressman sipping his second—or tenth—cocktail as he explains the political expediency which causes him to vote dry is merely acting on a motive common to most of his kind when voting on any measure. Presidents, Governors, and mayors may not be personally superior to legislators—the writer well remembers one Governor of a certain great State who, if he promised to do a thing, was almost certain to do the exact opposite—but such inferior monarchs do not occur often enough to destroy the credit of the office they hold. Thus the public may detest the policy of the reigning President while continuing to honor the Presidency as such. But who honors the office of a legislator for its own sake? Alas, to ask that question is to answer it only too well.

Nor is the difference a mere matter of public mood. On the contrary, it is rooted in reason, for the elective monarch is visible and responsible in a sense in which legislators are not and can never be. Consequently, he tends to live up to that responsibility. To the man in the street the elective monarch is alive whereas a parliamentary body is at best a kaleidoscope and usually mere dust. Absorbed in our private affairs, almost all of us feel vaguely of any new law, "Oh, *they* did it." Architects have a saying that the eye cannot count beyond five, *i.e.*, an architectural series containing more than five elements is at first glance merely a series to be enumerated only by conscious effort. So it is with Legislatures: the public mind sees them as a nameless procession and reviews their work only with vague discontent or still vaguer tolerance.

An institution whose members habitually act from personal motives such as the desire for reëlection can of itself make few important decisions. Despite its enormous theoretical power, it will sit only to ratify the decisions forced upon it by masters not of its own body. When the master is another admitted oligarchy, publicly responsible for the whole field of legislation, such as a political party, then the elected representatives of the people may not do so badly. Historically, indeed, political parties have been the chief prop of our Legislatures, to which they have lent most of the coherence the latter have shown. True enough, when no one overmastering issue fills the public mind then the two-party system ceases to be a vehicle for political ideas and becomes a pair of teams struggling for office and at most serving as schools to develop and train men for government. But the faults of a multi-party system are far worse, for then everything is instability, intrigue and confusion. Irresponsible masters, selfish, fanatical, or both, make sudden rushes upon the defenseless legislators in the twilight of this confusion, grab off their own private measures, and retire careless of the general course of government. Should the reader think such language too strong, let him remember the occasions on which, since 1918, the Congress of the United States has asserted its full sovereignty by overriding a presidential veto. The tragi-comic an-

swer is that the two chief instances have been Wilson's veto of the Volstead Act and Coolidge's of the bonus grab.

Nor has all this been lost upon the average man. Suppose the reader anywhere in the United States, sitting in no matter what village store, city speak-easy, or any other normal meeting place, should hear a man speak somewhat as follows: "Say, what's Congress anyhow? I'll say it's the biggest fake in the world. I'll tell you what it's good for: to make big fellas outa the little boys under the big dome. They just use their own hot air to swell up their own swelled heads, and I'll bet some of 'um make a damn good thing out of it too." Would the aforesaid reader be astonished or shocked at such language? On the contrary, he would find it familiar to weariness. He would, if he were wise, regret that any major organ of his government had fallen into such contempt; but that this contempt exists, nay, that it is often deserved, he could not possibly deny.

Since this is so, the suggestion most often heard is that "by electing good men to office" the credit of the legislative institution could be restored. The idea is attractive and simple. All we have to do is to replace our present representatives with saints and sages. Unfortunately, there do not seem enough to go around; moreover, the holiness and wisdom of those we have is disputed. Seriously speaking, the hope of regenerating legislatures by improving their quality is an idea in the moon. Certainly they ought to be and can be improved; if I am correct in foreseeing an American leisure class then they probably will be improved through the addition of members of that class. Let the reader note well, however, that such improvement will be essentially aristocratic, and let him ask himself if for one moment he can believe that the American Republic will ever become an aristocratic state. The possibilities of the universe are unknown; any kind of miracle might happen tomorrow, or may be happening as these lines are read. But if anyone believes in such a miracle as the conversion of a people so deeply stamped with the egalitarian creed to the very rare mood of revering a special class, then such a believer puts himself outside rational discussion. As a betting proposition we may safely say that the thing will not happen.

A very little political experience will show clearly why it will not happen: government by a wealthy class or clique is intolerable to ordinary men except on terms of aristocratic reverence. Otherwise, it makes them see red, so that they can relieve their feelings only by bloodshed. This they have done over and over again throughout history. However, since practically all will agree that the Republic will turn into an aristocratic state only when donkeys grow wings, it is not necessary to discuss the point at length.

III

If, then, the decay of Legislatures cannot be sufficiently cured by improving their quality, they must either be abolished or their basis and function changed. Very possibly the future will see attempts to do away with elected assemblies altogether; the natural swing of the pendulum against talkshops may go that far. The wiser alternative, however, would seem to be their continuance in some real, active and important—but non-sovereign—function.

I believe that such a function can be found. With our large political units, plus our racial and religious divisions, the reasonable possibilities of self-government boil down to this: that the citizens, while incapable for a thousand reasons of wisely exercising political initiative, should nevertheless retain a veto power. This is the universal practice of business corporations, with their widely spaced stockholders' meetings. I further believe that a more active veto power, as well as the power of consulting with the executive, might be usefully exercised by elected assemblies with functions like those of a corporation's board of directors.

It is, in fact, the teaching of history that all over Christendom representative institutions originated and flourished for centuries as consultative assemblies of this sort, and that their sovereign functions resulted only from an unhappy usurpation. Moreover, in Europe those usurped powers are already fading. Such denaturized assemblies might do much good, not only by an occasional veto, but also by advising the elected monarch after a fashion different from that of councillors chosen by himself. In any case, they could hardly do great harm. The first step toward the complete monarchical initiative that I suggest is already taken in the executive budget plan, now prevailing in the Federal government and in thirty-four of the forty-eight States. Even the logical second step of limiting the constitutional powers of legislative bodies has been taken in seven of the thirty-four: Maryland, West Virginia, New York, Massachusetts, California, Nebraska and Wisconsin.

First, as to business practice. No fine spun theory has established the forms of corporation government. They have been hammered out by direct experience of immediate necessities. Compared with a great modern state, a business corporation is simplicity itself. It exists for the single purpose of making money for its stockholders. Its range of activities, however great, is therefore unified by the impossibility of divisions arising except as to the means of attaining its one obvious goal. It is thus far better suited than a modern state for assembly government. It has its large assembly, the stockholders' meeting, and it has its smaller assembly of elected representatives, the directors.

But do the stockholders attempt to govern its acts by a rapid fire series of referendum votes? We know very well that they do not. No more do most corporate acts originate with the directors. When things are going reasonably well, which indeed is usually the case, for otherwise the corporation would not long continue to exist, the directors are only too glad to let their president have his head. From time to time they meet and consult with him and with each other, but their routine function is merely to approve the actions from time to time proposed to them by him. It is true that a wise corporation president, even when not compelled to seek the approval of his directors for a given act, will often do so. In some grave matters not only the opinion of the directors but also that of the stockholders is consulted, and rightly so. This last process may be compared to the referenda held in many States on proposed changes in the State constitutions. Nevertheless, the active ruler of a corporation is neither the large assembly of stockholders nor the small elected assembly of directors. The active ruler is the president, the monarchical head.

This everyday experience of corporation government is reënforced by the teaching of history. While assemblies of warriors, councils of elders, etc., are found always and everywhere in simple societies, the idea of an assembly of elected representatives goes back only to medieval Christendom. Parliaments originated as and for centuries remained mere consultative assemblies, subordinate to the sovereign whose authority they were summoned to support, and independent only within a limited sphere. At first they seem to have been composed of the nobles and higher clergy, the former being charged with local police and judicial power, and the latter being responsible not only for public worship but also for education and in general for the moral and intellectual order of the community. Both nobles and clergy represented the chief economic interest of the time, which was agriculture, for their incomes were derived chiefly from dues levied upon the cultivators of the soil.

The idea of the time was that "the king should live of his own," *i.e.*, that the ordinary needs of government should be met from the revenues of his private estates. Any important governmental action requiring additional revenue would there-

fore be submitted to the nobles and higher clergy assembled in parliament, for taxes could not then be imposed from above, as with the Romans and with us, but were considered as voluntary grants. Usually the parliament would approve the proposed action and vote the necessary money, but it could refuse to do so if it liked.

The idea of an assembly altogether composed of elected representatives originated with the Dominican order of monks in the early Thirteenth Century. Secular parliaments composed at least in part of such representatives were, however, found in Europe very early; in that of the Spanish kingdom of Aragon, at least as early as 1063, there appeared not only the nobles and bishops but also representatives of the towns. The Aragonese Concilium (or Fuero) was thus the first fully developed parliament in Europe.

The reasons for its appearance in Spain are obvious enough: Eleventh Century Aragon was on the fighting line between Christendom and Islam, and therefore found it desirable not only to support the executive by summoning frequent parliaments, but also to broaden the basis of representation by including the towns which stood outside the feudal system and also represented commerce and manufactures. The new institution rapidly spread; it was found in the county of Toulouse, just north of the Pyrenees, soon after the year 1200, and later in the Thirteenth Century it was brought to England by the Montfort family, who had previously seen and utilized it in Toulouse. Thus neither parliaments nor representatives were distinctively English. Except for the Germanies where representation never took root, both were universally European, and documents such as the Golden Bull of Hungary limited the royal power in that country much as did the Great Charter signed by King John at Runnymede.

Like all human things, the medieval scheme declined. The European monarchies, for the most part, rid themselves of their consultative parliaments. In a single island province of Christendom, England, an aristocratic state developed. A wealthy class captured the old consultative parliament. Using that traditional institution as its organ, it made it in reality sovereign, and reduced the monarchy to a shadow.

The process was a long one. The series of civil wars and usurpations of the crown which first depressed the monarchy began just before the end of the Fourteenth Century. The final stamping out of true monarchy by the enthronement of George I came more than three hundred years later. During all that time each major struggle was decided against the crown and in favor of the gentry and their parliament.

It is essential that the reader should penetrate the cloud of fine phrases about democracy, etc., with which this aristocratic process has been obscured. Let him note that whatever he may think of the Reform Bills and their effect upon the England of the last generation, scholars are agreed that the greatness of Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century England was closely intertwined with and largely due to government by the gentry.

The nations of the European continent, almost all egalitarian in temper as compared with England, gave themselves, during the Nineteenth Century, sovereign parliaments because of their admiration for English institutions combined with their failure to understand that not the institution itself but the underlying aristocratic temper of the island, using the sovereign parliament as its organ, gave to that country its wise foreign policy and profound internal peace. Let the reader note that whereas the old consultative parliaments lasted for centuries the new sovereign parliaments copied from England are all things of yesterday. Accordingly, their difficulties and present decay cannot be laid to mere fatigue and old age but must be due to the unfitness of the institution for its purpose.

Turning now to ourselves, we find that the idea that elected assemblies should have veto power but not initiative as

against the elective monarch (founded, as that idea is, upon sound business practice confirmed by the experience of the long European past) is still further reënforced by the experience of the late American past. We have seen that the two most recent conspicuous overridings of the presidential veto, in the cases of the Volstead Act and the soldiers' bonus, were dictated either by a combination of demagoguery and secret finance, or by demagoguery pure and simple. In neither case was the national dignity increased and in both cases the legislators went clean contrary to both the interests and the moral sense of many citizens.

On the other hand, the chief example of a legislative veto as against monarchical initiative, the rejection of Wilson's League of Nations by the Senate, was a conspicuously popular act. It was in effect confirmed by a large majority in the election of 1920, and since that time no political party has even suggested reintroducing the defeated proposal. Nor can the firmest believer in the League show a single clear instance in which our failure to join has disserved the national interest. Can anyone, indeed, believe that the French would love us more today had we been continually bickering with them at Geneva over possible points of divergence? Certainly the English desire for our alliance has not cooled by reason of our greater freedom of action.

Meanwhile, we have seen how the disrepute of Legislatures had brought about the executive budget. One of the worst legislative vices has always been that known as log-rolling. In simpler times an individual building a house had said to another, "If you will help me roll my log, I will help you roll yours." In legislative practice this meant that Legislator A would agree to vote for an appropriation to benefit the constituency of Legislator B if in return B would vote for money to be spent in the district "represented" by A, and so on down the line. Thus the sum of appropriations would in no way represent a thought-out programme covering the entire body politic, but would be simply a crazy quilt of local appetites. Indeed, since the various local districts are often most unequal in taxable wealth, it often happens that districts containing a preponderance of productive power are systematically pillaged by a coalition of men representing districts whose taxes barely cover the expenses of collection.

Some fifteen years ago, toward the end of the muck-raking era—with the stink of such log-rolling strong in their nostrils—certain sensible men saw that to centre financial initiative in the elective monarch would end all that. Thus appeared the executive budget. The New York State Constitutional Convention of 1915 proposed that all requests for public money must originate with the Governor, the representative of the entire State. The Legislature would then be empowered only to ratify his requests or diminish them; it would no longer be able to vote away a dollar of the taxpayers' money.

The rejection of the new Constitution by the voters of New York State failed to kill the idea. Passing over the seven States, including New York, which have since constitutionally limited their Legislatures, and considering only the Federal government and the twenty-seven States which have adopted the executive budget without such limitation, still we find that a watershed has been crossed. The principle of monarchical initiative has been established. It will grow. When the time is ripe it can be extended. In defense of the remnant of sovereignty still in the feeble hands of our parliaments few will work or none will be willing to suffer. Too many men think them a nuisance and a joke. . . . There is a good proverb in the old French of Languedoc: *Mal usa no pot dura.*—An evil custom cannot endure.

WATER ON THE WHEAT

BY H. L. DAVIS

Scissorbill Flat got its name from its settlers, who were wheat-farmers. In the Northwest all members of that much-wronged and loud-voiced trade used to be called scissorbills, because the term embodied a poetical fancy, and made the wheat-farmers mad.

It was the invention, originally, of some cowpuncher with nothing much to do and a deep instinct for the more fantastic kind of poetry. This he turned loose upon the coincidence that all wheat-farming settlers seemed to have long noses, close-fitting, tireless chins, and an earnest belief that nobody on earth had any right to see anything about them that was funny. The basis of his poetical figure was the doctrine that Nature fits all her creatures for the work they have to do in the world. In the case of the wheat-farmers, he argued, she was gradually working them up into a human pair of shears, so that they could cut grain, when the evolution was complete, merely by crawling through the field on all fours and muttering about their troubles, which they always did anyway. They would then, of course, be scissorbills, and the McCormick Threshing Machinery Company would go into bankruptcy.

The conceit was intended merely to wound and aggrieve, but it was too good for that, and so it took hold all over the Northwest, not as a slander, but as a definition. All wheat-farmers became scissorbills, a certain river-flat in Oregon where they pushed a colony into the stock country became Scissorbill Flat, and both have so remained.

But the wheat-farmers of Scissorbill Flat were a far different breed from the specimens upon which the inspired cowpuncher founded his mythology. The main point of his libel was that the ordinary scissorbill colony emits a continuous yell of complaint about everything on earth. The Scissorbill Flat men never complained at all.

Not because they lacked material, either, though the cowpuncher's build of scissorbill could put up an equally big squawk whether he had any or not. But Scissorbill Flat's afflictions were not mere fantasies of natural soreheadedness. They were real. There was every curse that the wheat business is heir to, in an aggravated form, and there was, to boot, one that most grain countries had never even heard of. Scissorbill Flat had no water.

One thinks of a desert as dry, but that is not dry enough for a comparison. A desert has rain-tanks, springs and live puddles scattered about. Scissorbill Flat was without anything. It was thirty miles long from the Deschutes river canyon to the breaks of the Cascade mountains, and twenty from the verge of Milk river gorge to the foothills of the Mutton mountains, with every foot of it as flat as a board, and there was not a spring, not a waterhole, not even a wet cow-track, from one end of it to the other. One thinks of water as a kind of natural right of man, which sticks itself in the right places because it ought to. The Scissorbill Flat people knew better. To them, water meant a day's hard work with a team, tank-wagon, and handpump, hauling from the deep gorge of Milk river to a cistern where they could use it.

Yet they didn't complain. None of the

people in the neighboring stock-country ever heard a peep out of them. For three years I worked along a range of grass-hills overlooking their country from across the Deschutes canyon, watching them at work at everything from plowing Summer-fallow to burning stubble after threshing without ever finding out what one of them looked like or talked like. In that clear air, I could count the horses in their teams, distinguish men's hats and whiskers, and even almost tell whether they had on clean shirts, which, on account of having to haul all their water, they most often didn't.

But it was not until I went to work as a deputy in the county sheriff's office that any of them got close enough to talk to, and even then they came in, not to complain about their own troubles, but to recommend action in those of a neighbor. They came in a farm-wagon, about a dozen of them, bringing, tied by the hands to the back of the seat, an elderly man with chaff on his collar, red cheeks, a long nose, and a chin like a post. He looked exactly like the members of his escort, except that he was madder. They dumped him in the middle of the office-floor and announced that he was insane.

II

One thing that was something of a novelty was their manner of arguing. When one man yelled loud, the others, instead of choking him down or pulling out his shirt-tail, lit in and tried to outyell him. The prisoner was easily the loudest talker of the bunch, but when they pooled their wind they were able to drown him out. It was a little confusing, because, although they all wanted to say about the same thing, each of them expressed it differently, and the complete message came through badly cut up. I was witnessing, of course, a farmers' meeting; but, since it was the first one I had ever seen, I didn't know what to make of it. It sounded to me like a set of squaws arguing over a card-game.

When I did manage to understand what they wanted, it wasn't much better. There was no difficulty about crediting their claim that the prisoner was crazy, but, to my notion, so were all the rest of them. They wanted him sent to the asylum, they explained, because he insisted upon drilling wells.

Then the rumpus began to straighten out. They quit trying to drown each other's voices. Forming a circle in the center of the office, they took turns at it singly. While one spoke, all the rest listened—the prisoner, I noticed, with the rest. I concluded that his spirit must be breaking. That was a mistake. He was merely waiting for his turn to make a speech, too.

Their case wasn't against well-drilling in general, they explained. All they felt called upon to discourage was well-drilling on Scissorbill Flat. Wells weren't any good unless they struck water, and on Scissorbill Flat they never did. The defendant had spent five years and thousands of dollars boring three dry holes, each five hundred feet deep, and he had merely succeeded in getting an expensive drill stuck in each of them. His wife was in rags, his children were barefooted, and, instead of having them clothed and shod, he was buying another drill and planning to waste some more of his crop-money on hole number four. The evidence was clear that he belonged in the asylum, and that it would be merely an act of humanity to put him there.

The prisoner, when his turn came, based his argument on personal liberty. It made no difference, he claimed, whether he had failed to strike water or not. It was his well, his drill, his land, his wife, his family, his money, and his business and nobody else's. He had come from Dakota, and he had seen drill-rigs strike water in dryer-looking country than Scissorbill Flat. The trouble with his neighbors was not that they sympathized with his family, he claimed, or objected to seeing him squander his money. They simply had different ideas about bringing water to the Flat, and they were sore because he

wouldn't chip in on their project instead of sticking to his own. They were a fine-looking set of roundheads, he observed, to haul him away from his work on a charge of insanity, when they were making equally star-spangled objects of themselves talking about ditching a mountain lake forty miles through heavy timber to bring water to the Flat.

His counter-attack made the rumpus blaze up afresh, with the difference that nobody appeared to remember what it had started about. They yelled arguments, not about insanity, but about the comparative feasibility of drilling and ditching. It lasted until time to lock up the office, upon which all of them, including the prisoner, went out and got in the wagon again. They drove away, arguing. They had met, conferred, and broken up in a row according to the best traditions of American agriculture. The trip from Scissorbill Flat had taken them all day, and they had gone back without doing, or even remembering, what they had come in for.

III

It was experience that made me conclude, mistakenly, that they would all come back and put on the whole show all over again. I judged that they liked to talk because, leading lonely lives, they didn't often get a chance to. Sheep-herders and isolated settlers are notable victims of that peculiarity. One would expect a man living off to himself to yearn more than anything else for the sound of a human voice. They do, but they want it to be their own. The lonelier a man is, the less chance he will give you to get in a word edgeways with him. One hears much speculation about how radios must alleviate the hardships of the one-man range-camp, but I can't take much stock in it. What is needed is not a machine that will talk, but one that will listen.

For that reason, I looked to see the Scissorbill Flat delegation come trailing back to the sheriff's office in about a week, and I felt cheated when they didn't show up. The sheriff, who knew the Flat, assured me that they wouldn't. What I had seen had been exceptional, he said, and undoubtedly accidental. They liked to mind one another's business. Probably the old well-driller's refusal to let them mind his had made them forget themselves. Ordinarily, they never bothered outsiders at all. If the stock-raising end of the county could get along with as little policing as Scissorbill Flat, the job of sheriff would be something worth electioneering for. He offered to bet that we wouldn't hear another word out of them, about well-drilling or anything else, for a year.

He had them figured right. They did come back sooner than that, but not on business that had anything to do with preserving the peace. They called instead on the county engineer, and asked for estimates on a ditch from the high lakes of the Cascade mountains down to Scissorbill Flat.

The layout of the Cascade lakes and their country was enough to have tantalized anybody. First there were the wheatfields, flat, fertile, productive, and as dry as a chip. Five thousand feet above them was the summit of the Cascade range, with its chain of glacier-fed lakes, and, on two sides, draining the lake-water past them and two thousand feet below them, at the bottom of deep canyons, were Milk river and the Deschutes. There was all the water to which Nature had entitled them, but it was all either too high or too low to get at. Actually they did haul water from Milk river, but they had to haul it over a ten-mile grade out of the gorge, which was only a little better than not having it at all.

The job on which they wanted the engineer to bid was that of switching the lake-outlet from Milk river gorge down to the Flat. As a piece of construction, it was simple enough. It was merely a matter of catching the stream where it began to drift north into Milk river gorge, and keeping it headed east to where the wheat-

ranchers stood coveting it. One could almost see the lakes from the Flat.

The engineer sighted out, on a map, a likely line where the digging was apt to be easiest, and submitted his bid—for the whole ditch, finished and full, $90,000. Then he waited for the word to start.

He never got it. The next news from Scissorbill Flat came immediately after wheat-harvest. All the farmers, having cleaned up their threshing and hauling, had moved into the mountains to ditch out the lake for themselves. By the first report, they were making the dirt fly. It was almost two months before we heard any other word of them, and what came in then was brief and bad. They had all quit and gone home.

We learned later that they had actually dug eight miles of ditch, taking their levels and direction by guess, and that they were booming along splendidly when they ran smack into the lake outlet which they had imagined they were heading the water away from.

They couldn't have helped feeling disgusted with the job, considering the amount of work they had wasted on it. Not that any of them complained. They didn't even give up the idea of having the ditch, exactly as they had started it. Not to be built by themselves, probably; but not to cost any $90,000, either. They would get it cheaper than that, and they would wait and go on hauling water until prices on ditch-contracts went down. So they left their eight-mile trench and went back to plowing Summer-fallow without allowing anybody in the neighboring country to suspect that they even minded the time it had cost them to dig it.

IV

It wasn't as if time hung heavy on their hands. In those days it surely didn't. Improvements in farming and harvesting machinery have stepped along fast in the last twenty years. Nowadays there are tractors that can yank a whole fleet of plows through the ground at once, with one man at the wheel in place of one man and four horses to the plow. There are combined harvesters—stubble-bugs—tractor-drawn, that can be operated by a crew of two men. Twenty years ago a threshing-crew might overwork fifteen or twenty men, with the rancher himself, to save wages, doing the work of two or three more. Wheat was from fifty to seventy-five cents a bushel at the warehouse, and to deliver it there took two days on the road each way. A 2000-acre ranch needed from forty to fifty head of horses, and it took a good month out of a Scissorbill Flat year to seed, raise and store enough feed to keep them. On top of all this the farmers had the job of hauling water from Milk river for the cisterns—not only for themselves, but for all their stock—and, capping even that, there was the work they had wasted digging eight miles of ditch to a place where it wouldn't do any good.

Yet, with a sportsmanship wholly foreign to wheat-farming nature, not one of them let on to regret the incident in the least. Perhaps, in all sincerity, they didn't. Their feeling about the lakes in the mountains was much deeper than a mere appreciation of modern conveniences. It came nearer to being a profound, bitter sense of outrage, and their ditch, though actually useless, may have helped to work off some of their enmity. It also helped to deflect their attention from the old farmer who spent all his money on well-drilling. While they worked at their project, he went ahead with his; but he had earlier mistakes to guide himself by.

In the first three wells he attempted, he had lost three drills by getting them stuck. In hole number four, the drill stuck again, but, this time, instead of letting it stay there, he brought in a drill-man from the California oilfields, who pronounced the drill-point pinched in a rock-fissure, and proved his diagnosis by blowing it loose with a dynamite go-devil. The drilling proceeded, and, at 1500 feet down, struck water.

No farmers turned up in the outlands to be interviewed about their feelings over the strike, but all travelers' reports agreed that the Flat was a perfect fog of gloom for a month afterward. Their ditch-project, and their enmity to the mountain lakes, would have to wait, or maybe be abandoned entirely. To ditch for water when one could get it by drilling a well would have been not only uneconomic, but impossible. A man could hire a drill-rig and run it alone. He couldn't ditch to the summit of the Cascades alone, nor could he ask his neighbors to go in cahoots with him, because, however deeply they might long to see the damned thing done, the fact couldn't be disguised that it was no longer anything but a matter of sentiment. A well might gratify fewer emotions, but it cost less money. So the ditch was allowed to lapse, for a mere feeling of enmity wasn't enough to justify resuming a job of such magnitude. No man would even have the nerve to propose it unless he could offer some practical reason—not necessarily a sensible one, of course, but one with a hard-headed sound to it—and nobody could think of one. Indeed, none of them ever did manage to think of one. They had to have it brought to them from outside, and by a stranger.

But that was much later, and after many changes in the Flat. The first was, of course, drilling wells. Every ranch put one down, with a gasoline-pump to work it. Soon there was water in the barnyard, in the kitchen, and even enough to wet down the dust in the front-yard, all for a few cents' worth of gasoline and a twist of the wrist. The farmers themselves stood the improvement quietly, without letting it go to their heads, for to them it was a compromise with victory. What they had really wanted was a ditch; and nothing else, however convenient it might be, could seem quite as good. Nevertheless, the wells did fetch results. Before the old tank-wagons and stave-cisterns fell to pieces, the sheriff's office was called upon, in a single season, to bring in from the Flat three women who had lost their minds, and to serve papers in a half-dozen suits of wheat-farmers' wives for divorce.

Of course, none of the complaints alleged that the new wells were contributing factors in their marital dissatisfaction. Yet they were the only new things that the Flat had, and two of the women suing had been married for over thirty years without having expressed the smallest wish to be anything else. All of them alleged cruel and inhuman treatment, and none of them specified anything more than the treatment which every housewife on the Flat had stood for uncomplainingly for years before the water came in.

Merely by weight of evidence, the wells were the cause of the unrest. The changes they had brought went much farther than speeding up the laundering, cooking and dish-washing; they upset what had become a kind of ritual of liberation for all the women. In the water-hauling days, it had been found easier, instead of hauling water to wash clothes in, to haul the clothes to the water. Twice a month all the women loaded up the spring-wagons and assembled on Milk river for wash-day, which they made into a visiting-day, social gathering, and picnic. It had become a recognized event, almost an inviolable tradition. The women had become accustomed, probably without knowing how much they counted on it, to their one day a fortnight away from the hot drudgery in the kitchen, and their outing and gossip-swapping in the cool, deep canyon by themselves, with no men around to bully them.

Water in the kitchen stopped all that. It lightened their daily drudgery, of course, but it spoiled all the fun of getting away from home regularly. Having leisure without knowing what to do with it, and being unable to do what they wanted and were used to, they broke out in oddities like insanity and divorce-suits.

The whole thing, if anybody had known enough to study it, was prophetic. It showed that liberating people from drudg-

ery is not always a good thing, and may be a bad one. But for the farmers, accustomed to regard woman as a slightly superior kind of animal, none of it meant anything except a new pile of trouble to take the place of the old. They bore it without complaining, too, although they did put in a kick to the sheriff when it broke out into a tide of pious frenzy over a travelling evangelist who hit the Flat and got all the housewives crazy over him. Then a delegation of farmers came in to get help, and I had the privilege once more of listening to their round of speechmaking.

This time their speeches did, at least, have a little human interest. Their wives, they represented, were so helplessly in the toils that nothing but force could get them out. The evangelist had them hooked, snagged and hog-tied until he could lure one through a barbed-wire fence merely by simpering on the other side of it. They fought for turns at feeding him fried chicken, they almost came to hair-pulling over whose turn it was to bed him down in the guest-room, and cream in a man's coffee was no more to be had, because they churned it all into butter which they sold to help out his collections. Their husbands wanted him put in jail, and kept there until he gave back some of the butter-money.

This petition was reasonable enough. True, the evangelist hadn't broken any special law, but the farmers could vote in the county election and he couldn't, so the sheriff willingly lugged him in and locked him up. He took his arrest philosophically, merely saying that it was the women who had overdone things, and that he had been as much surprised by their lavishness as anybody. His looks backed up his plea. Though young, he was slightly pot-bellied, with a greasy face, a bad complexion, and the general appearance of a shillaber in a street-carnival. Any housewife in the old water-hauling days would have set the dog on him before he got inside the gate. He had graduated from some Bible college, and he produced the papers to prove it. But education hadn't helped his judgment much, for he had used all the housewives' butter-money to bet on a prize-fight—the Johnson-Willard match, which came off that Summer—and he had laid it all on Johnson, who got licked.

The sheriff carried the news of that misfortune to the Flat very reluctantly, expecting the farmers to organize a mob and hang the evangelist, which would have been a little more extra-legal than even he was willing to stand for, votes or not. But he was pleasantly surprised, for they took it very peacefully. It was in the middle of the threshing season, and they were all too crowded with work to bother with outside affairs.

But it was outside affairs that, in the end, broke down their tame-spiritedness. The first thing that moved was the price of wheat, on account of the World War. From seventy-five cents a bushel, it rose to the roof—$2.50, finally, with most of the farmers holding out for $3. The two-day haul to market passed when the State built a paved road and the county added a couple more. Motor-trucks and tractors came in, wheat-land went from $30 an acre to four times that, and Scissorbill Flat began to get rich.

The farmers needed to, for, though none of them suspected it, their hour of gratification was at hand, and it was going to cost them money. At the big point of the high prices for wheat, when they had almost forgotten their grudge against the mountain lakes in the interest of gasoline harvesting, paved roads to market, and three or four assorted sizes of motor-cars to run around the country in, a stranger came to the Flat with the Message for which they had been waiting. Did they realize, he demanded, that Scissorbill Flat needed a ditch from the mountain lakes to bring water down to their farms?

The answer to that was that, though they didn't, they very much wanted to. What, they asked, did they need it for? The stranger had that all doped out. It was for irrigation.

V

If he had been a wheat-farmer, or if he had known anything about raising hard wheat, he would have known that his notion was preposterous. That was the reason, in fact, why nobody on Scissorbill Flat had ever thought of it. But they fell for it when he talked it up to them, as if it was exactly the thing they had all been trying to hit upon for themselves. Something of their unanimous agreement was due to the enthusiasm of the promoter, who was of a stripe familiar enough elsewhere in the Northwest, but entirely new to Scissorbill Flat. Racially, he was second-generation Scandinavian, educated in the law at some mid-Western State university. That combination is almost always a sure sign of trouble. The Nordic immigrants transmit a dumb, rather agonized earnestness which, when mixed with the gift of gab of an American small-college lawyer, can very easily become dynamite in a rural community.

That, in fact, is what the newcomer became. They fell for his arguments without a dissenting murmur, and their ardor wasn't even dulled when it came out that, although he was willing to take charge of building their ditch, he was, personally, without any money to do it. What of that? They had money, more than they knew what to do with, and, in such a cause as ditching the Cascade lakes down to the Flat, the small advance he asked of them seemed picayunish.

But, indeed, it was not only money that the promoter was shy of. He knew nothing about engineering, either. Of the amount of water which it would require to irrigate the Flat he had not the faintest idea, and his first ditch, beside carrying a flow barely sufficient to damp down a quarter-section of land, hit Scissorbill Flat at its lowest corner, so that, to touch anything except the extreme edge, all the water would have to run uphill.

That was his first piece of tough luck. What it cost him nobody knew except himself, which was one of the beauties of his system of financing. Instead of dealing in totals, he did business with each wheat-rancher as an individual to be benefited, as if none of the others were worth helping at all. To each farmer he offered a sales contract for water—so many acre-feet—at a stipulated price, to be paid one-tenth in advance, the balance when the water was delivered. Only, for simplicity in bookkeeping, he asked the farmers to give him their notes for the conditional balance. It was perfectly safe, or at least it sounded as if it was, for the notes were drawn to fall due only after the date when, he estimated, the whole project would be finished.

His estimates were, it turned out, a little bit high-spirited, and the notes were all collected before there was any water at all. He had discounted them with a cutthroat banker, who, when they came due, collected with speed and without mercy. Counting the advance payment, they came to $250,000, which was something of a price to pay for water, and particularly high for water when they hadn't yet got it. But it was no time to quit when that much had been sunk without return. The only thing was to push the thing through. The promoter went around among the ranches explaining that the discount business had been a horrible mistake, that the banker had broken his promise in collecting the notes, and that, to finish the ditch, he would have to take up another ante all the way round. Coming down to figures, he couldn't undertake to finish without another 30% in cash.

The farmers, once more handled separately, paid up. The young promoter had appeal. His very brainlessness was an advantage. A crook would have sidled, apologized, and got himself kicked off every ranch he went to. Not the Scandinavian. He was confiding, impassioned, and unimpeachably in earnest. The extra assessment was a reflection, not upon him, but upon the man who hesitated to pay it. The issues were honor and loyalty. Here

was the cause. Were they for it? Very well, then, pay for it and save it!

The second donation brought the total cost of the irrigation up to about $350,000. On that, the ditch was finished, which was something for a talking-point, at least. One was badly needed, for there were still distributing-ditches to build, and, when the weather warmed up, the main trench went dry. Its levels had been based upon the Spring head of the lakes. The seasons made a difference of five feet in the height at the intake. A storage reservoir would keep it constant, and would cost $40,000.

They paid that, too. That was in 1921, by which time wheat prices, it will be remembered, had slumped from $2.50 to ninety cents a bushel, so that the money came harder. But they raised it, and, without any drama or ceremony, because it had cost them all so high, the water ran. In the same manner and for the same reason, the Scandinavian promoter packed up and left. He had expected, when his first contracts ran out, to get rich selling irrigation, and the realization that the farmers didn't want his ditch to irrigate with came as a tremendous surprise to him.

VI

For what they wanted with it was nothing that had any relation to their trade at all. It was merely to be rid of their feeling that the lake up in the mountains over their heads was running its water away from them when it had no business to. Vaguely, while the thing was being built, they had imagined that they might put in a patch or two of alfalfa, or raise some garden-truck for market. But nobody did. Nobody ever used the water for anything. It came down the main lateral, along the fence-lines across the middle of the Flat to Milk river canyon, about a mile from its mouth, and, the line ending there, pitched down the cliffs in a series of cascades back into Milk river, no worse for its detour across the wheatfields except that it was a little warmer and muddier than it had been before the scissorbills' enmity was gratified against it.

Having it was the thing that the farmers needed. They fell victims to the same unrest that had taken their women when the wells came in. Not, of course, in the same manifestations. The women had taken on strange frenzies and attacks of skittishness and piety. The men merely lapsed into scissorbills. It was as if that had been a consummation for which they had worked and waited. They built a community hall, and held meetings and made speeches once a week, with resolutions condemning gambling, bootlegging, and the holding of dances in public schoolhouses in the rest of the county. The sheriff's office began to get letters from them, tattling on each other for making kitchen-beer. They demanded remission of county taxes, a Federal law pricing wheat at $3 a bushel, laws compelling the railroads to haul wheat for nothing, a law compelling farm-hands to work for a maximum of $2.50 a day, a law forbidding people to use substitutes for butter, a law compelling all prisoners in the county jail to work during harvest for nothing.

In the last primary election, Scissorbill Flat put out eighteen candidates for public office, not counting school-directors, constables, and justices of the peace. They originated four initiative measures on the ballot for farm relief, and lobbied in the State Legislature for a law exempting wheat in storage from taxes, a law forbidding the Indians to play a native gambling-game known as stick, and a law prohibiting, in effect, salmon-fisheries on the Upper Columbia river. And, of course, others of the same cut as all farmers' organizations lobby for nowadays everywhere.

Still, they don't look happy.

WHAT IS THE FAMILY STILL GOOD FOR?

BY EDWARD SAPIR

Is it really true that the family is about to disappear? Is it really true that parents have been found wanting and are about to resign their sovereignty into the hands of the commonwealth? That children have found out their elders and are about to assert their independence? That the sex relation has been freed from the matrimonial frame? That mothers have no further claim on rearing their children than a useless affection, and had better resign themselves to the up-to-date pre-school nursery?

Now, these questions are more than flippant jests. Perhaps never before in the history of mankind has the family been so lightly regarded as it is in contemporary America. Twenty-five years ago it seemed as secure as the rocks, both as institution and as sentiment. But now we hear it said that it is a shaky, unwilling institution at best, and a begrudging sentiment. It seems to stand literally with its back against the wall, faced by an immense crowd known as "the young," who are aided and abetted by the figures of the sociologist, the revelations of the psychologist, and the sneers of the anthropologist. This picture of opinion about the family is, of course, confessedly inexact: it is a somewhat lurid one. But surely there is some significance in the fact that it is possible to draw such a picture without too great a show of shame or hesitation.

It would be interesting to go fully into the reasons for this threatening dissolution of the family, if we could. It is an involved business, very much mixed up with the tangle of sex relations and with the industrialization of society. To understand the family would be to understand all of modern life, intimate and public. It is sufficient here to mention four of the more obvious causes of its weakening. These are: first, the multiplication of labor-saving devices; second, the cramping of living quarters; third, the automobile; fourth, the growing economic independence of woman.

The family as an industrial unit, as a self-contained, mechanically bound group which works toward definite ends of a practical nature, is pretty much a thing of the past. There is no use pretending that it is not. There are still husbands to be found who will take off a Sunday morning to shingle the roof or lay down a concrete floor in the basement, as there are wives who keep a crowded apartment in uncomfortable abeyance while a particularly elaborate birthday cake is in progress in the kitchen. Common sentiment applauds these efforts, but common sense deplores them. No elaborate statistics are needed to prove that such family self-help on a large scale is out of date.

If, indeed, sentiment did not lag perceptibly behind the cold judgment of mechanical prudence, there would be even less to keep the family at family work than there is today. For better or worse, large scale industry has invaded its realm, and it must readjust its habits and its sentiments as best it can to this cool and obliging stranger who enters without knocking at the door. A thousand threads bind the family to agencies of effective adjustment, and these have rarely the desire or the opportunity to humanize the mechanical relations between it and work done for it. The most that we can hope for is that

the milkman talk politely to the maid.

Perhaps the most significant by-product of the industrialization of society, so far as the family in its outward aspects is concerned, is the cramping of its quarters. As there is less and less for it to do, less and less room is required to do it in. This growing discouragement of the need for room is powerfully supported by the growth of land values, the two being indeed nothing but the negative and positive aspects of a single economic process. The modern family does not arrange itself commodiously in space; it tucks itself away in corners of greater or lesser snugness. A relentless system of hinges folds up space into a nicely delimited design of little compartments, which are merely the minimum containers of buttons, knobs, lines, cabinet doors and a score of other strap-hanging contrivances. The family no longer dwells; it occupies quarters. What this shrinkage in space means psychologically is that the members of the family suddenly discover that they are but a limited number of individuals, who have to make doubly sure of their apartness from each other by escaping into vast hinterlands of space. Thus, the street, the movie hall, and the hotel lobby become the necessary backyards of the modern home.

Family quarters are inadequate not merely in the physical sense; in a more intangible and symbolic sense, too, they fail to correspond to the traditional ideals. The spatial symbol of an institution has much retroactive influence on the dignity of the institutional concept itself. Thus, it is difficult to feel strongly about a university degree obtained in a correspondence course, for scholastic pride seems to need a tangible habitation to which it can point its finger. Again, a god worshipped in a mean, pinchbeck house of worship may be verbally noble, but we may suspect that he assumes mean, pinchbeck proportions in the hearts of his worshippers. It is not otherwise with the family. If its home is insecure, casual, cramped, external to the personalities of its members, these attributes of the symbol infect the thing symbolized, and so we need not be surprised that the family itself tends to become insecure, casual, cramped, and external to its own personalities.

But the American family is not only cramped and insecure in space; it is also unstable in time. Travel is constantly absenting one or other member from the rest. Such absences were once considered events in the history of the family; they are now part of its kaleidoscopic texture. It is easy to make light of the rapidity with which the actual personnel changes from day to day. In the long run these rapid shifts must have a profound symbolic influence on the individual's conception of himself as a member of the family. A family which is constantly breaking up and reassembling is like a rule which has too many exceptions: such a rule ends up by ceasing to be a rule.

In all this coming and going, the automobile is of course the most potent factor. Under certain circumstances and in certain localities it may, by enlarging the confines of the home and giving its members new avenues of escape from the home's dullness, tend to have something of a unifying force, but it seems to me that its influence is on the whole more disruptive than stabilizing. This is particularly true of the wealthier families, which own more than one car. Even where the automobile does not directly act as a disruptive force, it tends to do so indirectly, for it affords a ready means of escape from the visible home, thus aiding materially in the weakening of the symbolism of the home.

There remains the increasing economic independence of women. It owes much of its destructive power to the model which has long been set in America by the husband. Gainful occupation and home long ago came to be antithetical concepts, and woman, herself debarred from economic activity, came to be dangerously identified with the home. It is often said that the home is now losing its character because women are finding it possible to identify themselves with objects of interest which

lie beyond the family sphere. It is of course biologically true that the home clusters, in a very special sense, about the woman, but it seems that we have dangerously overshot the mark in America and have allowed ourselves to drift insensibly into a position which considers the husband as no more than an economically powerful visitor to the house. The proud indifference of most American husbands to their homes and to everything that beautifies the home, the assumption that domestic affairs are, after all, things for women to worry about—all this has a note of tragedy in it.

Now that modern life has shown women how they may enter upon gainful pursuits, the implied stigma which once attached to the stay-at-home carries over to the women of the household. If it was possible for the husband to be a bit disdainful about domestic details, however carefully his light contempt was guarded from himself, it is the sheer logic of the unconscious that the economically emancipated woman should accept his symbolic indifference as a badge of her own freedom. This, of course, is not the whole story. Where both the husband and the wife are bread-winners, there cannot fail to be some divergence of interest and association, and that also adds its share to the loosening of family bonds.

II

There are no doubt still other forces which make for this loosening, and perhaps none of them is really as important as certain far-reaching changes of opinion in regard to the relation between men and women, husbands and wives, parents and children, which modern experience and speculation have brought in. But the four trends that I have picked out will serve as a convenient formula to make intelligible what seems to be happening within the family. Putting ourselves into the traditional attitude, let us now see what seems to have been lost in the course of development of the modern family.

I should say, first of all, that the family is no longer a self-going concern, no longer a self-sufficient castle in a semi-hostile world. Furthermore, parental authority has perceptibly lessened. There are other factors than those I have mentioned that are responsible for this, but it is implicit in them. In the third place, personal relations within the family, the attitude of brother to sister, of sister to sister, son to mother, daughter to father, have no longer quite that self-evident or pre-ordained quality which seemed to go with defined kinship status. Once one assumed, for instance, that brothers and sisters were friends, though one knew from sad experience that they were not necessarily so. Finally, we can no longer lightly assume that woman is the sacred guardian of the domestic hearth. She may or may not be that, but she is likely to be a great many other things as well.

Are these truly losses, or are they really gains in disguise? They are certainly not unmixed evils. That the family is no longer a self-going concern is part loss, but it is part gain as well. The traditional family tended to be a little ingrown, rather selfish in its outlook upon life. Its happiness tended to be smug; its unhappiness bred all the poisons of secrecy. That the family is now more directly plunged into the general economic scene has at least this advantage, that the average man and woman of today develops a greater concern for the fundamental mechanisms of society. He loses something of his dignity as a personality because he is rarely a primary economic agent, yet the indirect and even fictitious part which he plays in life does bring him significantly nearer to his fellowmen. There is an altogether new willingness to see the family as but a unit in a larger whole.

Few are so held by the illusions of the past as to claim that the lessening of parental authority is nothing but evil. There was a time when to be a father was to know what was good for one's children. In those days the word mother connoted an all-wise affection that was as mysterious

and as immutable as the law of gravitation. And, reciprocally, to have a father and a mother was construed as equivalent to doing what you were told and being thankful therefor ever after. We have traveled a certain distance from these dull mythologies. Thanks to Shaw, to psychoanalysis, and to liberated common sense, we now know that a devoted mother can be silly and pernicious; that an idolatrous affection for the son may and often does go with a corroding hatred of the husband.

It is well that we thus tend to take little for granted in the parental relation. It is well that fathers and mothers are beginning to discover that it is hard work making their children's acquaintance, and that before they have done so it will be just as well not to bank too heavily on the innate love and wisdom which the mere fact of parenthood is supposed to give them. There is no reason why parents and children may not be the best of friends, but it is getting to be believed that frankness is a better preface to such friendship than the mysticism of blood.

It is not merely that much of the mythology has been squeezed out of the parent-child relation, but that the greater independence of the individual within the family has brought with it the necessity of taking some effort to establish any and all of the truly valuable relations that are implicit in the family instead of taking them for granted as *a priori* necessities. Brothers and sisters have to earn each other's esteem. Temperamental differences disqualify the close of kin for long-enduring friendship just as they disqualify complete strangers in the world outside the family. That the younger brother fags for the older is no longer felt to be a law of nature, nor need one make it a point of honor to distribute one's deferences evenly between the maternal and the paternal kinfolk. Grandparents are no longer semi-divine. Kinship is a glorious opportunity for the meeting of minds and hearts, but in itself it constitutes neither an obligation nor a privilege.

Finally, who can regret that woman has become a real person—that she is no longer merely the imprisoned symbol of an institution? The fact that there are as many kinds of mothers and as many kinds of wives as there are kinds of women is a little disconcerting, but it should no longer shock us. It used to be possible to say to a woman, "You are not behaving like a *real* mother," or, "You are not behaving like a *real* wife." Nowadays it seems more appropriate to find other terms in which to couch the sentiment back of this antique terminology. It would be wiser to say, "I am afraid we don't agree about the bringing up of the children," or, "You have every blessed right in the world to behave as you do, but I want to tell you frankly that I don't like it a bit."

On the whole, the latter method is a technical improvement. Normal men and women will often do as individuals what they are not so keen on doing as fathers, mothers, husbands and wives. It is not well for any human being to be identified with an institution. The normal woman will want to discover wifehood and motherhood through the flesh and the symbolisms of the flesh, which lead to the deepest sentiments we know of, rather than to be reading the breviary of family duty.

Do these changes in the constitution of the family and in the psychology of family relationships mean a negation of everything that is significant in the family, or are they but a killing off of useless symbols and attitudes in order that the ground may be prepared for a new family? Is it too much to hope that this new family may prove to be all the more significant because little is expected of it officially? Isn't it possible that the weakness of the present-day family in America lies not so much in the visible destructive tendencies as in our persistent attempt to combine a verbal loyalty to the traditional family with a sneaking acceptance of its loss of integrity?

Perhaps the American family seems insecure, not because the father's authority is now little, but because we still secretly

believe that it ought to be great but that he is too cowardly to act out his wistful tyranny; not because the love of husband and wife cannot in the nature of things be a sufficient basis for family life, but because our inherited sense of the sinfulness of sex has made us unwilling to believe that love is sufficient; not because a woman's career outside of the home is really inimical to its preservation, but because a sense of daring sin still lingers about her choice of independence. In brief, the inertia of social sentiment is stronger than the inertia of social form. Long after the family has changed its form men and women will continue to think and feel that its older implications of sentiment are still extant, or that if they are not, they ought to be. Indeed, I think one may contend, with no sense of paradox, that the family is likely to remain as important a psychological factor as it has ever been, that we are mistaking surgery for murder, that we have been thinking too much about the institutional and therefore secondary aspects of the family and too little about the biological and psychological foundations of the institution.

III

It is possible for an institution to become so top-heavy, so accreted with secondary features as to cease to answer to the very determinants that originally brought it forth. A government may become so corrupt that there is nothing to be done with it except to destroy it.

The relief which follows such destruction, however, is always brief and illusory. One always builds a new government, hoping that it may be better than the old. Those who have suffered from the maladjusted family seek some measure of relief in the hope or fancy of its decline. It is an illusory hope and a vain fancy. The continuance of the family does not depend on the continuance of its old solidarity, nor on the authority of the parents, nor on keeping woman within the home. Guaranteed as the institution is by certain biological and psychological necessities, we shall not be able to indulge ourselves in the luxury of seeing it vanish before our eyes but shall have to submit to the psychological reinterpretation of a family preserved against our perverse will. It is not being killed off. It is being scraped clean of irrelevances and fitted to become the bearer of richer meanings than it has ever had.

Sex desire alone is no secure basis for the family. Sex activity plus children may be biologically sufficient to give us the nucleus of a family, but our modern mentality is not satisfied with a family so constituted. A sociology which treats of the family merely in terms of sex desire, mating, economic security, care of offspring, always carefully avoiding the word "love" as though it were a sentimental bugaboo, is not a realistic sociology. Such a sociology is stupid, however accurate its fragmentary analysis, for it is of the very essence of the modern American mind that it is gropingly trying to establish the only kind of a family that it still believes in, namely, a man and a woman who, loving each other, do not wish to live apart. Whether such a union is blessed by offspring or not is immaterial. Whether or not it has been sanctified by civil or ecclesiastical authority is immaterial.

This intimate companionship which dare never be confused with the casual exercise of sex, is a minimum and all-sufficient definition of the family. Everything else is incremental, however importantly so. Of this new American family we are barely conscious, for its image is clouded by memories of "sin" and, among certain sophisticates, by that correlative defiance of "sin" which is promiscuity. The ease, not to say the waywardness, with which the young now enter upon marriage is significant because it shows, first of all, that the growing American *ethos* is willing to base the family on mutual affection and understanding, unaided and unhampered by any other consideration; and, secondly,

that the mere satisfaction of the sex impulse is not enough to satisfy the deeper erotic craving of the normal young man and young woman. This "psychological marriage," as it might be termed in contrast with the older marriage institution, is too flimsy a thing for the conservative mind, too burdensome a thing for the mere sex-monger. But it is the cornerstone of the new family.

Normally a married couple will want one or more children. Ineffective as the family has often proved to be, we are not likely to find a more satisfactory matrix for the rearing of the young. Where marriage has been on the basis of love, the arrival of children, whether consciously desired or not, is not so much a new biological sanction for the continuance of the family as an affirmation of the old sanction. In the older family, which tended to put an undue emphasis on the child because it looked upon itself as a holy institution rather than as a psychological necessity, the erotic relationship between the husband and the wife not infrequently suffered because of the very arrival of the child. In the new family the attention on the child is oblique rather than direct, and this is excellent both for the mental health of the child itself and for the continuance of a sound relation between the husband and the wife.

The old family was always doing things "for the children," even to the extent of strangling itself in unhappiness. In the new family the child is the symbol of a true marriage and a charge to be carefully nurtured, that it may eventually be delivered to society. The child does not need to be smothered with a love which is half stolen from husband or wife. It requires an undemanding affection which flows over, as it were, from the primary love which built the family. For this healthy and necessary atmosphere of unobtrusive affection, there is, so far as I know, no institutional substitute.

The truly effective family has more than one child. Whatever may be the merits of the practice of limiting offspring—and surely certain superficial merits are obvious enough—it would seem psychologically unsound to voluntarily limit the number of children to one. After the years of infancy, the normal relationship between human beings should be a relationship of age-mates. In a healthy community the contact between the older and the younger generation has always something tangential about it. The child needs other children with whom it can learn to iron out its difficulties and share the affection of its parents. The important thing about the brother-sister relation is that it trains the child for social participation in an unobtrusive manner. Where the relations of the parents are sound and do not interfere with the growth of their children, a group of brothers and sisters will unconsciously develop an understanding of complex affectional bonds with tolerance all 'round for individual differences of taste and temperament. The importance of this as an image for later adjustment to life is incalculable. It is a commonplace that children who grow up without brothers and sisters develop certain very real and peculiar problems of behavior.

The psychological family is important not only for the maturing of the erotic relationship of the parents; it is important also as the background image for the development of the child's own future love life. If one's own erotic life is to be sound, it would seem that a background of parental happiness is essential. We are only beginning to understand this importance of the family as a sort of nursery of images which are later to come to potent fruition in the lives of the children. It is not the family as such which forms an unfortunate matrix for the development of the child; it is the frankly unhappy family, whose poison he carries with him through life; or, even worse, the only superficially contented family, which masks intricate maladjustments that do not escape the intuitions of the child for a minute.

To conclude, we are not confronted with the threatened dissolution of the family;

we are simply promised a clearing away of institutional clogs of all sorts which do not correspond to modern mentality and of indulgence in sentiments which we are beginning to see are harmful. All this does not mean chaos, but rather the emergence of cleanly defined psychological patterns which have intimate relevance for the life of the individual at the expense of superimposed institutional patterns which take little or no account of individual psychology. We may say that the family is needed for the following primary purposes: first, to give the sex relation its greatest emotional value; second, to rear children in an atmosphere of intelligent affection; third, to prepare the individual for the give and take of society; and fourth, to prepare the child unconsciously for satisfactory mating in the future.

The current dismay at the apparent weakening of the family is no more justified than the dismay of men when they discovered with Darwin that they were descended from lower forms of life. For a time it looked as if they had ceased to have the right to feel truly human, for they had learned that they were not merely human but animal as well. But in this wider kinship we have since learned to feel a nobler pride than in the old biological snobbery of isolation. The old family institution, walled about by a make-believe psychology of status, ignored the elementary truth that the individuals within it were essentially the same people as the self-same individuals outside. A belated recognition of this truth creates some dizziness, but when the gasp has subsided and the eye is opened again, the family will be seen to be still there, a little cleaner, a little more truthful, a little happier.

EDITORIALS

Marking Time

In the United States today journalism is very fat—far fatter than it has ever been in the past. As the chain-store movement gradually reduces the number of daily papers, the prosperity of those surviving is greatly increased. Nearly all of them are now making money, and some of them are fairly rolling in it. Nor is the whole of it being hogged by the proprietors. Editorial salaries have been going up steadily for fifteen years, and today there are plenty of reporters who get as much as managing editors used to get, and plenty of managing editors who pay more income tax than the common run of bank presidents. Thirty years ago anyone looking for a journalist naturally turned to the cheapest saloon in town; now it would be shrewder sleuthing to seek him at the swellest golf club.

I wish I could add that a brilliant professional progress has gone with this advance in worldly rewards, but the plain facts run the other way. Not a single new idea has appeared in American journalism since the dawn of the Twentieth Century. It has become, like the law, a mere hugging of precedents, most of them of little dignity in either logic or fact. In every detail of the editorial process, from the writing of editorials to the design of headlines, and from the reporting of baseball to the handling of illustrations, there is naught save a dull, uninspired, unintelligent re-doing of what has been done before. When what seems to be a novelty shows itself, it almost always turns out, on examination, to be no more than a borrowing. Thus the *Times* and the Hearst papers draw closer together every day, and in many towns it is actually difficult to tell one paper from another.

Why this should be so I don't know. Certainly it must be unpleasant for any journalist of genuine professional competence to go on chasing his tail as he now has to do. What fun can it be to write editorials that must always fall between fixed lengths, and go into columns that have no more typographical charm than the death-notices and stock-market reports, and then be buried at last on an inside page, as flat and deadly as the *Congressional Record*? That formula harks back to the Mousterian Age of journalism; it reeks of hand-set nonpareil and the blanket sheet. Yet every effort to dispose of it has been timid and ineffective, save only the gaudy rebellion of Hearst—and now even Hearst, made respectable by Brisbane's senility, shows signs of going back to Bach. It is hard to imagine a man of racy and instructive ideas doing his work in any such death-mask. A fellow of that kidney is not content to write; he also wants to be read, attended to, discussed, applauded, denounced. Well, try to imagine anything printed in English that is more savagely designed to put readers to flight than the orthodox American editorial page.

The sporting pages show the same depressing want of professional ingenuity and resourcefulness. The only idea visible in them is that quantity is better than quality. They have been eating into the news pages for ten years past, and now, in many papers, they occupy almost as much space as all the rest of the contents. It is naturally hard to induce journalists of any dignity to write the kind of stuff that fills them; hence they are mainly in the hands of illiterates, and not a few of those illiterates are also rogues. The best editorial brains of the country, I daresay, have been long striving to improve them, but with

what result? With the single result that today's four pages become five tomorrow, and six next week. In quality, save in a handful of papers, there is no improvement whatever. Day in and day out, column after column is filled with the same imbecile whooping up of gamblers and baboons. Of sport in any civilized sense there is seldom a hint.

Here, obviously, is a fine chance for an able and ingenious editor, impatient of the lethargy that hangs about his trade. The average sporting department is so bad that any change, however slight, would be a betterment, and the editorial page has sunk into such dullness and futility that even turning it upside down would probably help it. What it needs is something of the skill that has been lavished—and surely by no better men—upon the writing and make-up of advertising. Perhaps the way out lies in its complete abolition. That, indeed, has been tried, but never, to risk an Irishism, really brilliantly. Editors too dumb to write editorials simply stopped trying to write them. But that sort of surgery probably goes too far: it is a decapitation for a bad sinus infection, stupefying but not incurable. What is called for is a scheme whereby competent men may be encouraged to devote themselves passionately to the ancient art, and readers may be persuaded to patronize and heed it.

The Charm of War

Of all the great moral movements launched by Dr. Hoover, the one that seems most plainly doomed to failure is that which looks to the abolition of food blockades in wartime. The idea behind it is that such blockades bear cruelly upon innocent women and children, and are thus immoral and against God. But the plain fact is that they give more pleasure to the common run of patriots than any other device of war, and so there is not much chance that they will ever be abolished. Certainly no one can forget the thrill which ran through the United States after the last war, when the post-bellum blockade was clapped on Germany, and news began to come out that millions of children were coming down with rickets and hundreds of thousands of helpless old people were starving to death. It was the most inspiring subject that Christian pastors had encountered in years, and they did not let it go to waste. Their sermons deserve to be exhumed and reprinted. In no other literature that I know of is there a more eloquent exposition of the moral jurisprudence of Yahweh. The Germans themselves, if it had been translated, would have refused, as good Christians, to eat what little food they had.

So after the Civil War. The war itself was a poor show for the North. The enemy, instead of being three thousand miles away, was directly at the door, and often showed signs of breaking in. After Gettysburg there was a frantic peace movement, and if the opportune fall of Vicksburg had not abated the general alarm it would have succeeded. But once the war was over and Reconstruction was under way, the whole country above the Potomac settled down to enjoy itself. There has probably never been a happier time in the history of American patriotism. Day by day, as news poured in of the appalling sufferings of the South, the North gave itself over to gaudy gloating and rejoicing. Johnson, because he tried to halt the saturnalia of outrage and oppression, came near being heaved out of the Presidency; Grant, because he first yielded to it and then joined in it, was rewarded with two terms. And, as always, the clergy roared for more confiscations, more attainders, more blood.

To the psychologist, if psychology had been invented in that innocent day, there would have been nothing mysterious in all this. It was, indeed, no more than a fresh proof of the obvious fact that human beings are not naturally humane—that they take a keen delight in cruelty whenever it seems to be safe. Those whose delight is the greatest are simply those

whose suppressions have been the most onerous. That explains, on the one hand, why soldiers, after the first few months of war, are seldom cruel, and on the other hand, why the Christian clergy, doomed to preach from such texts as John xv, 12 day in and day out, cut loose with such ghastly ferocity whenever patriotism liberates them. It explains, too, why such a people as the Americans, who labor under extraordinary inhibitions in normal times, surpass all other peoples in frenzy when the band begins to play. They must crowd into a few war years all the barbaric lusts of a generation. No wonder they always carry on in a frantic and obscene manner, and are sneakingly ashamed of it afterward, and try to deny and forget the fact. If they had more freedom every day they would be decenter on their moral holidays.

Note Upon a Fatal Curse

One generalization, at least, may be made about constitutional amendments: that they never work. But perhaps the word never is a shade too strong. It may be that the first half of the Third has worked: it provides that "no soldier, in time of peace, shall be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner." Has this ever been done? I can find no complaint in the books, but it is not well to be too sure. These very lines may inspire some zealous Army officer to clap a squad of his men upon some householder, if not actually within the continental bounds of the Union, then maybe in Porto Rico, the Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska, or Guam.

Young Teddy Roosevelt is now the Governor and Captain-General of Porto Rico, and he may be expected to introduce there the red-blooded, he-man way of doing things that prevailed in his time in Washington, under Denby, Daugherty and Fall. If he does so, the Supreme Court will probably sustain him, no matter how loudly the Porto Ricans howl. Didn't it sustain the judge in the Virgin Islands who, to get rid of a contumacious editor, clapped him into a singularly hot and spidery jail? The editor, making bail for an appeal, came rushing to Washington with the First Amendment under his arm. He got precisely the same welcome that he would have got if he had brought yellow fever. The very watchers of the Civil Liberties Union, contemplating his naïve confidence, had to bust into guffaws. Thus if Teddy thrusts his cavalrymen on the Porto Ricans they will be well advised if they take it quietly, for to take it quietly is now the first duty of all loyal Americans.

All the other amendments seem to be complete failures. The Seventeenth was to purge the United States Senate of undesirables: it has brought in such sweet babies as Reed of Pennsylvania, Bingham of Connecticut, and Robinson of Indiana. The Nineteenth was to introduce female virtue into politics: it has been followed by the worst series of scandals in American history. The Fifteenth was to give the Afra-american the franchise in the late Confederate States: he still pines for it. The Thirteenth was to abolish slavery: it still exists in every mill-town, with white slaves substituted for black. The Seventh was to safeguard the right to trial by jury: the Volstead Act has blown it full of holes. The Fourth was to put down lawless raids and seizures by the police: they go on every day. And so with all the rest. One might well conclude, if one were of a spiritual nature, that all amendments were pursued by a *Hex*. They seem to succumb inevitably, and usually completely. The chief business of the higher courts is proving that they are null and void—that they do not mean what they plainly say.

There remains the Eighteenth. Will it escape the common lot? It is not, of course, possible to answer confidently and categorically, for the chief mark of the legal process under democracy is its utter irrationality. But if one may not answer, it is at least still quite plausible and comforting to hope.

H. L. M.

MASS PSYCHOLOGIST

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

It is significant that Edward L. Bernays, who has reduced the once jovial occupation of press agent to a science, who is *frater in facultate* at New York University, and now labors "in the spirit of the laboratory," is a nephew of the renowned Dr. Sigmund Freud. Although he is a graduate of the New York State Agricultural College, Eddie knows a very great deal about psychology and cashes in on that knowledge. His uncle, the *Herr Doktor*, may have discovered sex. He may have classified the innumerable reasons, other than economic, behind the "My wife, Mary, having left my bed and board" notices in the agony columns. But he remains, though honored and doubtless immortal, a rather impecunious old gentleman in Vienna.

Nephew Eddie, on the other hand, has a chastely elegant suite of offices in the Grand Central Terminal zone in New York City. Costly etchings, and an occasional modernistic painting, adorn the walls. Beautiful secretaries glide over voluptuous rugs to ask visitors if they have an appointment with the master of mass psychology. Only poets delude themselves with the notion that love, that is to say sex, causes the world to revolve. Mr. Bernays, whose rank as public relations counsel is at least the equal of Ivy Ledbetter Lee's, knows that it is really money that furnishes the motive power. The mass psychologist, moreover, goes much further than the psychoanalyst who, as I understand it, can do no more than explain what has already taken place. Eddie can foretell the future.

He makes no claims to crystal gazing, as such. He would modestly deny that he is clairvoyant. His science, once understood, is really very simple. What he does is to create a demand by molding the public mind. He creates a desire for specified goods or ideas.

The first task of the public relations counsel, however, is to see whether his client offers something which the public "can be brought to accept." It is sometimes wiser to refuse a fee. When Eddie wrote his text-book, "Propaganda," a year or so ago, he was certain that "women have definitely emancipated themselves from the old-fashioned corset," although they "might be persuaded to adopt a certain type of girdle." Thus he declined to play any part in the futile, as they then seemed, efforts to revive the whalebone era. His position was probably sound, but today he must regret somewhat that the manufacturers did not invite him again.

It is not often that mass psychology fails to find a solution. Only recently, Dr. Bernays won the undying gratitude of the luggage manufacturers, who had experienced a decided drop in their business and had been told by their efficiency experts that modern women, the root of so many industrial evils, were to blame. The hussies now wore such a sparsity of clothing that a week-end outfit could be tucked into a purse. Porters at the railway terminals were in despair. Transfer companies were selling their trucks. And the luggage men found trunks a drug on the market. In their hour of need they turned to Eddie, who smiled confidently and blew on the tips of his fingers. He would see what could be done. Perhaps he refreshed his memory with the second chapter of "Propaganda," in which he had written:

> It [propaganda] takes account not merely of the individual, nor even of the mass mind alone, but also and especially of the anatomy of society, with its interlocking group of formations and loyalties. It sees the individual not only as a cell in the social organism but as a cell organized into the social unit. Touch a nerve at a sensitive spot and you get an automatic response from certain specific members of the organization.

Stripped of its scientific verbiage, and reduced to terms comprehensible to the lay mind, this means that the public relations counsel establishes contacts with the people who really matter. He persuades them that the cause he is being paid to advance will: (a) heighten the moral tone of the country, (b) increase prosperity, (c) prevent social unrest. His arguments depend, it is obvious, upon the particular cause on hand. So do the important personages—he has a long and varied list of these—whose endorsement he seeks. Delicacy makes one shrink from asking him to name the celebrities importuned in behalf of the luggage manufacturers. In due time, at all events, publicity material was being rushed to the newspapers.

Did it state that the president of the Los Angeles Woman's Club, the secretary of Chicago Rotary and the president of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce felt sympathy for the trunk men and urged the public to rally to their support? Not at all; that would have been mere press agentry and as such would have failed to fool the most gullible editor. The news releases, in fact, did not mention trunks at all. They simply said that Mme. So and So deplored the careless way in which women dressed when traveling. Culture, refinement and good taste demanded at least three dresses on the most informal week-end journey. The woman of fashion took with her a complete ensemble (hat, stockings, lingerie, handbag, handkerchiefs) for each of the dresses. Far better not to travel than embarrass one's hostess by appearing without these minimum essentials!

In cities and on farms, the ladies read these items. They knew that Mme. So and So was an arbiter of the mode. They hurried to stores and modistes for new outfits and discovered, on the occasion of their next trip, that additional luggage was needed to hold it all. So the porters in the railway stations grew cheerful again. The transfer companies flourished. The luggage men declared an extra dividend, and Eddie deposited another check in his opulent bank account.

II

The success he has achieved is well deserved. Not since the days of his novitiate, when he peddled pictures and wrote optimistic puffs for Broadway theatrical agents, has he deluded himself about the country in which he lives, works and prospers. He believes none of the cheerful burblings of Arthur Brisbane. Compared to him, Theodore Dreiser is a starry-eyed romantic. Eddie is a stern realist who operates upon the demonstrable theory that men in a democracy are sheep waiting to be led to the slaughter. I turn again to "Propaganda," a volume which should be studied with care by those who would understand the American mind. In its pages will be found the answer to how Prohibition came about and why it still remains. Therein, too, is a key to the influence of Canon Chase, Dr. Clarence True Wilson, and Dorothy Dix. In an autocracy, declares Mr. Bernays, in effect, the mass psychologist would have a thin time. But in a democracy the set-up suits his purpose to perfection.

The people, now the customers, gained power when kings lost influence. In older days they did about as they were told. Then came revolution; for a time "the masses promised to become king." But now "a reaction has set in—the minority has discovered a powerful help in influencing majorities." It is evident that smart men can "mold the minds of the masses" and thereby control and direct "their newly gained strength in the desired direction."

> We are governed, our minds are molded, our tastes are formed, our ideas suggested, largely by men we have never heard of. . . . In the sphere of politics or in business, in our social conduct or our ethical thinking, we are dominated by the

> relatively small number of persons who . . . understand the mental processes and social patterns of the masses. It is they who pull the wires which control the public mind, who harness old social forces and contrive new ways to bind and guide the world. . . .
>
> Propaganda is the executive arm of the invisible government. Universal literacy was supposed to educate the common man to control his environment. Once he could read and write he would have a mind fit to rule. So ran the democratic doctrine. But instead of a mind, universal literacy has given him rubber stamps, rubber stamps inked with advertising slogans, with editorials, with . . . the trivialities of the tabloids and the platitudes of history, but quite innocent of original thought. Each man's rubber stamps are the duplicates of millions of others, so that when those millions are exposed to the same stimuli, all receive identical imprints.

The unpleasant connotation commonly attached to propaganda, Eddie hurriedly adds, is not necessarily fair. Besides, what is going to be done about it? Propaganda is here to stay. Nothing goes on without it, whether "electing a President, building a cathedral, or endowing a university. . . . In the active proselytizing minorities in whom self interests and public interests coincide," he concludes, "lie the progress and development of America."

My only criticism of "Propaganda" is that it grows long-winded in spots. Perhaps lecturing at N. Y. U., where he trains youth in the new science, has forced Professor Bernays too close to the maundering note of the pedagogue. But he is always full of common sense and truth, and is at his best when most specific. The mass psychologist has learned, he explains, that man will desire things for reasons quite apart from their intrinsic worth. He will buy a piano, although music bores him, because it is fashionable to have a music-room in one's new house. The old-time salesman said, "Please buy a piano." The new persuades the customer to say, "Please sell me a piano."

Similarly with bacon. Hired by the packers, the psycho-salesman sets up "group customs." He causes physicians to sign testimonials that bacon is healthful and should be on every breakfast table. Débutantes cry for it. Otto H. Kahn, Charles M. Schwab and Mrs. Dollie Gann give what the Vassar girls used to call "bacon bats." Soon the worried little man with an inferiority complex, labeled Common People or You and I by the cartoonist, is hurrying home with his arms wrapped around sides of bacon.

Mr. Bernays, incidentally, once guided the sales psychology of the Beechnut Packing Company.

III

His eminence, even his career in the field of mass psychology, was accidental. It evolved from circumstances whose importance he did not grasp until years later. Eddie never sat back in some chimney corner to dream that President Hoover, Henry Ford and old Tom Edison would one day move at his command and thereby stimulate the use of electric lamps throughout the world. He would have scoffed had he been told that the President of an unborn country, Czecho-Slovakia, would one day wait upon him.

Yet it was so written. The independence of Czecho-Slovakia was assured in the Fall of 1918. Thomas Masaryk, then provisional President, felt that Sunday, October 27, was an excellent day on which to release the historic announcement. He felt that the Sabbath was somehow appropriate. But Eddie, who was abroad at the time, warned him that this was a serious mistake. The item would be lost among the fashion hints and the funnies. The story should be broken on Monday morning, when news is normally scarce. This was done, and so October 28 became the Czecho-Slovakian Fourth of July. School children will salute it through all eternity. Poets will sing of it in immortal rhymes. And all because Eddie Bernays so decreed.

He comes from an old and distinguished family, which was driven from Spain when the Jews were expelled in the Fifteenth Century and settled in various parts of Europe. The father of Eddie, Ely Bernays, lived in Hamburg and Vienna and was married to Anna Freud, a sister of the psychoanalyst. He was a gentleman of importance

who did very well in the grain business. Toward the close of the '80's he decided that even greater prosperity was to be achieved in the United States. Soon after Edward was born in Vienna, on November 22, 1891, Papa Bernays made a final trip of investigation to New York. Eight months later he brought his entire flock to the metropolis of the new world.

Eddie had a city childhood. At first the family lived in a private brownstone house on 119th Street near Seventh avenue. Then an apartment on Riverside drive was rented. He cannot recall that having to play games on the street or among the scraggly trees of the drive bothered him. He was a bright, scholarly lad and did well in his studies. But his father, it appears, wearied of the noisy, hurried, humid life in New York. He did not do anything about it save to endorse with enthusiasm the Back to Nature movement which Theodore Roosevelt started during a spare moment in the White House. He did, though, resolve that his son should know better things. The greatest happiness, he told Eddie, was to be found in the country. Life could be wholly satisfactory nowhere else. The thing to do was study agriculture and become a scientific farmer.

The boy did not share his father's passion for the country. But he was an obedient youth and so matriculated, at the age of sixteen, at the State Agricultural College affiliated with Cornell at Ithaca. College was an episode rather than an event in his life. Looking back, he can remember few indications of group leadership in those years. He succeeded in electing someone president of the freshman class. Beyond that, however, he did nothing of note, and he concludes that he must have been too young.

Nor did it take him long to discover that agriculture had no charms. He studied the technology of soils, animal husbandry and dairying. He arose at barbaric hours to walk through the snow to model barns where model cows awaited milking. But his heart was not in it. When, one Summer, he was required to gain practical experience by working on a farm, he resolved that Roosevelt's nature movement would have to get along without him. But he enjoyed his courses in the Arts College, where the farmers were forced to absorb a smattering of culture, and graduated in 1912 convinced that never again would he battle at first hand with the farm problem.

Ely Bernays may have been disappointed, but he persuaded some fellow grain merchants to give his son a job. This, too, proved dull. Eddie was given odd chores to do, and his mind dwelt upon the one thing he had really enjoyed at college. This was a temporary job with the horticultural department. He had been hired to make surveys of tree nurseries and had written an article or two for technical journals. The thrill of authorship had been his. He now discerns that in those youthful writings, whose real meaning he did not grasp, were faint odors of propaganda. This was what he wanted to do; influence the mass mind.

IV

Edward L. Bernays, the famous public relations counsel, gazes back through the years with amusement and appreciation. He views the boy with the same cold, detached, appraising eye which he turns upon the insanities and stupidities of his fellow men.

A trace of boyishness clings to him now that he is thirty-eight. A small man, he must weigh little more now than he did in 1912. His hair is black and luxuriant. He has grayish-blue eyes, a trim little black mustache, and abbreviated side-burns, and dresses well. Rapping the top of his desk with his knuckles, blowing on his fingers, he tells the history of Eddie Bernays with no small degree of charm. There was, he deprecates, a lot of luck in it. He planned nothing. He was not even conscious at the time of the great discovery he made, in 1913, soon after he became editor of the *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*

and assistant editor of the *Medical Review of Reviews*.

A friend, whose father owned these two journals of Aesculapian thought, offered him the joint post while he was working for the grain merchant. He gladly accepted a salary of $25 a week. For the first time his propagandist talents, long suspected, had full play. He could write burning editorials, and did, on the value of shower baths. He became a Voice in the Land, and chided women for wearing stays. He soon realized that Victorian pruriency still hung over the country, and he urged that the young be informed as to the Facts of Life. He had a glorious time. Then came the Great Moment. He saw a theatrical note to the effect that Richard Bennett, an eminent and intellectual actor, was attempting to produce Brieux's celebrated play, "Damaged Goods." This, he knew, was the fight of the *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette* and the *Medical Review of Reviews*. Taking a sheet of office stationery, he wrote a hurried note of encouragement:

Dear Mr. Bennett:
We hear you are producing "Damaged Goods." We are for you.

THE EDITORS.

This greatly heartened Mr. Bennett, who was finding it extremely difficult to raise the funds for so radical a drama. He telephoned at once, asking when he could have an appointment with "The Editors," and when Eddie came in he found an urgent message. Astonished, he telephoned Bennett and explained that he had written the note. Yes, he could come up to the Lambs Club immediately. Certainly, he was interested in having the play put on. Dissemination of such ideas was in harmony with the policy of his two magazines. A few minutes later he stood in the presence, for the first time in his life, of an actor.

"Mr. Bernays!" thundered Bennett, "I believe in Sex Education. The present tendency toward suppression must be stopped! This is a great public campaign; someone must undertake to get the necessary funds."

Somehow Eddie stumbled back to his office at Broadway and Fulton street. How could the money be raised? How could Mr. Bennett be assisted in this great sociological enterprise? If only important people in New York could be persuaded to assist, he felt, progress might be made. So he organized, on the spot, a Sociological Fund to receive subscriptions. For the insignificant sum of $4, patrons could advance the movement, and would, in addition, receive a ticket for the opening night. He wrote letters to the Rockefellers, to Mayor Gaynor, to Mrs. Philip Lydig and to many other leaders in industry, politics and society. Soon the Sociological Fund had endorsements galore and also some cash. Reporters sauntered across Park Row to the dingy offices of the two medical journals, and respectful stories in the morning papers brought still more contributions. Finally, on a historic night in 1913, "Damaged Goods" opened. The next day, smiling graciously, Bennett stood before Bernays. The show was a hit, but the company needed shaking down. If his friend would write a check for a trip to Washington, success was assured. Eddie drew the check.

It was, unhappily, the last he was to see —as *entrepreneur*—of "Damaged Goods." He had neglected to obtain control of the American rights. Some alert Broadway producers promptly took the show away from him. They made a fortune out of it while Bernays, directly, never made a dime.

V

Far from regretting the experience, however, he recognizes that this was the turning point in his life. But it was not until a decade had passed that he realized what he had really accomplished. He went to Europe, late that year, aggrieved. He loitered in Paris for some months and returned with the hope that he might obtain some kind of press agent's job. This proved simple enough; a letter to all the theatrical agents and producers in the classified telephone directory brought several responses. Eddie, still unconscious of the higher and

more scientific profession of public relations counsel, was delighted to write blurbs for Klaw & Erlanger productions. By 1915 he was managing the tour of the Russian Ballet and was marveling that one could be paid as much as $200 weekly for having so much fun. In 1917 he was publicity impresario for the great Caruso. With the entrance of the United States into the World War, he fought for democracy as a member of George Creel's Committee on Public Information. His particular task was to write pamphlets for distribution behind the German lines and in neutral countries, setting forth the high ideals and purposes of America. They were designed to persuade even the most ardent Teuton that Kaiser Bill battled without sanction of the Lord.

Historians will some day analyze the profound effect of the Creel Committee on the future of America. Winning the war was a minor matter. Its members, having learned the tricks at the expense of the government, continued their activities when balmy peace returned. They inaugurated endowment drives for universities and cathedrals. They saw that their countrymen had no chance to forget the goose-step. As Eddie himself writes: "It was the war which opened the eyes of the intelligent few in all departments of life to the possibilities of regimenting the public mind."

When the scales fell from his eyes, he perceived that he had actually known how to regiment the public mind for a long time. He had evolved the formula, without knowing it, as editor of the *Medical Review of Reviews*. His campaign for the production of "Damaged Goods" was based on the soundest principles of mass psychology. Eddie used them knowingly, for the first time, when the War Department employed him after the war. He was to see that employers, whose patriotism was cooling, actually offered jobs to the men whose "places, my brave lads, will be held open while you fight our battle in France." Citations, done on parchment, were awarded to industrialists able to prove that they had not violated these pledges. The assistance of such organizations as the Fifth Avenue Association was enlisted. Newspapers published editorials and honor lists. Important men made speeches.

Such, then, is the formula. By means of it Eddie Bernays has increased the use of Ivory Soap. He has persuaded women to swathe themselves in velvets (Sidney Blumenthal—Velvets). He has hinted that women are smoking more and more cigarettes (American Tobacco Company), that bread is the staff of life (Ward Baking Company), that silk adds to sex appeal (Cheney Silks), that certain areas on Long Island make ideal residential sections (the Queensborough Corporation).

One of his first clients was the Venida Hair Net Company. Bobbed hair had brought its owners to the face of ruin. Consulted, Bernays sent appeals to a famous artist, a labor leader, and a public health expert. Were not long-haired girls more lovely, he asked the artist? The answer was in the affirmative, and was duly given to the newspapers. He asked the labor leader to conduct an investigation into the cause of factory accidents. The labor leader discovered that many resulted from the hair of operators getting caught in machinery.

He stated quite emphatically that even bobbed hair was dangerous; and several State Legislatures passed laws requiring that all women in industry wear hair nets. Similarly, the public health expert came to the aid of the Venida Hair Net Company. He reported that grave danger of contamination lurked in the hair of waitresses. Bobbed heads were tossed to an alarming extent in restaurants, particularly when a customer left too small a tip. Then certain Commonwealths adopted legislation making it a penal offense for waitresses to be caught without hair nets.

When the Procter & Gamble Company, makers of Ivory Soap and Crisco, engaged his services Eddie Bernays rose to new heights. As the National Household Serv-

ice of the company, he offered prizes for the best recipes in which Crisco, a vegetable lard, was an essential ingredient. Other publicity stories suggested menus for Mother's Day and Hallowe'en. Flowers, candy and gin were out of date as offerings for Mother's Day. Why did not the daughter of the house undertake to cook dinner on that day? Mother would appreciate a vacation, and by using Crisco the meal would prove excellent.

In boosting Ivory Soap, Eddie had no end of novel ideas. The Help Cleanliness Service of the Procter & Gamble Company supplied one story which would have landed on the front pages were it not that newspaper publishers had grown narrow minded about publicity material. This revealed that cleanliness was not, after all, secondary to godliness. A scientist at the University of Chicago had sent questionnaires to 800 individuals. His answers proved that "cleanliness is adjudged more important in successful homes than godliness." The 800 typical Americans had ranked cleanliness fifth in importance and "religiousness" fourteenth.

Striking as they were, these stunts pale to insignificance compared to Eddie's most effective idea for publicizing soap. Four years ago he organized the National Small Sculptural Committee and gave $1,675 in prizes annually for the best sculpture executed in Ivory Soap. Such famous artists as Gutzon Borglum, Lorado Taft, Harvey Wiley Corbett and Charles Dana Gibson served on the jury of award. Art institutions in New York, Kansas City, Rochester, Brooklyn, Indianapolis and Dayton sponsored the exhibitions. Governor Fuller of Massachusetts sent the following message:

> This exhibition will, I am sure, do much to awaken general interest in the desirability of fusing artistry and utility. It takes a cunning hand, an artistic temperament, a sense of color and perspective to bring forth that which is pleasing to the eye and, withal, serviceable. This we Americans can do if we will but realize its importance. I bespeak for your exhibition a generous response and support, for your effort is most worthy of encouragement.

These contests, with exhibitions at such high-toned places as the Anderson Galleries, offered a pretty dilemma to city editors. At first the newspapers were cordial enough; the New York *Times* went so far as to remark editorially that "shaping figures in soap" would foster "appreciation of ancient and modern beauties—in the child." Gradually, however, it began to get on the nerves of the advertising departments. They saw illustrations of prize-winning sculptures, and columns of publicity. They estimated the money which would have poured in had all this been paid for at the usual rates for display advertising. In some instances the publishers ordered the name of Ivory Soap censored from the news. The contests were described as "white soap competitions." Under this heading it was announced that the favorite subjects, among 4,000 statuettes at the Fourth Annual Exhibition, were Lincoln, Venus de Milo, Warren G. Harding, Lindbergh, Calvin Coolidge, the Prince of Wales, Theodore Roosevelt, Trader Horn, Christopher Columbus and Rudolph Valentino.

VI

Until 1929, Eddie Bernays could hardly compete in professional standing with Ivy Lee. He had handled large accounts. His work had been, on the whole, satisfactory to his clients. He had advised the King of Arabia, Joan Lowell and Bernarr Macfadden. But Ivy could still high-hat him, for he had the Rockefellers and a number of other multi-millionaires. Then the Pioneer Associates, gentlemen who had worked with Thomas A. Edison years ago, decided to stage a celebration to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the invention of the electric light. Henry Ford had also planned to do something for the occasion, and so forces were merged. It was decided that the jollification would be held at Dearborn, Mich. Mr. Ford promised he would do right by his pal, Tom Edison, and would pay a sizeable share of the bill.

One of the first indications that Eddie

had a finger in the pie—I use the word advisedly—was when newspaper editors received a communication in October announcing that President Hoover, Henry Ford, Edison and others would be the chief dignitaries at Dearborn. Every arrangement was being made for newspaper correspondents, and Mr. Bernays asked that he be notified as to how many writers and photographers might be expected.

This caused some surprise. It had been customary for the White House secretariat to make press arrangements for journeys by the President. George Akerson, First Secretary to the Chief, said that the invitation to Mr. Hoover had come directly from Mr. Ford. He knew nothing about Bernays. Then Eddie expressed the hope that he had not "embarrassed Mr. Hoover." He was acting, he said, simply as "liaison man between those honoring Mr. Edison and the press of America." Meanwhile publicity material regarding, as it had been christened, Light's Golden Jubilee poured in floods from the Bernays office. Committees were organized. The sovereign State of Ohio announced that it would declare the birthplace of Tom Edison at Milan, Ohio, a shrine. Key men and women again issued statements. Orators went out. Twenty-five cities arranged to celebrate the jubilee. The Italian government appointed distinguished Fascisti as an honorary board of endorsement. The Postmaster-General ordered that a special stamp, with a symbolic design of the Mazda lamp, be issued.

In due time the jubilee was held. Thousands of laborers fashioned a replica of Menlo Park at Dearborn. Even soil from New Jersey was shipped there, so that Tom Edison could dig into it with his toe, eject a comfortable stream of tobacco juice and ejaculate:

"Why Henry's even got that damn New Jersey clay out here!"

President Hoover, with his whole entourage, paid tribute to the old man. Ambassador Dawes, Charlie Schwab, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Will Hays, Pat Crowley of the New York Central—in brief, many men who were typical Ivy Lee clients—were there. They did what Eddie Bernays told them to do. He distributed their speeches to the press.

"Congratulations," offered the Newark *Evening News*, "to the unnamed master of exploitation who conceived and directed the Edison programme of publicity."

Amid the hurly-burly it was forgotten that most of this publicity sounded the praises of the electric light. Wherever Mazda lamps were on sale appeared posters advertising Light's Golden Jubilee. Who paid the bills at Dearborn? Maybe Henry Ford paid most of them. But who paid for the publicity? Was it the National Electric Light Association? Had the President of the United States jumped through a hoop in the hands of a press agent? Had the Miracle Man come out to speak so that more Mazda lamps would be sold?

These are questions which Eddie Bernays must, it is wholly natural, decline to answer. He modestly denies that he caused the lamp to be engraved on the nation's postage stamps. Questioned concerning Light's Golden Jubilee, he reaches into a drawer and brings forth a number of silken strips. They serve, he intimates, as symbols of mass psychology. The design, examination discloses, is based on the contours of an incandescent bulb. It was created by a Chicago silk house soon after the jubilee.

"These were sent to me," Eddie explains, "and they illustrate my theories. I had not heard they were being designed. I knew nothing about them. One causes, you see, certain stimuli. A reaction spreads. A designer receives an inspiration. These pieces of silk result from it."

But the Mazda postage stamps? Surely they were the result of clever publicity work. Again Eddie Bernays shakes his head. No. Mass psychology might have had something to do with it. Beyond that:

"Postmaster-General Brown, I should say, was responsible for the stamps."

THE WAR IN THE SOUTH

BY W. J. CASH

WHEN Comrades Fred Beal and George Pershing, of the National Textile Workers' Union and the Communist Party in America, sat down in Gastonia, N. C., last Spring to the business of organizing a strike in that lovely town, it may be imagined that, between puffs at his two-bit cigar, Brother Thomas F. McMahon, of the United Textile Workers of America, permitted himself the luxury of a horse-laugh. For Brother McMahon had himself, in his time, tried the introduction of the Brotherhood of Man into that amazing and sulphurous land below the Potomac, and, accordingly, cherished no longer even the puniest of illusions. But to great faith it is given to move mountains. And to the comrades it grandly fell to set off the war in the South.

If I say war, I do not at all mean that the situation down there at the moment, viewed in isolation, justifies the term. As I write this, there are no strikes, save for a feeble ghost at Marion, and Beal and the Gastonia strikers have been crushed with long prison terms. Indeed, it would be easy to believe that the cotton-mill barons, the police, the jackal newspapers, and all the forces of Law and Order, have succeeded in putting down the rebellion of a people who, for the great part, were not even sure that they wanted to rebel. Nevertheless, Gastonia, if I mistake not, is the Lexington from which historians of the future will reckon the industrial struggle, the war of a thousand battles, which, so I believe, will convulse the South during the next decade. That war itself was inevitable. The stage was set. The entry of the Reds simply put it in motion. And, being in motion, it will now go forward inexorably. There will be lulls—long ones, perhaps—, but there will be hereafter no genuine cessation of hostilities until the war is fought and done.

To understand it one must know something of its central figure, the cotton-mill baron—of his character and history. For years, he has been represented in the South as a double for the Little Brother to the Birds, and in the North as an unmitigated villain—one part Simon Legree and three parts Satan. He is neither. He is, in fact, just what he was to begin with: a horse-trader, by which I mean to include all that race of factors, cross-road merchants, and money-grubbers in general, which, in the Old South, succeeded in raising itself above the poor whites economically, without, by any means, creating a distinct middle class. Hard-fisted, pious, and full of a puerile cunning, he is a realist, but it is such a realist as the old-time Negro-drover or backwoods usurer was—a realist who had thrown away the rose-colored glasses of the South, only to fix his gaze exactly at the end of his nose. At bottom, he is naïve, even stupid. Pig-headed, colossally greedy, vain and ignorant, he is totally incapable of the notion of *noblesse oblige*. There are honorable exceptions to all this, of course, but here manifestly, I am concerned only with the average.

The cotton-mill baron's medieval character, taken with the circumstances, explains his rise to power, his displacement of the gentleman planter as head of the Southern social order. And, ironically enough, just because he cared nothing for the good of society, he has rendered the South an incalculable service.

II

Dr. Broadus Mitchell of the Johns Hopkins has pretty well established it as a fact that the gentry of the South founded the cotton-mill industry below the Potomac, not in the hope of profit but to save the poor white, unable to compete with the freed Negro on the farm, from falling to the economic level of that freed Negro. But the early stages of industrialization—everywhere difficult since the level of production in an agricultural region hardly ever so far passes that of subsistence as to provide capital for factories—were fraught, in the poverty-and-debt-ridden South, with almost insurmountable perils. Mortgages and credits, extended by machinery agents from the North, accounted for most of the mills south of the Mason-Dixon line in 1880. Industry down there literally faced the task of lifting itself by its own bootstraps. And, if it is clear that the survivors of the old gentry, being the only socially conscious group in the South, could alone open the way for industrialization, it is clear, too, that they were unfitted to carry out what they had begun. At business they were babes. Their very indifference to profits inevitably would have defeated their aim. For, if the poor white was to be saved, not ten mills but hundreds of mills were needed. And, in a land bled white of capital, the only way to pay for them was out of profits.

What was obviously needed was a leadership dedicated with unswerving singleness of purpose to the till, or, if you like, the trough. That leadership the old horse-trader, alone among Southerners, was fitted to supply. He stepped upon the stage to displace the gentry, to wrest profits from the mills over every obstacle, to devote—prior to 1910, at any rate—every cent of those profits to creating more mills and still more mills, to save the poor white. For the South, it is nothing that he was actuated only by the lust for greater and yet greater profits. It is everything that he created the bridge over which the white man passed to sanctuary.

Moreover, in saving the poor white, he inevitably saved something else—the ancient social-economic pattern of the South, the plantation system. That is the meaning of the long hours, the wage which requires the labor of an entire family to maintain a standard of living, the mill-village, a sort of medieval fief, where every house, every school, every church, every teacher and preacher, nay, every word and thought, is owned by, or subject to, my lord, the baron—in brief, of all those things in which the Yankee critic sees the hand of the blackbirder and the galley-master, the proof of the baron's villainy. They simply represent plantation standards and practices carried over into industry. The poor white had been bred in dependence. Of his old masters he had expected and demanded all things—work, tools, houses, paternal care, freedom from responsibility. He possessed neither the means nor the inclination to get these things for himself. Between the standard of the Negro and responsibility for himself, he would have chosen the first. Necessity, then—and the naïve acceptance of the only system he himself had ever known as the only possible one—caused the cotton-mill baron to carry the system on, and even to function within it—until after 1910, at least—in very much the same way as the planter before him.

The South was immensely grateful. Ungiven to analysis, it had no true conception of the real character of the baron; it has, indeed, none today. What it saw (and, in the main, still sees) was thousands saved from the squalid standard of the Moor, and given more or less decent employment; free houses, schools, churches, salaries of teachers and preachers paid, every variety of welfare work supported; the rising prosperity which touched everybody. To its eyes these things could proceed only from a noble soul, so the cult of the baron was born. The Charlotte *Observer* and other such dreadful sheets began their daily *Te Deum* in his honor. Legislatures poured out laws to aid and please him. All power became his.

Most grateful of all were the poor whites.

They looked back to what they had escaped and congratulated themselves. Their natural envy of the baron was throttled by a vast thankfulness. A hedonistic, shiftless race, ambition bothered them but little. If it did, well, there was Blankville, the heart and center of the cotton-mill South—popular account designates its founders and lordlings as having been a tinker, a peddler, and a brace of bastards! Anyone with the will might come up. Until after 1910, the baron himself lived very simply. He maintained the old easy relations of the plantation, called his workmen by their first names, feasted them at barbecues, occasionally had one in to dinner. His wife and daughters knew them familiarly and without snobbishness. Everything contributed to amazingly good feeling, and the baron moved among his subjects as hero and friend.

The inevitable result was that he came to accept these tributes, this gratefulness, as his due. Inevitably, he came to think of himself, not in the manner of the true aristocrat as under the debt of *noblesse oblige*, but as a gaudy Lord Bountiful, a sort of sunking shedding light and leading, whose every deed was good just because it was his.

III

No Knight of the Holy Ghost ever battled for the Grail with a more profound conviction of the rightness of his cause than that with which the beleaguered baron wars in the South today. His dominant emotion is outraged indignation. It is an emotion which the South in general and even the great body of mill-workers, as at present constituted, measurably share. The labor leaders are "alien" invaders, racketeers, stick-up men, mad Yankee guerrillas waging war on the South seventy years after; the mill-workers who strike or join unions are "traitors," outlaws; both alike are enemies not only of the baron but of all Southern society. A passion of patriotism sweeps the land. Add something of bewilderment, something more of fear, count in the Southern capacity for florid fancy, and you have the complex which conjures up a Red Peril, which beholds a foe, not to be tolerated, not to be treated with, but to be stamped out, extirpated, without quarter and without squeamishness.

The renegade to this view must be torn on the economic rack, starved into submission. To that end the reserve of labor which exists in the tenant-farmer class must be preserved. The baron serves notice on the Yankee manufacturer that further removal of factories to the South will not be welcomed. (A proposal for a new $5,000,000 art cloth mill in Gaston county met with such hostility last Summer that it was abandoned.) Black-lists of all men who have taken part in strikes or joined unions are made up and circulated. Any traffic with union agents means dismissal. Spies swarm.

The police, the newspapers, officialdom—do they not exist to protect society? Well, right gladly they see their duty and do it. The killing of the police-chief at Gastonia was unquestionably precipitated by the badgering activities of his own officers. And before the shedding of blood at Marion, the zeal of the sheriff in hounding the strikers had been such as to arouse the protest of even the attorney for the mills. The newspapers bawl for syndicalism laws; and it is almost a foregone conclusion that the Legislatures of the Carolinas, at least, will enact such laws, designed to cripple all union activities, at their next sessions. Municipal corporations, as at Marion and Gastonia, may be counted on to suspend all those American rights which in these grand days have become so un-American.

The courts deal telling blows. Fair trials? For "traitors" and "aliens"? Technically, yes. In fact, no. The quizzing of the talesmen in the trial of the Gastonia strikers established the mathematical impossibility of finding an unprejudiced jury. Grant that, legally, at least, the judge was fair, grant that most of the witnesses for the defense were as obviously lying as were most of those for the State, grant even the probability that one of the prisoners killed the Gastonia police-chief, the fact remains that

Beal and his men were convicted before the hearing began.

The same thing precisely holds true in the case of Alfred Hoffman, U.T.W.A. organizer, convicted, with a group of strikers, at Marion on a highly dubious charge of "rioting." The simple truth is that, whatever the attitude of the judges, so long as witnesses share the dominant prejudices, so long as juries, composed of farmers, can be swayed by the magniloquent declaration of mill-paid attorneys that "the mills are the millowners' to do with as they please, just as your farms are yours to do with as *you* please"—the Beals and the Hoffmans must always be convicted, Gaston county grand juries must always, unless under great pressure, decline to proceed against the killers of an Ella May Wiggins, and a Marion sheriff must always go free.

But the single best weapon for putting down the "invader" and the "renegade" is Ku Kluxery—the repressed sadism, the native blood-lust, the horrible mob-instinct, which smoulders among the brutal and the ignorant everywhere in the South, and, above all, and ironically, among the mill-workers themselves. It is in bringing it into play that the police, the newspapers, and officialdom render their best service. It is as though they said: "Here they are, boys—the alien and the traitor! Help yourselves!"

Of course, nothing so crude is actually said. It may even be true, as a general proposition, that these inciting agencies do not understand their own motives or clearly perceive their own objectives. But, out of a welter of passion, out of hidden depths of desire, there emerge editorials which play violently upon all this sectional hate and racial bigotry, which touch the springs which release all the classical Klan emotions. A powerful sheet advances the doctrine that since the Communists oppose the institutions of the land, they are not entitled to the protection of its laws. At Gastonia, the police stand idle while masked hoodlums destroy the strikers' headquarters. When a mob roars through the streets of Gastonia and Charlotte, the gendarmes of those towns know nothing of it—they are blind and deaf.

Meanwhile, the local newspapers excuse the mob's outrages. On the eve of a Red pogrom in which a woman is run to earth and slain, the Gastonia *Gazette* warns the Communists that if they attempt to hold a meeting on their own leased property, "the good people of the town" will meet them with violence, and, in effect, justifies that violence beforehand. Officialdom investigates and learns nothing. Collusion? Probably not. Its whole outlook makes it inevitable that it should learn nothing. And so the Kluckers are not slow to see that here is their opportunity to sport and cavort, to drain the reservoir of their simian ferocity to the last thin drop.

Nor can it be said that Kluxery is roused and loosed only against the Reds. Every labor agitator, every striker, is a Bolshevik in the South. Neither the Kluckers nor their masters draw distinctions. True, the newspapers professed a vast love for the U.T.W.A. when the Gastonia battle was at its height, but when it organized the strike at Marion they turned on it, hoof and horn, branding its organizer, Hoffman, as an "alien" and bellowing idiotically about the gold of Moscow. This same Hoffman was kidnapped by Kluckers at Elizabethton and ridden out of Tennessee. And the U.T.W.A. organizer was hustled out of Ware Shoals, S.C., while the police looked complacently on. Significant, too, is the fact that the victims of the Gastonia whipping-mob were required to pledge, not that they would have nothing more to do with the Communists but that they would never again join a labor union. The Red Peril is simply the labor union peril.

But the baron and the South—that reactionary South which supports him—are sadly mistaken, I suspect, when they assume that they will succeed in repelling "invasion," in stamping out "treason." They are mistaken when they assume that the *status quo* can be successfully maintained. They reckon without, are almost

blind to, the changes that have been taking place down there for the past twenty years, and are still in progress. It is those changes upon which I predicate my assertion that the present war was inevitable.

In the first place, the conditions which they defend no longer have any justification in circumstances. After 1910 the Negro ceased to be an economic menace. Mills had so multiplied as to make the position of the poor white secure. Merely to give a man a job at a living wage was no longer to be entitled to his undying gratitude. Moreover, the industry was now producing a surplus which was not any more required for the building of new mills. That surplus the baron diverted to his private use, building ghastly burlesques of the Georgian mansions of the old South, acquiring fleets of automobiles. His daughter came home from the correct schools in Virginia with a gelid stare, mouthing of class. His wife acquired a lorgnette, joined the Colonial Dames, went abroad. The old easy relations between man and master went aglimmering. At the same time, all the fat posts in the mills began to be filled by the baron's sons or the graduates of technical schools. The door was closed on the lint-head. A vast social and economic chasm opened.

Coincidentally, there arose in the South a group of people who began to see the baron realistically and to exhibit impatience with his outworn system and standards. They find voice today in such excellent newspapers as the Greensboro *Daily News* and the Raleigh *News and Observer*, flourish in such institutions as the University of North Carolina, despite the yelping of such paladins of the *status quo* as Dr. David Clark, editor of the *Southern Textile Bulletin*. They constitute a formidable foe to the baron and his reactionary viewpoint.

But a change even more significant than these is in process. The first truly industrial generation among Southern mill-workers has been born and comes to growth. As yet it is still, for the major part, in its teens, though the vanguard has moved into the twenties. This generation has never known competition with the Negro. It cares nothing for tradition. It can read. And in it is the restlessness, the questioning, of a restless and questioning age. About it, it hears a thousand smug professions which do not agree with the facts it sees; it becomes a little cynical, even begins to doubt the Plan of Salvation.

Bound to the bare necessities, it moodily observes the other classes about it swathed in luxuries, satiate with "flowers and furs and cheeks." It wants those things, means to have them, Heaven willing or no. It is starkly aware that the old easy rise of the doffer-boy to the presidency of the mills is a tale that is told. And, springing from the mills, it instinctively seeks its ends through group action. It is the raw material of a vast revolt.

IV

Untouched by the conservatism of the American Federation of Labor, plastic, basically unsophisticated, eager, this new generation offers fertile soil for whatever promises, however vaguely or absurdly, an outlet for its aspirations and improvement in its status. That is why the Reds were not wholly mad when they fell upon the notion that the South was a promising field for their activities. And that is why, too, the war must go on, why McMahon, having taken the field, cannot withdraw; he simply dare not, for that would be to leave it to the comrades, who, while they can never hope to sell their nostrum to the Confederacy, might very conceivably, given a free hand, establish their union down there.

At the moment, the advantage in the struggle is obviously with the baron and his allied reactionaries, and it will remain there, I suspect, for some while to come. Though the youngsters begin to breathe heavily, few Southern mill-workers above thirty are material for successful unionization. They may be disgruntled, but they are not rebellious—the old tradition is too strong upon them. A Klucker frolic now and then—and they will not ask for more.

But, as time goes on, the support of the South will more and more fall away from the baron; his foes at home will become more and more formidable. Indeed, the reactionary South is even now, plainly enough, making its last great stand. The old social-economic system is breaking up. As the rising generation comes to ascendancy among the mill-workers, Southern strikes will begin to be won. And the ultimate outcome is as inevitable as the cycle of the sun: *the labor union will conquer.*

That is written plain for the baron to read in the history of every similar struggle in every older industrial region in the world. But there we come back to it: he is ignorant, he knows no history. Nor would it make any difference if he did. He would still insist, in his pig-headed way, that, in his case, at least, the demands of labor are impossible, that unionization means ruin, and that higher wages and shorter hours spell bankruptcy for the industry. On the face of it, he has an excellent case. It certainly is true that, for the past seven or eight years, the great part of the mills have continually vociferated that they were not making money, and that their balance sheets have pretty well borne out the claim. But let us see.

The post-war years—1918–20—saw the greatest boom in the history of the industry. The heavens opened: money rained. The baron was ecstatic, transported. Then that fellow accursed of all times, the tax-collector, yanked him flaming from Paradise to despair. Under the then existing laws, what amounted to a double tax was assessed against corporate earnings. As such, they were subject to the excess profits toll; as declared dividends paid to the stockholder, they were again levied on as private income. From the first there could be no escape; but the baron speedily devised a device by which to evade the second—the stock dividend. It magically converted income into capital, and had the additional merit of cutting down future excess profit levies, since these were reckoned on a basis of capitalization. Everywhere the mills resorted to it. Stock dividends of 50% and 100% were common. A mill at Greenville, S. C., declared one of 300%.

But there was no corresponding increase in productive equipment. To escape taxation the industry had simply fallen into the embrace of that Old Man of the Sea—over-capitalization. Consider the case of a typical mill. It is capitalized at $1,500,000. In the first six months of 1929, it showed a profit of $51,000 or 3%. Yet the value of the plant is (on a replacement basis) only about $500,000, and it originally cost only a half or two-thirds that much. It should properly carry a capitalization of, say, no more than $750,000, certainly not more than $1,000,000. Thus $750,000 or, at the minimum, $500,000 of the present capitalization is not capital at all, in the sense of productive equipment or the funds necessary to the operation of such equipment, but merely, in relation to the mill, at least, idle money. And the dividend actually earned on the true capital is not 6% annually but something more than 10% or 12%.

This over-capitalization makes it possible for a host of lesser incubi to bedevil the industry. There is, for example, the so-called marginal mill, that is, one bought or built on a shoestring; one accounted for by mortgages and mortgage bonds; one which the baron expects to pay for itself, meet high interest rates, pay him a juicy salary, and still show handsome profits. There is, too, the mill which, without being marginal, swings to the opposite extreme from the general and is under-capitalized, so that it must limp along on antiquated or worn-out machinery.

Plainly enough, neither of these mills has any business existing. They largely explain the over-production which dogs the industry. Nor could they exist if the industry in general were efficient. Their own higher basic production costs would quickly eliminate them if it were not for the fact that the majority of the mills are staggering along under a top-heavy load of money bags, and so must drive up the price of their goods beyond its natural level.

Much of the over-production, to which the baron charges all his woes, has, however, no existence in fact. It is simply a psychopathic obsession, artfully played upon—perhaps created—by the baron's selling agents in the East. It is not necessary to go into a detailed analysis of their methods here. It is enough that these gentry compete among themselves by under-bidding and cutthroat methods, and, accordingly, find it to their advantage to lead the baron to pile up a large volume of goods by glowing reports of market conditions—of which the baron is profoundly ignorant as a rule—and then play on his over-production complex, his fear of a dead market and a possible receivership, until, in panic, he is ready to accept any price at all. Obviously, it is an idiotic system.

V

The simple truth is that if the cotton-mill industry in the South is not making and showing healthy profits, it is because it is the most inefficiently organized in the country. The cure for its woes is apparent: it is the New Industrialism. By that I mean the theory which not only accepts high wages and short hours as inevitable, but professes to see them as creating a vast new market and, hence, wholly desirable; which eliminates the waste caused by too many small units and casts out the unfit by means of the merger; which attacks the problem of profit from the angle of mass production and cost per unit; which adjusts its capital to its needs; and which controls its own marketing system. The doctrine has obvious limitations, but, within them, its claims cannot be doubted; consider, for example, the possible effect on the over-production of cotton goods if the wages of the lint-head were so raised that he might change his underwear twice a week rather than once, as now the custom is!

Indeed, the war in the South is, in its final aspect, a struggle between the old and worn-out Southern social-economic system and this New Industrialism, with the thrust of the latter converging relentlessly on the baron as protagonist of the former. What he needs to do is not to fight, but to set his house in order for the coming of the inevitable. But that is exactly what he won't do—what, in fact, he is probably quite incapable of doing. His talents are fitted to primitive industrialism, to the small unit, to higgling and barter, not to organization in the grand manner. For years the experts he has called into consultation have been telling him that his only salvation lies in the merger and the selling combine. But he is incapable of tearing away from the trough immediately before him long enough to see the vaster and more promising troughs ahead. Doggedly, he holds his gaze to the end of his nose. The giant merger which was proposed over a year ago failed, I am told, because most of the mills involved were over-capitalized, and because the owning companies refused to take steps to reduce capitalization to a reasonable figure. Selling combines cannot be formed because the baron is an incurable individualist, suspicious of his fellows and incapable of working in organization.

Because all these things are true, I guess that the end of the war will see, not only the victory of the labor union and the beginning of striking changes in the South generally, but also the passing of the cotton-mill baron as a type. Become an anachronism and having already served his purpose, he will vanish from the stage as inexorably as did the gentleman of the agricultural era before him. The New Industrialism will come, and with it a new race of industrial grand dukes, to be recruited, I suppose, from the commercial Babbitts of North and South alike. Now and then, of course, a baron will pass over into the ranks of the new peerage, but, on the whole, he seems to be destined to fade out. The character which made him becomes his doom.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

WARNING to the people of the United States by a reader of the Birmingham *Post:*

> We are having unusual weather, and if it continues awhile longer there is no telling what will develop in the way of sickness. I have good reason to believe that all this disturbance is caused by radio broadcasting and, in my judgment, it is not at its worst. I would like to explain my reasons to some good minister of the gospel and I believe he will agree with me. I will do this at any time or place. I believe it so strong that I warn all people in lowlands to hunt the hills before next Spring. Last Spring was nothing to what they can look for this coming Spring.
>
> JOHN J. BOGGAN,
> *Pratt City, Ala.*

THE *Alabama Christian Advocate* contributes a new noun to the ecclesiastical vocabulary:

> Dr. L. C. Branscomb, was appointed to the *pastoracy* of First Church, Anniston, when Dr. Hoyt M. Dobbs, then the Anniston pastor, was elected to a bishopric.

ARKANSAS

THE state of human thought in this great Commonwealth, as revealed by resolutions adopted by the Arkansas Baptist Convention:

> *Be it Resolved:*
> *First.* That we believe that the Bible is God's revelation to man; that it does not only contain God's word, but that it is really and actually God's revelation of himself to man. We believe that it is divinely inspired, being written by men who were moved by the Holy Spirit. We accept unreservedly and unqualifiedly the Genesis account of creation as both accurate and true, and that the language here used is "neither allegorical nor figurative, nor hypothetical, nor inferential," but gives the plain, simple, direct account of God's creative act. We believe that the miracles recorded in the Bible were actually performed as they are recorded.
>
> *Second.* That we do not believe in Darwinian evolution or materialistic, atheistic, theistic or any other theory of evolution, by whatever name called, which proposes to teach that there is, or has been, such a thing in nature as transmutation of species, or the evolution of life from one species to another, or that man came from the anthropoid ape, or from any lower form of animal life, or that man is derived from a common ancestor with other so-called primates. We believe that man is the direct creation of God and not the product of some form of evolved life.

BROTHER BEN M. BOGARD, editor of the *Baptist and Commoner* of Little Rock, takes his stand on the impregnable rock of the Holy Scriptures:

> The present population of the world is estimated at one billion, eight hundred and four millions (1,804,000,000). According to the best statistics we have the population doubles itself every one hundred and sixty-eight years (168.3 years). Since Noah and his wife were the only ones saved from the Flood except their children we shall count the earth's population as having descended from that pair—Noah and his wife. By doubling the population every one hundred and sixty-eight years we find that the population has doubled just a fraction over thirty times during the five thousand years. Beginning with Noah and his wife—just two—we find that by doubling the population every one hundred and sixty-eight years we have one billion and seventy-three millions (1,073,000,000). This is approximately the present population of the earth. If we add another one hundred and sixty-eight years it would be doubled one more time and that would make the population, instead of something over a billion, the enormous number of two billions, one hundred and forty-six millions, so that proves that it cannot have been over five thousand years since the Flood. If the evolutionist denies that there was a Flood, then it follows that the first human pair had their existence only a little over five thousand years ago! That knocks out the claim of evolutionists completely and any school boy can take his tablet and pencil and figure it out. . . .
>
> Liars may figure but figures do not lie. Thus it is demonstrated by arithmetic that the present human race cannot be over five thousand one hundred and seventy-seven years old (5,177). That proves that either the human race itself began a little over five thousand years ago or it proves that, if the human race began before that time, something happened that wiped the human race practically off the earth about five thousand years ago, just exactly as the Bible says did happen when the Flood came and destroyed all except Noah and his family.

THE same learned man on the infinite and undiluted goodness of Yahweh:

> Some object to the Bible because it recounts how that women and innocent children were slaughtered in the wars led by God's chosen leaders, and how can God be a just and loving God and permit such as that? The answer is that the wicked people destroyed in those wars received just punishment for their crimes and the innocent ones who died in the wars were taken home to Heaven and certainly it could be no cruel thing to take a good person or an innocent child to Heaven. It is a certainty that we must all die sometime anyway, and what is wrong in God, Who gave us life, allowing us to die in a conflict such as the cruel wars mentioned in the Bible?

CALIFORNIA

THE birth of a new science in San Diego, as announced in the *Modern Clubwoman* of the same unparalleled town:

> *IS YOUR CHILD CORRECTLY NAMED?*
>
> There is a science in names and numbers, the vibrations of which unconsciously affect one's thought and action. Is your child handicapped by an unsuitable name—or are you?
>
> Consultation by appointment
>
> MARY TUTTLE COLBY
>
> 4638 Terrace Drive. Tele. R. 2875

HYMN to an immortal artiste by one of the staff poets of Warner Brothers:

> DOLORES COSTELLO
>
> *By Harry Lee*
>
> Dolores Costello—
> The trumpets of fame
> To the four winds of Heaven
> Are wafting the name—
> Name of soft cadences,
> Goldenly mellow,
> Name for the wild throat
> Of flute or of 'cello—
> Dolores—Dolores—
> Dolores Costello!
>
> Dolores Costello—
> The wind and the rain—
> The sunlight and shadow
> Of Erin and Spain—
> All mirth—all the pity
> Of man for his fellow—
> Soul of soft cadences,
> Goldenly mellow—
> Dolores—Dolores—
> Dolores Costello!

CONNECTICUT

CARD of thanks in the New Haven *Evening Register:*

> I WANT to thank my customers for their patronage, while in tailoring business at 156 Dixwell ave. As I have become pastor of the Mission at 93 Webster st. I have given up the tailor shop to do the Master's Will. You with each and every one have a cordial invitation to attend the services. Not being responsible for unclaimed clothing after 30 days. Rspt. MRS. A. PAULCEUS.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE eminent *United States Daily*, in a public announcement, gives its imprimatur to a new and juicy noun:

> To the rapid communication and ready use of facts, the *United States Daily* already has made its important contribution in its unprecedented *coverage* of the news of the Federal government in all its branches.

GEORGIA

INCIDENT of life in the grand old town of Augusta, as reported by the *Chronicle* thereof:

> J. W. Arrington was arrested yesterday on a charge of stealing a pair of false teeth from J. W. Chambers of Wrens, father of R. L. Chambers of this city. The theft is said to have taken place at Broad and Thirteenth streets. Mr. Chambers had removed the teeth when Arrington asked if he might see them. Willing to accommodate, Chambers handed them over, only to have Arrington cram them into his mouth and break into a run.

ILLINOIS

SPIRITUAL news from Chicago, as reported by the illustrious *Tribune:*

> The Bowen M. E. Church at Byron street and Greenview avenue dedicated its new furnace on Thursday, the Rev. Lloyd F. Hoover officiating. The evening was whiled away in social diversion. The ladies served a special dinner for the men folks and the choir rendered "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

THE progress of refinement in the same great town, as reported by the *Editor & Publisher:*

> An advertising promotion campaign to popularize the tuxedo and its accessories as requisite essentials of correct evening apparel is now appearing in the columns of the *Herald and Examiner*. The advertisements are four columns full depth in size and are scheduled to appear on successive Fridays. The object of the campaign is to awaken an active tuxedo consciousness among men of means who habitually demand other fine things of life, and to promote more general usage of this admirable masculine attire, thus creating a quality, style-conscious market, readily responsive to the advertising announcements of retailers and manufacturers of fine men's wear.

INDIANA

THE worship of Yahweh in the rising town of Brazil:

> Members of the Harmony United Brethren Sunday-school, near here, are playing Bible baseball. The game is played like other baseball except that a question is pitched instead of a ball. Each batter is given thirty seconds to answer. If he fails it goes to the catcher, who is expected to answer correctly. Games are being scheduled with other Sunday-schools. A trophy has been provided for a championship tournament.

THE celebrated *Times* of Indianapolis does its bit as a great civilizing agency:

> The biggest radio event of the year for Indianapolis will swing into action with a bang at 7:30 tonight, when Milton Cross, noted announcer, steps before the mike to start the weekly programme of the Sylvania Foresters, one of radio's biggest features.
>
> The *Times*-Lyric-Sylvania listeners' endurance contest will be on when Cross says "Go," the last person to remain awake winning first prize, a radio set as good as money can buy. Nearly 200 entries have been received by the *Times* radio editor.
>
> All contestants must be at the Lyric ballroom, in the Lyric theater building at 6 o'clock, so all arrangements can be completed in time for the seating of competitors at 7:30. Every comfort and convenience has been arranged for both the men and the women contestants. Time will be allowed out for primping, and meals will be served through the courtesy of Wheeler's restaurant, a diet suitable for the listeners having been compiled by a prominent Indianapolis physician.
>
> The public is invited to attend. An admittance fee of 25 cents will be paid into the Lyric box-office during the hours the theater operates, approximately from 11 A.M. TO 10:30 P.M. During the other hours of the day and night, a special cashier will be on duty in the box-office, all proceeds going to a worthy charity to be designated after the end of the contest.
>
> All contestants must sign a release to clear the *Times*, the Lyric theater and the Sylvania company of any responsibility for illness or accident during the competition and all entrants under twenty-one years of age must have the signatures of parents or guardians.
>
> The last one to remain awake will win first prize. Another prize has been assigned for the last woman to hold out, an Atwater Kent set, by the Wagner Radio Company. Still another prize will be given for the nearest correct guess by *Times* readers as to hours, minutes and seconds the contest will last. This will be a Howard set, donated by the Steman Radio Company. All guesses must be written on plain white paper, with the name and address of guesser, and dropped into a box to be placed in the ballroom for that purpose.
>
> Adequate police and fire protection will be assured and nurses will be on duty. In addition, those who succumb to sleep, and are unable to reach home under their own steam, will be taken home in taxis.

KENTUCKY

THE *Western Recorder* (Baptist) of Louisville launches a new movement for the salvation of the Confederate States:

> Rev. Sid Williams, of Texas, famed there as an evangelist, recently published an article in which he told how, under the inspiration of a spiritual revival, the people of a certain town in which he had held a meeting, brought together and made a large pile in the public square of bad books and sex-slush magazines, playing cards, etc., and burned them, singing "Praise God From Whom all Blessings Flow."
>
> From time to time we have seen statements of similar occurrences in other places. Such a public holocaust of evil books has behind it Scripture example. Read in the 19th chapter of Acts what happened at Ephesus under the preaching of Paul. "Many of them which used curious arts brought their books and burned them before all men."
>
> We dare say that there are hundreds of thousands of impure books and magazines to-day where there was one in the time of Paul. What a sight it would be to get all people, church members included, in any representative "highly literate" Southern town to take down from the book shelves and off magazine racks and out of the garrets in their homes, all of the publications there containing evil, immoral, and irreligious teachings, and bring them out on the public square of the town and make out of them a big bon-fire!

PUBLIC notice in the Georgetown *Times:*

> OBITUARY
>
> To the Voters of Scott county, who voted for me for County Commissioner for the Second District, I am very thankful. To those that worked and voted against me, I repeat to them the words of our Saviour in His prayer where He said, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."
>
> W. S. PARKER,
> *Sadieville, Ky.*

MARYLAND

CIRCULAR widely distributed in the grand old *Hansastadt* of Baltimore, seat of the Johns Hopkins University:

> The Kingdom of God for which you all pray to come must be established. The preachers and false prophets say they will rule with me upon this earth when I come with power and great glory. My glory and power is different from what the preachers and the false prophets would have it. The crown of thorns placed upon my head by preachers, political hirelings

and tradesmen is the only glory which has crowned me. So I come to take away misery, sorrow, hunger, strife, and the suffering wars, pestilences, from this earth, to place power for heating, cooking and all other human needs in manufacture, transportation, free of charge. Personal valuation to every individual from the cradle to the grave, so as no one's life can be a failure on this earth. I must have a transmitting station to inform you all first in the United States what to do before it is too late. If the next war comes there will be very little of you living on this earth. Every man and woman who can afford it, give me one dollar toward defraying or paying for what is needed by me in the work for you all. You all know what the Hoover Campaign, also Smith Campaign cost. Also the following must be done: amendment put in the Constitution of the United States so a naturalized citizen may become President of the United States and vote for Jesus Christ to be your President for four years.

I want to hear from all of you. Pass this letter to your friends. I am,

Yours very sincerely,

JESUS CHRIST

932 S. Binney Street, Baltimore, Md.

A GARRETT county bootlegger in the celebrated *Mountain Democrat* of Oakland:

The trouble with moonshine is that we can't keep it on hand because of the women and children. Our wives have acquired the taste and as fast as we make it they consume it. We men like it ourselves, but we know how to drink it. Now our women drink it like water, thinking nothing of downing a water glass full. That is the reason liquor is getting so scarce.

MASSACHUSETTS

LEADING editorial in the Boston *Herald*, the darling of the Back Bay Brahmins:

To those hundreds of thousands who will not see the Crimson sunset at the Stadium Saturday afternoon, let us recommend an hour or two with Eddie Guest at the Statler Hotel. Like Yale, he has been coming here once in two years, and unlike Yale, he is always a winner. He is the biggest dollar's worth of genuine delight that we know of. Listen to him as he recites that poem which says that it takes a lot of living in a house to make it home, and you will have a happy little memory for the rest of your life.

Eddie Guest is not a great poet, but he is a great fellow, and always has sung himself into the hearts of multitudes who read no rhymes but his. He is the most popular poet in the history of English literature. His daily audience is up in the millions. He is not only the poet of those who let a newspaper compile their anthologies. Persons who appreciate good verse read him regularly. One of the most cultured literary gentlemen whom Massachusetts has bred in a generation reads him six times a week.

A poetically fastidious man may not like Eddie Guest's poems very much, but cannot dislike them at all. Once you have seen that winsome little figure venture out on the stage of the Statler and heard him read poems as they should be read, you will appreciate better what he is trying to do. He reads himself into the affections of even those who don't read him.

INCIDENT in the life of the former Athens of America:

Mrs. Anna Rubenstein of 408 Harrison avenue, South End, paid an aggregate fine of $245, of which part was for tearing the trousers off of Officer Arthur D. Timmins. She was also ordered by Judge Buttrick to reimburse the officer to the extent of $14 for the pants and an additional $2 for his shirt. Beside being fined Mrs. Rubenstein was placed on probation for two years for keeping and exposing liquor for sale.

NEW YORK

WANT AD in the Liberty *Register:*

FOR SALE—New baby carriage, bought in error; never been used; too busy with politics. A bargain at $15. Call Ben Greow.

THE eminent *World* reports the extension of the war upon Reds to a new front:

The Executive Committee of the Westchester County American Legion will consider tonight the application of ex-service men who are prisoners at Sing Sing for permission to form a Sing Sing Prison Post of the legion. Three hundred former soldiers, sailors and marines, who served in the World War, are in the prison and through a committee have expressed a desire to form a legion post.

NORTH CAROLINA

THE Durham *Morning Herald* throws a flood of light on the race problem:

The Force that directs the destinies of the world did not intend for the two races to intermingle. If He had He would have created only one race in the wisdom of His economy.

THE advance of the modern spirit in this great State, as revealed by a headline in the eminent Greensboro *Daily News:*

GOVERNOR GARDNER MAKES AIR TRIP TO ADVISE GUILFORD FARMERS THEY OUGHT TO BECOME MORE COW-MINDED

OHIO

CULTURAL document from the great city of Cincinnati:

Elwood E. Rice, Founder
Rice Leaders of the World Association
cordially invites

to be his guest at
a banquet honoring
Mr. Fred G. Gruen and Mr. George J. Gruen
of the Gruen Watch Makers Guild
on Tuesday, December third
Nineteen hundred and twenty-nine
at seven-thirty o'clock
at the Cincinnati Club
Cincinnati, Ohio

R.S.v.p.
225 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

MAY I SUGGEST THAT YOU PRESERVE THIS INVITATION. IT MAY MEAN A SLIGHT PERSONAL DISTINCTION TO YOU IN THE FUTURE.

IN REPLYING KINDLY PLACE FULL NAME AND HOME ADDRESS ON ENCLOSED ACCEPTANCE OR REGRET CARD.

I SHOULD ALSO APPRECIATE YOUR WRITING THE DATE AND YEAR OF YOUR BIRTH OPPOSITE YOUR NAME.

PENNSYLVANIA

UNITED PRESS news from the hinterland of Pittsburgh:

> Exasperated at a corncob pipe, which would not draw properly, John R. Gubo applied kerosene to the tobacco and struck another match. The barn he was in was destroyed and Gubo died of burns yesterday.

EDITORIAL note in the *Perry County Democrat*, the pride and glory of New Bloomfield:

> Do you believe in the resurrection of the body? How will the dead arise through the weeds, briers and encumbering growth that cover some of the graves in our local burial places? Will you help your dead make a happy ascension?

A 100% AMERICAN lover of music in the Philadelphia *Bulletin:*

> I notice with considerable surprise that the Philadelphia Orchestra, under the leadership of Dr. Stokowski, heads its next week's programme with an "Ode to Lenin," by some Russian composer. As an American, of American ancestry, I cannot but voice my protest at this selection being served to a representative audience of my fellow-countrymen and women. Being a native of the United States and having been imbued with its principles from early youth, I consider this "Ode to Lenin" a composition whose theme is antagonistic to our country's traditions. Lenin was a character un-American in every way, and the public rendition of sentiments of this tenor is in bad taste and has no place in the sentiments of the American people. M. S. E.

DR. CHARLES A. HAFF of Northampton, governor of the Fiftieth District, Rotary International, speaking before the Wilmington Rotarians, as reported by *Every Evening* of the same grand old town:

> Just as the symphony of an orchestra is beautiful, so is the symphony of Rotary beautiful.

ECCLESIASTICAL news from the rising town of Mahafey:

> The echo of an evangelistic campaign conducted at Burnside Church near here in February of 1928 by the Rev. Charles Donnelley was heard in Pittsburgh today. The pastor, who came from Tennessee, asked the Pennsylvania Workmen's Compensation Commission to award him compensation from the Pittsburgh Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church because he injured his tonsils while preaching. The board barred the plea because it was filed more than a year after the injuries, which confined the Rev. Mr. Donnelley for ten months to his home.

A SCIENTIST of Sharon plucks the banjo in the *News-Telegraph* thereof:

> NOTICE TO THE SICK
>
> Doctor Ben Krelick, of 209 E. State st., the Sharon Chiropractor, will charge ONE dollar in his office, and $2.00 at your home, till further notice. This he will do because the drugs and drug fiends are doing to you what Arabs are doing to the Jerusalem Jew.
>
> Good-by bottles, farewell pills;
> We take Chiropractic for all our ills.
> Whenever we get sick we call 3274
> And our disease and headaches are no more.

TENNESSEE

HEADLINE and news dispatch from the celebrated *Tennesseean* of Nashville:

BISHOP RIPS HALOES OFF TWELVE DISCIPLES

QUARRELED AND CURSED, HE DECLARES

Decatur, Ill.,—(AP)—Bishop Edgar Blake of Indianapolis, presiding at the annual Illinois conference of Methodist Episcopal churches, stripped some of the saintliness from Christ's twelve Disciples in an address before the Methodist Laymen's Conference today.

Apologizing for the ruthless manner in which he assailed the Disciples and offering to halt his talk if the laymen wished—he was not interrupted—Bishop Blake averred that the Disciples were not saints but were "a tough lot of Galilean fishermen who quarreled and swore and were self-seekers." He said the first thing they said when they forsook their boats and approached Jesus was: "What are we going to get out of this?"

Bishop Blake declared the Disciples even quarreled and cursed among themselves on the way to Gethsemane, and he surprised the laymen by observing "I don't believe Peter, James or John could get into the Illinois Conference."

The Bishop said the Disciples deserted Christ at the Crucifixion but went on to say that after the Resurrection, when Jesus called for them to come to Him, they were repentant and redeemed themselves.

VIRGINIA

LAW ENFORCEMENT in Danville, as described by the eminent *Register* thereof:

Not less than 90% of the violators of the Prohibition law who appear in the Danville Police Court, we venture, are Negroes. Does this mean that Prohibition violations in Danville are almost wholly confined to the Negro section? Of course not. But it does mean that rigid enforcement of Prohibition here, and everywhere else, is confined to the Negro sections of the city, and the poorer sections occupied by the white people. It is from those who can least afford to pay heavy Prohibition penalties, and lose time from their work, that Prohibition exacts its heaviest costs. In every city there are lawyers who grow rich defending poor Negroes from Prohibition—who tie them up financially for many long months for one police court defense. The jails are full of Negroes who have violated the Prohibition law to no greater extent than thousands of white citizens can violate it in their homes with perfect impunity. In fact, most of the bootleggers are white. This is perhaps not particularly to the Negro's credit. The enforcement agents of Prohibition have been too proud to negotiate with him for protection. The most successful bootleggers of every community are white men—but the Negro serves the jail term.

WISCONSIN

THE wonders of God in the rising town of Neenah, as broadcast by the alert United Press:

Victor Larsen is causing the members of the medical profession a great deal of puzzlement. Every time a baby is born to Larsen's wife, Larsen's hair falls out. Ordinarily he has a rich growth of red hair. When a child is born, the hair starts falling out and Larsen becomes almost bald. When the child becomes several months old, the hair comes back again. No definite diagnosis has been made, although Larsen has gone through the experience four times.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

THE REV. JAMES C. QUARLES, Baptist missionary to the heathen Argentine Republic, submits a problem in Christian ethics to the readers of the *Religious Herald:*

Some time ago an old gentleman began to attend the services of our church in Corrientes, where Missionary Rafael Galizia is working under the auspices of the Baptist mission board of the River Plate Baptist Convention. Years before this man had bought a Bible from a colporteur and was ripe for the gospel message. The light soon dawned upon his heart.

The patriarchal convert, on receiving the light of the gospel, received, too, an awakened conscience. He wanted to serve his Lord and Saviour. He wanted to become a church member and be recognized as a Christian, but his conscience told him there were problems in his life that needed to be solved.

He opened his heart to the missionary. His family status was somewhat complicated. He had five or six wives, with as many different families. And, furthermore, he was not married to any of his numerous wives. He realized that his family status should be straightened out, but he could not marry all six of the mothers of his different families. But just how could he place himself right before society? If he should, in justice to his family, get married, which one or how many of his numerous wives should he marry?

What advice would Count Keyserling give? What advice would an enlightened Christian conscience give on the problem of this old gentleman who is earnestly seeking to do what is right?

REB SAMUEL

BY MICHAEL GOLD

Reb Samuel hummed Chassidic hymns as he worked at his machine in the umbrella store. He was trying to forget America. But who can do that? It roared in the street outside; it fought him from the lips of his children; it even reached into his synagogue and struck at his God.

It finally defeated him, this America; it broke the old man because he could not bend.

Tall, frail, austere, there was a dignity about Reb Samuel that made everyone respect him. His face, white as Siberian snow, with beard as white, was pure and solemn as a child's. He was transparent, as if he never ate. His large blue eyes were calm with spiritual certainties. He had that air of grandeur that surrounds so many old, pious Jews. The world can move them no longer; they have seen and suffered all.

Reb Samuel never hurried; he was never angry. He walked through the filth and chaos of our street leaning on his staff, a stately Prince of Zion in exile. Talmudic texts interpolated his ordinary talk. When one of his children cried, he soothed it with quotations from the great rabbis. Even as he sat in his miserable shop sewing umbrella tops all day, an eternal dignity rested on him.

He liked to have me come into the store and talk to him while he worked. My mother's father in Hungary had been a *Chassid* like Reb Samuel. The old man would remind me of my tradition, and urge me to be true to it.

The *Chassidim* are a sect who revolted some three hundred years ago against the dry formalism into which Judaism had sunk. They were mystics whose exaltation bordered on hysteria. In their synagogues today they still leap, dance, and sing like Holy Rollers, seeking the *dveikuss*, the ecstasy in which man is united with God.

Chassidim look down on other orthodox Jews, and call them the *Misnagdem*, the worldly ones, the outsiders. And these others sneer in turn at the *Chassidim*, and call them madmen and drunkards.

"But we are not drunkards," Reb Samuel would say quietly. "It is true we use wine and food to show our joy in God. Food is holy; wine is holy; God is everywhere, even among these umbrellas that I am sewing. Do you understand, Mechel?"

"Yes, Reb Samuel."

"You must learn to do good deeds, for every good deed hastens the coming of the Messiah. You want Him to look like Buffalo Bill. I tell you, He will not look like Buffalo Bill, nor will He kill anyone. He will come to save the world, not to destroy it, like the false Messiah of the Christians. First He will redeem the Jews, then the other nations. This is why we now must suffer more than the rest of humanity; and why *Chassidim* rejoice in the midst of suffering. We Jews have been chosen; we are fortunate. Do you understand what I am teaching you, my child?"

"Yes, Reb Samuel."

"And now repeat after me these words: I believe——"

"I believe," I chanted in the rich Hebrew vowels.

"In the coming of the Messiah——"

"In the coming of the Messiah——"

"And though He tarry, I will wait daily for His coming."

"And though He tarry, I will wait daily for His coming," I chanted in the ancient singsong.

Reb Samuel patted my head gently.

"Good," he said. "You will make a better Jew than my own stubborn children. You have a Jewish heart. Tomorrow I will teach you the rest of the Credo."

Reb Samuel was the leader of a small congregation of *Chassidim*. Often they would come to his home and talk and sing, and I would sit quietly and listen.

They fascinated me. They were as mysterious as the folk in my father's fairy tales. These were not pale East Side carpenters, tailors and peddlers, but sorcerers and spirits. They drank tiny glasses of brandy, and then danced in a circle, clapping their hands. Their beards wagged, their eyes were shut in ecstasy, the big veins throbbed in their throats as they wailed the hypnotic desert melodies. It was weird; and something deep inside me responded to it.

II

At first Reb Samuel had tried to manage the umbrella business. But he had no mind for figures; he believed in everyone's honesty; he was above the petty things. The business was being destroyed, and so his wife had to take it over. He went on working at the machine. Reb Samuel was glad of this arrangement. It left his mind free for religion.

It was hard on little Mrs. Ashkenazi, his wife. She was a tiny, gray woman, weighing not more than ninety pounds, and sapped dry as a herring by work. Her eyelids were inflamed with loss of sleep. She slaved from dawn till midnight, cooking and cleaning at home, then working in the umbrella store. At forty she was wrinkled like a woman of seventy. She was always tired, but was a sweet, kindly, uncomplaining soul, who worshipped her family, and revered her impractical husband.

The shop was a dreary hole. It stank like a sewer of glue, dyes, damp cloth and human bodies. Three girls worked at machines alongside Reb Samuel, sewing umbrella tops; his oldest child, Rachel, a girl of fifteen, drilled holes into umbrella handles at another machine. His little wife steamed umbrellas on to the ribs at a big copper kettle.

The machines clattered; steam hissed; the girls talked or coughed; peddlers and customers came in and out, arguing, bargaining. It was a bedlam at all times, a place of petty tragedy, petty slavery; just another of those thousand cockroach businesses that are scattered over the East Side, and that have but a single point in their favor: each keeps a family alive.

On rainy days the peddlers crowded in. They took bundles of umbrellas on credit, to be sold at elevated stations and street corners. Reb Samuel's wife had to check the bundles in and out. The peddlers were young semi-vagabond Jews, loud blusterers and liars who thought it clever to cheat her. And so the timid little woman had learned to argue brazenly, to fight back, to be bold in defending her family.

Reb Samuel was calm in the midst of the bedlam. He never interfered with his wife's management. He never worried when a week passed and there was no rain. All this was of the world, and for his wife to worry about; Reb Samuel had more serious cares.

His Chassidic congregation had no synagogue to worship in. They met at each other's homes for worship; on holidays they rented a dance-hall or lodge-room for the services. And they had no rabbi.

Ach, everything was falling to pieces, Reb Samuel would sigh. Things were happening such as were never heard of in Jewry. America was conquering even the *Chassidim*. The last fort of God in this country was falling before the enemy.

Reb Samuel was patient with America. He submitted to it as once he had submitted to the pogrom. He saw Jews working on the Sabbath, Jews eating pork, and practising other abominations. He learned to shrug his shoulders and be silent.

But when a member of his own sect went so far as to shave his orthodox beard, because in America beards are laughed at; this, this was going too far. At this point the dreamy Reb Samuel made a stand.

He demanded that the criminal be expelled from the Chassidic congregation. But the man, a shrewd dry-goods merchant, rose boldly at the meeting and advanced the following argument:

"Brother *Chassidim*," he said, "I have not broken the Mosaic Law by taking off my beard, and I can prove it. What says the Law on this point, brothers? It says plainly: Thou shalt not *trim* or *cut* the corners of thy beard. What does this mean? How does one trim or cut a beard? With a scissors or razor. Our holy law-giver Moses had these in mind when he uttered his commandment.

"But, brothers, do I use a scissors or razor on my beard? No; I use a white powder. In America the wise men have invented a powder that eats away the beard without cutting or shaving. It is this powder that I use. A famous rabbi in the Bronx also uses it. Many pious Jews and *Chassidim* are using it. It is not forbidden, brothers. I am as good a *Chassid* as Reb Samuel. May God smite my children if I use razor or scissors!"

This bold, plausible defence made a great impression on the congregation. Others had found the long orthodox beard a handicap in America and were secretly attracted by any legal way out. The dry-goods merchant was not expelled. And a week later two other members of the congregation appeared without beards. They too were using the depilatory. Reb Samuel's soul was shaken to its core. The fervent, simple old man could not sleep nights for worry.

With others of the ultra-orthodox he discussed the matter. They reached the conclusion that a synagogue was needed at once, and a rabbi—a leader—a general in the war against America. So for the next five years these poor carpenters, umbrella makers and sweatshop slaves deprived themselves of food, and their children of food, that a permanent synagogue might be leased and a rabbi brought from Europe—a real rabbi, not one of these American compromisers.

They fetched over the great-great-great-grandson of a *Zaddik* who had been famous all through Poland, Lithuania and Russia.

These *Zaddiks* were reputed to be descended from the thirty-six Wise Men of Israel; the thirty-six who were the last remnant of the Lost Tribes. Unknown, unheralded, in rags and humility, they wandered over the world and appeared at crucial moments when the Jewish nation needed them most.

The famous *Zaddik* had performed his miracles around the year 1810. Such virtue is considered hereditary, and his descendants had lived in the same region for a hundred years, and had worked the same miracles. Reb Samuel and his brothers learned that the present vessel of the original *Zaddik's* virtues was eager to come to America. Times were bad; his congregation was starving; he too was living lean.

They sent him a steamship ticket and some money, and waited for him as for the Messiah.

"*Ach*, when the Rabbi Schmarya comes, how different everything will be!" Reb Samuel would say.

III

At last the dream came true. It was a Summer morning. A strange medieval parade walked down our street. The new rabbi was being escorted to the new synagogue.

I have seen pictures of religious processions in India. Theatrical, exotic and fierce with unaccountable passions, they remind me of that Summer parade in our street. A hundred bearded Jews wrapped like Bedouins in white praying shawls were marching slowly. The tenement windows and sidewalks were lined with spectators. The *Chassidim* were mad with holy joy. They skipped like children, they sang,

they clapped their hands, they kissed each other with naked ecstasy. Reb Samuel led the ecstatic mob of bearded men. He was pale with emotion, and carried the synagogue Torah in his arms.

At last, at last! Hope had arrived to the East Side. God was looking down on Chrystie street! Some of the older *Chassidim* wept. They flung themselves about in grotesque pinwheels, and shouted, and ignored all smiles and jeers.

In the centre of the parade, reposing on the plush cushions of an open barouche drawn by four white horses, appeared the descendant of the miracle-working *Zaddik* and of the thirty-six Wise Men: the Rabbi Schmarya himself.

I was disappointed. I had caught some of Reb Samuel's exaltation and had imagined a rabbi at least like a shining angel in white, all beautiful with his golden aureole. But I saw a fat, dull-faced man in a frock coat and high hat. He was obviously pleased with the hat, and fiddled with it. His face held no ecstasy but only beefy smugness.

He leaned back, blasé as a fat African king. His heavy eyelids blinked as without emotion he regarded the peddlers, saloon riff-raff and tearful Jewish men and women around him. These were his subjects, and one could guess he knew how to rule them. His royal calm was broken only by noisy children who broke through the parade and tried to shake his hand. He pushed the children away, and squeaked ridiculously. He slapped the face of one boy bolder than the rest. The rabbi did not seem to like children.

I followed the procession into the synagogue in Forsythe street, in the basement of a tenement. Here I watched, with a child's cruel intelligence, the rabbi in the midst of his flock.

The *Chassidim* were still chattering, laughing, kissing one another. Some wept with emotion; a large group formed a circle at one end of the synagogue, and danced a sacred rondo to their own singing. At rhythmic intervals they flung their arms to the ceiling, and uttered a howl of primeval joy and pain: then danced again, whipping themselves into delirium.

But the new rabbi was not abandoning himself to the sacred rage. He was busy eating. He had immediately sat down at the refreshment table, and was stuffing himself with herring, sponge-cake, *Apfel-strudel*, *gefüllte Fisch*, and raisins. He devoured platters of food until his eyes popped, and sweat covered his face.

I was disturbed by his gorging, at the time, not for æsthetic or religious reasons, but because I was hoping to eat some of the food myself. With a host of other small boys of Chassidic connection, I was waiting until the ceremonies were over, and the refreshments served. But the rabbi was eating up all those refreshments.

I found Reb Samuel leaping solemnly with a group of the mystics, and plucked at his *talith*.

"Reb Samuel," I said anxiously, "the new rabbi is eating up all the food. There will be nothing left!"

Reb Samuel broke off his ecstasy to glare at me. He walked me into a quiet corner, and shook his finger at me, while his face twitched with anger. I had never seen him so angry before.

"Go home!" he said. "You have committed a sin in talking so stupidly about our Rabbi Schmarya. For this I want you to go home!"

"But, Reb Samuel," I pleaded, "I didn't mean to say anything bad."

"Go home!" he repeated, and stalked away. I felt mean. I hadn't meant to make Reb Samuel angry; I liked him too well. But I didn't want to go without tasting some of the nuts, raisins, apples and cakes that were heaped so high on the tables. What apologies could I offer to Reb Samuel? Wasn't it true that the rabbi was eating up all the food?

I lingered at the fringes of the crowd for some minutes, and Reb Samuel saw me again. He motioned sternly for me to go. So home I went, furious at the new rabbi who had cheated me.

IV

Alas for Reb Samuel! He should have been warned by a child's impressions. I was right about the new rabbi, and he was wrong.

The rabbi, who had been such a saint and miracle-worker in Europe, changed in the electric air of America.

For one thing, his scale of living went up, and he made many demands on his little flock. Reb Samuel neglected his umbrella shop entirely, and spent weeks and months raising money to buy the rabbi a home in Brooklyn. The rabbi demanded that his wife and children be sent for from Europe. That took more money-raising. The rabbi's family needed a servant. More money.

Reb Samuel did not begrudge the rabbi these luxuries: they were due the great man. What made Reb Samuel paler, gaunter, and more melancholy as months passed was that the rabbi took no firm stand on the heresy of beards. Reb Samuel was too loyal to say it, but other *Chassidim* whispered that the new rabbi was friendly to the depilatory faction. They were the richer group in the synagogue, and he seemed to prefer the rich.

The climax came a year after his arrival. One day the rabbi deserted his congregation. He had been offered a better-paying job by a wealthy and un-Chassidic congregation in the Bronx. He wrote a brief announcement to his flock, and never appeared again.

The blow crushed my teacher, Reb Samuel. He rarely spoke at home, or in the umbrella shop; he brooded within himself. His eyes lost their peace; his face no longer reflected the eternities. He became a tired, bewildered, lonely old Jew.

He returned one night from one of the many bitter meetings at the congregation, where the factions now quarrelled endlessly. He opened the door of his home, and stood at the threshold. His face was ghastly with suffering. His wife looked up from the kitchen stove in amazement. She waited for him to walk into the room.

But he lingered strangely. Then a look of unspeakable surprise passed over his face. His stick clattered to the ground; he clutched at his heart.

In a strangled voice he exclaimed:

"What's the matter? What's the matter? What's the matter?"

Before his wife could reach him, he collapsed to the floor. He tried to talk to her, but his tongue strangled, and queer, terrible, animal sounds came forth. He wept and wept as he made the vain effort to communicate with her. He could not get up from the floor. He could not move his arms and legs. Dr. Axelrod, after examining him, announced that Reb Samuel was paralyzed and needed a long rest.

For the next ten years, while I was growing up, he lay in bed and rested. He could not stir, he could not speak above a painful whisper. He lived on a meagre diet of crackers and milk and faded to a white, mournful skeleton.

His little wife arose now an hour earlier each morning to sponge him, to spoon-feed him like a child, to attend to his other needs. Then she worked in the umbrella store and returned at noon to care for him again.

He lay by the window. My father arranged three mirrors in such a fashion that everything in the street below was reflected. Without turning his eyes, Reb Samuel could see it all. He was a man at a never-ending play. He was a spectator, a ghost watching our crazy world.

He was still gentle. He would smile and whisper, "*Ach*, America! Who can understand America?" Every night his wife talked to him about their children, and about the problems of the umbrella store. He gently gave her comfort and advice.

When he died, everyone on the street was sad and went to his funeral. "*Ai*," the people said, shaking their heads, "Reb Samuel was such a good man and so truly pious! Men like this do not grow on every bush in America! He lived by umbrella making, but in his heart he was a saint!"

HURDLES FOR THE HOOVER COMMISSION

BY HOWARD LEE McBAIN

BEING no politician, I am not on intimate terms with god the public. I am not sure, indeed, that there is any such being. But if there be, I am reasonably certain of two things: first, that in this, his earthly kingdom, he spends a great part of his time in profound slumber; and second, that when he awakes in these United States he is a very changeful, variant, and contradictory deity. In fact it is far more accurate to regard him, not as a unitary being at all, but as a whole family of often warring divinities.

At least in one matter, however, this family of gods sleeps with one eye open. Night and day its members are intensely and continuously interested in Prohibition. That is chiefly because they either like or dislike liquor. (Hear the chorus of denials around the family board!) Some of them pretend (with a few, perhaps, it is not simply pretense) that they like liquor only for others who like it: they stand on the sacred principle of personal liberty. A few admit frankly, and many by their actions prove, that they dislike liquor only for others who like it: they stand on economic, social, or political expediency, which is understandable, though rather mean and selfish. Many are arrant hypocrites—but no doubt many more are arrantly honest in protesting a dislike of liquor both for themselves and for others.

Long before the custom of changing the fathers of private families had become relatively common, our family of gods the public, fixed by their Constitution the rote practise of changing a father once every four years. It was an excellent idea. "Even if he was good they wouldn't like him" very long. They are and always have been too dissentient for that. Moreover, he was not always a good father, which was partly, though by no means wholly, their fault; but whether good or bad, they have always been a difficult family to satisfy.

According to rote, therefore, in November, 1928, the family relegated Father Coolidge to Northampton, Mass., and the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and by a most complicated procedure, and for diverse reasons, chose Mr. Herbert Hoover to sit at the head of the table and save as many plates (and glasses) from as many heads as possible, or, according to the viewpoint, to cause as many such implements as possible to be shied at heads.

While he was still a mere candidate for step-fatherhood to all these gods, Mr. Hoover pronounced national Prohibition to be "an experiment noble in purpose," admitted that grave abuses had arisen in connection with its enforcement, and promised a commission to investigate the whole subject and to make recommendations. Republican wets and drys alike took heart of hope—but not without reason the hearts of the drys expanded the more deeply. Yet the wets realize that a commission would mean delay, which in turn would mean marking time with practises not wholly unsatisfactory; and in the end it was not inconceivable that impartial commissioners, if such could be found, might conclude that the experiment was a failure in whole or in part and ought to be modified or abandoned.

However, Mr. Hoover stood before our gods the public, as a friend and advocate of dryness, and as such he was chosen

chief. By this, of course, I do not mean to imply that his election was necessarily a mandate for increased aridity. There is, in fact, no way of ascertaining whether it was or not. For there is no way of counting the number of wets who, despite his dryness, voted for him because he was not a Roman Catholic, or because he was a Republican (of at least eight years' label), or because he was an engineer with a reputation for high efficiency, or because of his war work, or because he was a college graduate, and did not wear a brown derby, or pronounce radio with a short *a*.

In those always troublous months between the November election and his March accession, Mr. Hoover's Prohibition Commission got somehow metamorphosed into something bigger and better. It emerged, in his own words, as a "national commission for a searching investigation of the whole structure of our Federal system of jurisprudence, to include the method of enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and the causes of abuse under it." Since then Mr. Hoover has never given any explanation of this vast expansion of functional purpose. Perhaps he discovered that, for an investigation of Prohibition alone, it would be difficult or impossible to secure for his commission persons of the type that he sought and ultimately found. Perhaps he was genuinely deluded into believing that Prohibition enforcement is simply one aspect of law enforcement in general, that it is in no wise unique, and that in consequence it was best to study it simply as one among many cuttles in the whole seething kettle of fish that goes by the name of Law Enforcement. If politics were not politics and if Presidents were not compelled to play them, it would be unkind to suggest that the larger the job the slower its doing and the further the day of fulfillment. Meantime, both commission and bootleggers are working overtime at their respectively absorbing occupations.

In this connection there are one or two things that need not be discussed. It is unnecessary, for instance, to prove by the affidavits of the sophisticated that among laws the enforcement of national Prohibition is in a category by itself. Of course it has a bearing upon the enforcement of other laws—chiefly however, the criminal laws of the States, not of the nation. Compare it to these other laws as you will, and at the end of the argument even the innocent will know that the difference is there, whether or not they admit it or understand the reasons for it.

It is unnecessary also to cavil with the President (as I have already briefly done) for spreading the scope of the commission's inquiry all over the lot of "our Federal system of jurisprudence." For I venture the guess that, whatever its name or mandate and whatever may be his or the commission's notion of its task, Mr. Hoover's gods the public, to the extent that they still maintain interest, look upon this body as a commission to inquiry into and report upon the subject of national Prohibition. They do not regard it as just another of the numerous Crime Commissions of recent years, whose studies and recommendations, however valuable (and they have been of value), have nevertheless not appreciably diminished the volume, power, or oscillatory persistence of our so-called crime waves.

II

Now, it were folly to attempt to forecast what this presidential commission will report when in the fulness of time it is ready to report anything. It may be worth while, however, to comment briefly upon some of the constitutional limitations with which it must reckon in the formulation of certain possible recommendations.

Shortly after its appointment, its chairman, Mr. George W. Wickersham, wrote a letter to Governor Roosevelt of New York which the latter read at a conference of State Governors then in session. After asserting that the Federal government had thus far borne the brunt of Prohibition enforcement, Mr. Wickersham said:

> It seems to me that the Governors' Conference might well consider approaching the Federal government on some feasible proposal to share this burden. If the national government were to attend to preventing importation, manufacture and shipment in interstate commerce of intoxicants, the State undertaking the internal police regulations to prevent sale, saloons, speakeasies, and so forth, national and State laws might be modified so as to become reasonably enforceable and one great source of demoralizing and pecuniarily profitable crime removed.

There is some difference of opinion even among competent commentators as to whether or not the Eighteenth Amendment really imposes upon the States a legal duty to assist in the enforcement of national Prohibition. In the Lanza and Hebert cases the Supreme Court clearly implied that no such duty rests upon them. But the point is at best only of academic interest, for even if such a legal duty exists there is no way that it can be legally enforced. Undutiful States will not be easily shamed or lectured into lockstep either by the President or by his commission. Wisconsin gave Mr. Hoover a handsome majority, and within a few months voted to repeal its Prohibition law. Moreover, State Prohibition laws are no solution, for Baltimore and New York are no wetter than Detroit and Chicago. Perhaps a nicer division of labor between national and State enforcement officers would eliminate some buck-passing, but it would be entirely impossible to make such a division in States which refuse to participate in enforcement. And even in States which have Prohibition laws it would be difficult to make a satisfactory division between the two sets of officers, and a far more difficult task to make it work where the disposition to that end was lacking. Thus, on the whole, Mr. Wickersham's initial feeler seems to lead up a blind alley—an alley that is made blind by the nature of our Federal Union of forty-eight States, which simply decline to act uniformly in the matter or to look eye to eye upon the policy which the national government chooses to write.

If, then, assistance by the States, however welcome when given, must be largely ignored in formulating a national policy, are there any constitutional obstacles to better *national* enforcement? Certainly there is no legal obstacle to increasing the enforcement service to any size that Congress may see fit. The cost, whether it be Mr. Doran's rough estimate of $300,000,000, or two or three times that amount, would be shocking but not prohibitive. We have plenty of money if we want to spend it that way. The resulting bureaucracy would be staggering in numbers—but that is the inexorable logic of trying to enforce national Prohibition over so vast an area and population with so many people opposing it in practise. This huge bureaucracy would be cellulose with graft—but that is the logic of juxtaposing such human frailties as the acquisitive instinct of poorly paid officials and profiteering bootleggers and the wide prevalence of a thirst that is coupled with the wherewithal to pay high prices for its satisfaction.

If the commission should recommend a radical extension of national enforcement agencies it would doubtless recognize certain probable obstacles. Such an extension, plainly enough, would entail a proportionate enlargement of the already existing difficulty of recruiting a competent personnel and of eliminating politics from it. Perhaps the commission may make useful suggestions for improvement in this regard; but, in view of factors in the situation that are too obvious for comment, only a tenth-wit could be wheedled into believing that the difficulty can ever be completely surmounted. There would be grim opposition by bootleggers and the mighty army of the thirsty. For both have been greatly encouraged by the splendid success of their opposition to date; and there are probably hundreds of thousands today who are far less ready to surrender to force than they were in the year of our Lord 1920. There would also be opposition, though of another kind, by the taxpayers. The weight of this can not be estimated. Despite these difficulties, however, there would almost certainly be more enforce-

ment of the Volstead Act. How much more is anybody's guess. It might be considerable. And how much additional violence would result is likewise anybody's guess. That also might be considerable.

The expansion of national enforcement agencies would of necessity include judicial expansion. National Prohibition can never be even approximately enforced while 90% of the convictions are had upon pleas of guilty with a gentlemen's understanding that the punishment is to be only a fine. That is the present situation. As has been frequently pointed out, the practise has close likeness to a licensing system: the fine simply takes the place of the license fee, and the economic burden is passed on to the ultimate purchaser as part of the price he pays. It would be interesting to know how many fined bootleggers have quit bootlegging. Statistics are not available, but probably the number is not large.

Increased enforcement would necessitate, at the least, real trials upon pleas of not guilty, and far more frequent prison sentences. This would require many additional Federal judges and officers of prosecution as well as supplementary jail facilities. But even with these extensions the resulting degree of effective enforcement would still hang upon the tempers and dispositions of judges and juries.

III

The mention of juries immediately raises a constitutional question which the commission will doubtless have to face. Even with the present grossly insufficient agencies for Federal enforcement, the jury is a nuisance that is avoided only by accepting pleas of guilty. Most, if not all, of the States have considerably modified the jury system. It has been largely eliminated in trials for the lesser degrees of crime and in some States even for some of the higher degrees. Where it remains as a right many State courts and prosecutors dodge it by this same questionable practise of accepting pleas of guilty, always with a bonus of some substantial sort to the accused. But the right of trial by jury is written both in the body of the Federal Constitution and in the Sixth Amendment. That it applies to serious crimes goes without saying. But what is a serious crime? In general the term felony is used to denote serious crimes and the term misdemeanor to cover those that are less serious. But where is the line between the two? Almost of necessity the vagueness of the terms is resolved by arbitrary statutory definitions, which usually turn upon the degree of possible punishment and which vary widely from jurisdiction to jurisdiction.

The Supreme Court has conceded that jury trial may not be constitutionally necessary for some minor Federal offenses, but it has never had occasion to specify clearly a single such offense. It has told us emphatically, however, that the right can not be dispensed with simply because an offense is called a misdemeanor. Down to date all that we can garner from its declarations or implications in the decided cases is that jury trial is indispensable for the misdemeanor of keeping a disreputable house (the degree of possible punishment was not disclosed), for the misdemeanor of conspiracy to injure a person in his business (the degree of possible punishment was not disclosed, but the fine actually imposed was $25), for the misdemeanor of libel, punishable by a fine not to exceed $5,000 or imprisonment not to exceed two years, for the crime of bigamy, where the punishment was a fine of $500 and imprisonment for not more than five years, and for the felony of the grand larceny of a calf, punishable by not less than one nor more than ten years' imprisonment. These are the only specifications we have. We do not even know whether the seriousness of a crime is to be measured by the degree of punishment which the legislature attaches to it or by the moral or social opprobrium which Madame Grundy attaches to it.

Since the Jones Law of March, 1929, most of the criminal offenses under the

Volstead Act are felonies, for the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation or exportation of intoxicating liquor is punishable by a possible fine of $10,000 or possible imprisonment for five years, or both. The Supreme Court has been extremely liberal in permitting Congress to be illiberal in Prohibition enforcement, but it is almost inconceivable that the Court would allow Congress to sweep the guaranty of jury trial gaily out of the Constitution by providing summary trial for offenses carrying such heavy penalties as these. If President Hoover's commission should recommend a repeal of the Jones Law and a return to the lighter penalties of the original act in order to make way for the complete elimination of the jury system in liquor cases, we should still have to await the verdict of the Supreme Court as to whether Prohibition offenses are petty enough not to be the "crimes" or "criminal prosecutions" for which the Constitution requires trial by jury.

Another guaranty that impedes enforcement is the constitutional prohibition against unreasonable searches and seizures. As to motor-cars and other agencies of transportation this legal safeguard has been effectively cut and colored by judicial allowance. But as applied to buildings and especially to homes the Supreme Court, going in the other direction, has vitalized it by declaring that liquor seized by Federal officers upon an unreasonable search may not be used as evidence to convict. Even this obstacle, however, may be and often is evaded by having State enforcement officers make unreasonable searches and seizures; for, strange to relate, evidence thus obtained in high-handed fashion and turned over to Federal officers is perfectly acceptable in a Federal prosecution. Yet despite its shrunken proportions, this constitutional security is still of some real value.

These ancient bulwarks of individualism, then, the right to be tried by jury and the right to be reasonably searched, lie embarrassingly across the track on which the perpetual race for enforcement must be run. They can not help hindering any proposed quickening of the pace. The commission will scarcely be hardy enough to recommend that they be modified or removed by constitutional amendment. Always revered in theory, they are now very precious to the wets in practise. Any proposal to touch them would stir wide and vigorous opposition

But to the end of bagging a larger number of culprits the commission may still, without colliding with the Constitution, suggest the addition of a number of ugly claws to the Volstead octopus. There is, for example, certainly no legal objection to making the purchase of liquor a crime. True, the Eighteenth Amendment does not expressly prohibit purchase; but neither does it prohibit or limit, as Congress has done and the Supreme Court has sanctioned, the sale of liquor for medicinal purposes. The amendment, however, does prohibit sale—and there can be no sale without purchase. Thus the purchaser is unquestionably an accessory to the crime of selling, and accessories to crime are frequently subjected to punishment, as they usually should be.

Again, a person's home, at present, can be searched only upon a warrant swearing that it is being used for the sale of liquor. But there is no reason why the law might not provide for the issuance of such a warrant where the allegation covers simply the manufacture of home-brew or even the simple crime of illegal possession. Indeed, the squeamish hesitation of the drys to push Prohibition penalties and procedures to the clear limit of logic is one of the best evidences extant of the categorical uniqueness of Prohibition as a national policy. Many of them assert, for instance, that to penalize purchase would defeat enforcement of the law against sale, because the purchaser could then refuse to testify to the sale on the ground of self-incrimination. This discloses either innocence or disingenuousness—probably the latter. For even at present sellers of liquor

are seldom convicted upon the testimony of their *bona fide* patrons. Of course, the amended law would exempt from punishment purchase by enforcement officers, just as transportation by such officers is now exempted.

Particularly, the frightening truth ought to be revealed that, as the law now stands, although the act of purchase is not a crime, the failure of the purchaser to inform the government of his knowledge of the felony of sale is itself a felony. This results probably less from the intention of Congress than from congressional ignorance of Federal laws. It is simply a fact that the national Criminal Code (Sections 251 and 541) makes it a felony not to tattle one's knowledge of a felony, and the purchaser certainly has knowledge of the felony of sale.

IV

Honest and unbiased people differ in opinion as to whether national Prohibition, as actually enforced to date, has in the net been helpful or hurtful. Nobody knows or can know the precise percentage of its successful enforcement. But everybody except the stupid, the ignorant, or the wilfully blind knows that that percentage is far below one hundred. It may be that the President's commissioners will conclude that an attempt at more extensive and more rigorous enforcement faces so many difficulties and offers so little promise of large success as scarcely to be worth undertaking. If so, will they propose modification? And of what variety?

Of course they will not propose the repeal of the Volstead Act, nor any modification of it that would simply result in making its violation easier. The latter would be absurd, however acceptable to many wets. But can this uncompromising statute be so amended as to relax the rigors of absolute Prohibition? In other words, to put it boldly and baldly, can the sale of *some* intoxicating liquors be legalized, so far as the national law is concerned, under such rigid restrictions as may be set, to the end and in the hope that those acts which the law still penalizes may be more effectively prevented in practise?

This may not satisfy the wets. It may not cause them to genuflect before the majesty of the law. But certainly nothing short of it would enlist their interest. The whole question has been debated forth and back at many times and in many places. It need not be redebated here. The answer to my question is probably No. Congress can not legalize what the Eighteenth Amendment unqualifiedly outlaws. Though ingenious methods of circumventing it in part are not inconceivable, they are of most doubtful constitutionality. Thus the commission is not likely to suggest any such device. The only possible approach to safe and adequate modification, then, is by the difficult and infrequently travelled road of amending the Constitution. The commission may courageously propose the repeal or amendment of the Eighteenth Amendment.

As a practical matter, of course, its repeal is impossible at any near date, and so it is not likely to be recommended. The amendment of the amendment likewise appears remote from practical politics; but it has at least the dual virtue of being both more constructive and probably more possible. Numerous suggestions in that direction have been made. One of them that is well worth considering was brought forward editorially in *Collier's* of June 8, 1929. It proposed that the Eighteenth Amendment be altered to read as follows:

> The Congress shall have the power to regulate or prohibit the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof (for beverage purposes), but such grant of power shall not be construed to require that such regulation or prohibition shall be uniform throughout the United States nor deprive the States of power to impose additional regulations or prohibitions upon such manufacture, sale, transportation, importation or exportation.

This interesting proposal invites specula-

tion. What would be the possibilities under it? First and foremost, it would authorize, but would not compel, national Prohibition. If, therefore, a sufficient number of lawmakers continued to perform under the cracking whip of the dry lobbies, Congress could still stand pat on the present policy of nation-wide Volsteadism. The States would be as powerless to alter that policy as they now are. The wet States could do nothing except do nothing, as a few of them have actually done. But that would be a most unlikely happening. If the necessary two-thirds of each house of Congress can be induced to propose such an amendment, it is almost certain that a majority can be mustered to take advantage of its leeway. What is that leeway?

The amendment would empower Congress to "regulate." The word is the same as that used in the much interpreted Commerce Clause. Back in 1917, in the Clark Distilling Company case, which upheld the Webb-Kenyon Act, the Supreme Court declared that the Constitution did not require that congressional regulation of interstate commerce should be uniform. The proposed amendment would leave no ambiguity on that point. It expressly provides that in regulating or prohibiting Congress would not be bound to a stringent rule of uniformity.

Congress might, therefore, vary the national Prohibition policy in accordance with geographical variations in sentiment. Such variations unquestionably exist. But Congress would be under no mandate to do this. It might abandon absolute Prohibition and yet continue to fix a nation-wide policy of regulation. It might, for example, by raising the permissible alcoholic content of beverages, prohibit only liquors of high voltage and expressly condition and license the sale of wines and beers. It might, though it probably would not, establish a Federal dispensary system.

But however country-wide such a policy might appear to be on its statutory face, it would not be so in fact. For the States would be empowered to impose "additional regulations or prohibitions." This would seem to imply, though the point is perhaps not beyond dispute, that while the States might not expressly authorize what Congress by regulation forbade, they might expressly prohibit what Congress by regulation authorized. They might be more, but not less, dry. In other words, to illustrate concretely, in a State which continued the policy of absolute Prohibition, congressional authorization of the sale of wines and beers would have no application. In such a State Federal punishment would be confined to hard liquor offenses, but there would be State punishment not only for these but also for wine and beer offenses.

But the probability is that such a moderate relaxation of national Prohibition throughout the country would be satisfactory neither to the dry nor the wet States. The dry States would still wish to have national assistance in the enforcement of unqualified Prohibition. The wet States would desire larger release than Congress would be likely to give for the nation as a whole. It seems more probable, therefore, that under such an amendment Congress would have to adapt the national policy to variations in local sentiment. Three questions arise: What units of government could be used for this purpose? How would the local sentiment be ascertained? How could a variant national policy be established?

The States would seem to be the most logical units to use in applying a variable national policy. True, the rural regions of some of them which show wet majorities are as dry in sentiment as the dry majorities in some of the other States. True, also, the amendment apparently would permit Congress to establish different policies of regulation even within the boundaries of a State. The States are, nevertheless, recognized by the proposed amendment as units for fixing additional policies and, in any case, are probably as small as any unit with which Congress should deal.

The reference of liquor laws to the voters

of States and localities, though at first balked by the courts in some States, has been a common method of ascertaining public sentiment on this moot question of policy for many decades. There would probably be no reason why Congress should not use it in applying a variable national policy, though it might simply take the views of the State Legislatures as being sufficiently expressive of State sentiment.

Under such an amendment the simplest and most satisfactory thing for Congress to do would be somewhat as follows: First, establish certain minimum restrictions and conditions under which liquor might be sold anywhere—restrictions, for example, to ensure against a legalized return of the saloon, or even to make the sale possible only under a State dispensary system. Second, adopt the liquor laws of each State (enacted under such nation-wide restrictions) as the liquor law of the nation for Federal as well as State enforcement in that State. Third, enact laws to prevent, so far as possible, the policy of a State from being encroached upon by the avenues of interstate and foreign commerce and provide really adequate Federal enforcement of such laws. Fourth, enforce with dire vengeance the present Volstead Act or something better or worse (according to one's viewpoint) in any State that declined to adopt a statutory policy of its own.

In the light of the present temper of Congress, where the first wedge would have to be made by converting what is roughly a one-fourth wet minority into a two-thirds quasi-wet majority, this may seem to sound of a far-away Utopia. Perhaps it does. But Mr. Hoover's gods the public, are a curious lot. They are occasionally susceptible of being ultimately led out of a wilderness.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Nursing

THE NURSE AND HER PATIENT

By Hermine Kane

I have been a registered nurse for twelve years. In that time I have taken care of hundreds of people, rich and poor, young and old, male and female, and I find it possible on reflection to make certain general statements which I believe are true. Poor men, such as railroad mechanics and section hands, are easier to take care of than are the more prosperous (and more egotistical) lawyers, business executives, and millionaires, but they are less interesting. The reason is that the poor man does not try to set up a purely personal relationship with his nurse.

Poor women, on the other hand, are harder to care for and are less interesting than rich women. This is because they are enjoying the rare experience of being waited upon; they are acutely conscious that they are paying for it, and they want to get all the pleasure out of the experience that it will yield. Their lives are limited and their interests are not general enough to make them engaging. Further, they are under the strain of feeling derelict to their duties, whereas rich women rather enjoy being ill—it fills up many idle hours. All men hate to be ill.

Poor children are easier to take care of than rich children, because they are not so selfishly egotistical; they have not held the center of the stage. They submit to disagreeable treatments and onerous routines much more easily than do their wealthy comrades, and therefore they usually derive much more benefit from equal care and treatment.

Generally speaking, poor people are treated with more science and efficacy by doctors and nurses than their wealthy neighbors. This is due to the fact that most rich men, and nearly all the members of their families, insist on being unique. In dealing with a rich man, a physician or a nurse feels, coming from him and his dependents and sycophants, the pressure of his highness' necessity to be different from common mortals, and is almost compelled to overcome his or her professional unconcern.

For example, the physician with whom I work, whose practise is among the families of well-to-do or extremely wealthy oil men, dare not tell a multi-millionaire magnate that he has a very common form of nasal infection. He diagnoses the case as a rare infection of an almost unheard-of crypt dangerously near to the frontal lobes of the masterly brain that has cabbaged many square miles of good oil land from ignorant farmers. He prescribes antiseptic irrigations of the nose every four hours and himself supervises the administration of the first one. The magnate does not like the treatment, but the doctor is jokingly relentless and leaves without changing his orders. What happens?

The nurse approaches the sick man four hours later with her can of warm salt water and is told by her patient that he doesn't need the treatment—he feels much better. After some gentle argument, the patient gives an example of the strong will and good judgment that have won him his millions by losing his temper and shouting: "I don't give a damn what he said! He doesn't know any more about it than I do; he only thinks he does. I don't want it and I won't have it. Take it away!"

This state of affairs can be dealt with, but it requires more lack of respect for a million dollars than most nurses have. The medical results are obvious.

The rich are handicapped, not only by their own natures, but also by the sycophancy of friends and relatives and the profit-seeking jealousies that arise among the large corps of medical experts with which they always surround themselves. The death of one money magnate of whom I have personal knowledge was almost certainly due to the devoted, but misguided, care of business associates combined with the schemes and counter-schemes of two hospital superintendents in the small resort where he died. A simple, capably-administered colonic irrigation might have saved his life.

Devoted friends and relatives are always a handicap to a sick person who is being cared for by a nurse. There are two reasons for this. One is that the nurse does everything for the patient that is necessary, and if he is really sick he wants nothing done that is not necessary. Therefore, to prove to the patient, to the nurse, to other people, or even to themselves, that they are much affected and willing to do everything, the devoted friends and relatives can concern themselves only with small things, and they fuss about the sickroom until the patient is almost frantic. Another reason is that they tell the patient how anxious about him they are, displaying their hearts bleeding with sympathy. The sufferer feels brutal if he further lacerates these tender sensibilities and hence, so far as possible, in the presence of his well-wishers he controls any manifestation of suffering and discomfort. Often after a visit by a father, wife, child, or aunt of my patient I have had to ease him out of a nervous chill back to the quiet that restores strength.

An instance of this too-great devotion comes to my mind and demands to be told, because it brings out another point about sick people. My patient was very ill, seriously ill. He could do nothing for himself except to turn over in bed. This he would do slowly, with great effort, but at any time that he wanted to. It was easier for him to do it without assistance than with it, because an assistant, however skilful, was likely to give him a twinge of pain, and pain inflicted by another is always much harder to bear than that which is self-inflicted. His wife always looked at me reproachfully and leaped to his aid. He always refused her help, and she always fussed with his pillow, made clucking, encouraging noises, and showed in other ways her nervous concern. Finally on the second day of my stay with him, he said peevishly: "If she doesn't quit that, you'll just have to tell her to stay out of here."

Quite apart from the irritation of his wife's fussing, this man was irked by being treated as absolutely helpless. I have seen the same feeling shown in many cases. A sick man, if he is really, seriously ill, will always, this side of utter discouragement, instinctively try to prove to himself his fundamental vitality by doing, unaided, something difficult for himself. The same man who feebly and querulously asks to have a glass of water, within easy reach, handed to him, will insist on getting up and walking to the bathroom. Everyone, including himself, knows that he is able to get the water, but he's sick and, damn it, needs all the care he can get; but anybody, including himself, can reasonably doubt his ability to walk and, damn it, he's going to prove that he's not dead yet.

Part of this urge to demonstrate strength may be due to a fundamental sexual characteristic. I say this because a similar quality is, generally speaking, lacking in women. Women tend to dramatize their ills much more than men do, relaxing completely and letting the nurse bear the whole burden of their care. Or it may be due simply to the fact that the nurse is a woman and no man wants to be absolutely incompetent physically in her presence.

Another striking difference between men and women is shown as soon as they begin to get well. Uninvited, unencouraged, actually in the face of discouragement, women begin, as soon as they are able to talk, to reveal their most intimate affairs, both small and large. One woman told me, day

after day, all about her household furnishings and the family equipment of linen. She detailed her husband's possessions of shirts, socks, pajamas, and her routine of caring for them. She told me what sort of articles he liked to wear and why. She bored me stiff. She talked on and on in spite of the fact that I ostentatiously held an open book.

Another woman, a "society girl," told me every detail of her courtship and the most private incidents of her early married life. These confidences concerning marriage I have come to expect and to dread. Their effect has been to make me see every married pair as a bundle of physical and spiritual incompatibilities existing in an atmosphere of misunderstandings and lies.

Women tell their nurses these intimate things purely to display themselves. They take for granted the nurse's interest and approval of them, perhaps because in order to keep them peaceful their men have flattered them into believing that their personalities are irresistible. My attitude toward women is simply that they are patients; I have no personal interest in them.

Men, on the other hand, are intent on discovering the nurse's opinion of them as a sort of foundation for their relationship. They usually begin far back of their real object, taking up some item of the day's news as a basis for a general psychological-physical-moral discussion which soon becomes a vague sexual argument and leads slowly but surely into an exposition of personal opinions, beliefs, and principles.

To women the nurse seems to be primarily a pair of ears, but to men she is a definite, interesting personality, brilliantly female. This masculine attitude is a compliment that no woman can ignore. I enjoy my association with most of my male patients, and I remember it. I sometimes meet some of them afterward. I feel sure that they are interested in me as a person, and so I feel kindly and protective and wishful of good to them.

Every male patient between eight and eighty, after ten days of association, wants to make love to his nurse. Well, eight is pretty young and eighty is pretty old—let me put it at over eighteen and under sixty-five. Marriage has nothing to do with it. In fact, married men are more pressing than their bachelor brothers. This is reasonable. No matter how many affairs a single man has had, still he has not enjoyed, or suffered, the constant association with a woman that a married man has, and so he takes rebuffs more seriously. The married man has more thoroughly demonstrated to himself the advantages, and disadvantages, of dogged persistence. Beside, having a wife, he is immune to complete capture and hence feels free to be bold. Here, perhaps, I am joining my sister women in their constantly repeated cry that men are all alike. However, unlike most women, I do not say this contemptuously, or with a sneer of distaste; I am not crabbing about it. It is simply a fact.

There are causes quite outside of the essential male nature which work to make men heave sighs at their nurses. In the course of her duties a nurse is forced into physical contacts with her patient which give him a sense of intimacy with her. She handles him as another woman would handle him only after developing affection for him. This unsolicited physical intimacy, governed by no generally disseminated conventions, automatically sets up in the patient the notion that the nurse is attracted to him. And the result of his belief that the nurse likes him is that he comes to like the nurse.

As he grows stronger he tends to take the normal masculine initiative. Then he is sometimes difficult to manage so that he will be neither angry and resentful nor unendurably assiduous. It is disastrous to a pleasant relationship to let a patient feel that as a man he means nothing to one, that he is just a "case." It is impossible to joke off the situation or to be cool and aloof. If one jokes they take it for the beginning of interest and make more definite

advances; then when they are squelched, they feel that they have been led on and advantage is being taken of their helplessness. If one is cool and aloof, they take it as a sign of dislike, and they reciprocate the supposed feeling.

In general, it is best, I think, to pretend to believe in the sincerity of their compliments to one's personal and professional attributes, and to be glad they like one. It is not hard to ignore their suggestions of a more tender intimacy and apparently to misunderstand them, and it is easy and usually effective to assign their warmth of feeling to pure gratitude for the care they have been given.

What effect has it on me to know that "men are all alike"? Early recognition of the fact and constant association with men have made it unremarkable to me. When I am introduced to a man, I know that he will not do me one disinterested kindness and I discount all favors and compliments. I enjoy comparing the approach of the current specimen with those of his predecessors, and I am always amused by the clumsy, or at least obvious, subtlety with which it is screened. I am always shocked by the definite offer when it comes, perhaps because of my conventional childhood, and perhaps also because, in spite of long experience, I can't believe in the strength of such passing desires.

I take advantage of the situation to do very much as I please when I am on duty with a man, gauging carefully the feeling between us to keep it short of hampering jealousy on the one side and of unfriendly insistence on the letter of duty on the other.

I am glad to know the truth about men. No nurse should have any illusions about them—or about one of them. Nurses have such illusions, nevertheless. I suppose our egos and our human desires are strong enough to counteract our most severe experiences.

I am happy to be a nurse. It is somehow restful and peaceful to know that all human beings are subject to the same uncontrollable influences. An accidental illness may ruin the plans and work of a lifetime. Everything is tragically uncertain and the best thing to do is to try to enjoy day to day happiness. The fact that all of us human beings totter together on the edge of disaster makes me both less concerned about individuals and more sympathetic with the mob of us.

Ethnology

"FREEMASONS" AMONG NORTH DAKOTA INDIANS

By Robert H. Lowie

When the first unsophisticated travelers met Western Indians having graded fraternities with odd insignia, they naturally wondered how these savages had learnt the arcana of Freemasonry. Needless to say, the similarities formed but flimsy evidence for any direct connection between the two. Nevertheless, from a psychological angle, the resemblances were not spurious. A glance at the scheme of the Mandan and Hidatsa Indians in what is now North Dakota is enough to reveal some of those deep-rooted psychological drives that make most men kin.

These two tribes are especially well-suited for detailed exposition because our record for their associations is unusually adequate. Some of the most astonishing features about them were carefully registered by Prince Maximilian of Wied-Neuwied in 1833, before the impact of white civilization had rent the social fabric. A generation later Henry A. Boller made worthwhile observations on the subject; and in 1910 I still found many individuals on Fort Berthold Reservation who had taken an active part in the old brotherhoods and sororities.

For so long as native life remained in full swing, every male Mandan or Hidatsa who was neither a mere child nor a doddering old man belonged to one or another of the

eight or ten military clubs of his people. He stepped from one grade to the next, not in an absolutely rigid order, yet under normal conditions according to a fairly regular sequence. In 1833, for instance, a boy started as a Stone Hammer, passed on to the status of a Lumpwood, and was gradually promoted to the Dog, Black Mouth, Bull, and Raven societies. However, he did not advance automatically as he grew older. Whenever his age-group were ready, they offered fees to the leaders of the coveted society and purchased their way into it collectively. Individual honors could be bought from individual old-stagers of prominence, but these were extra frills. The general right to a place in the organizations came by collective purchase.

Purchase is the proper word, not joining. For the novices, instead of being added to the ranks of the old-timers, literally displaced them. In the native view the members of a society owned valuable property in the form of songs, dances, and paraphernalia, which they could not be expected to yield lightly. Hence there were lengthy and often amusing negotiations. The prospective buyers or "sons" brought pipes and initial gifts to dispose the "fathers," who might be only four or five years older, to sell out. But the "fathers" were keen to scent their advantage: it would of course break their hearts to surrender their beloved badges and chants, and they displayed infinite ingenuity to keep applicants in suspense and to justify extravagant demands. When my informant Poor-Wolf and his comrades wanted to become Black Mouths, the old-stagers said, "You are going too fast; you have only recently got into the Half-shaved Head society." It took them a year to listen favorably to the proposal. Then they declared that since there were seven clans in their organization, they required seven pipes and seven horses as the first instalment. Similarly, the Kit-Foxes told their "sons," "These foxes have ten claws on their front legs, so we wish you to give us a ten days' feast."

Nevertheless, the buyers were not wholly at their seniors' mercy. There was a limit beyond which it was not safe to go. Thus, when the Kit-Fox and Crazy Dog memberships were held by the same company, they overreached themselves by an extortionate demand. Then the Stone Hammers simply let them go hang and bought the next higher, or Little Dog grade, whose owners were more reasonable. A company of men also usually found comfort in the advice and tangible aid given by certain older groups. In the Hidatsa-Mandan scheme any age-company evidently had interests opposed to those of the immediately adjoining groups, for it tried to get as much as it could from the one below and to buy as cheaply as it could from the one above.

If we number the companies in order, the relationship of the second and the first was that of an unscrupulous landlord to his tenants, but the rôles were reversed with the substitution of the third for the first. Thus, all the even-numbered groups were tied together by the bond of a common hostility against the odds. The sentiment was much like that which aligns our college freshmen and juniors against sophomores and seniors. My friend Hairy-coat illustrated the point by putting down a series of five vertical sticks in one row and five other sticks in the interspaces, set somewhat higher. Then, regardless of level, any stick represented the "fathers" of the stick to the left, while all the sticks in one row symbolized the groups linked together as "friends."

Even the women, who were organized into similar, though fewer bodies, were dragged into these alliances. Thus, when Black-chest and his contemporaries were buying Kit-Fox membership, the River women contributed to their fund one blanket apiece. Sometimes senior "friends" aided their junior allies by amusing makeshifts. Once a group of boys were buying their way into the Stone Hammer organization. The *beati possedentes* coolly stuck one of their standards into the ground and

told the purchasers they must four times pile up property to the height of a stone pivoted on the staff. When the buyers were vainly cudgeling their brains how to reach the mark, a Lumpwood "friend" advised throwing a tall bonnet on the heap of goods, which just barely reached the required level. The Lumpwood then cried out to the sellers, "Your sons are clever!"

Still another striking feature of these negotiations was the temporary surrender of the buyers' wives to their "fathers," single men apparently borrowing some obliging comrade's or fellow-clansman's spouse. Prince Maximilian gave a graphic account of the procedure. My informants corroborated his report but declared that in most cases the proceeding was merely a handsome gesture. The sellers made a show of acceptance, but usually scrupled to exercise marital rights for fear of bad luck. The following is a typical case. When Black-chest's company became Little Dogs, their "fathers" stretched a rope between two posts and hung some sacred sashes over it.

Then each of the buyers' wives would strip naked, covering her genitalia with her hands, approach the rope, rise on tiptoes to seize a sash, cover her nakedness again, press the emblem to her breast and hang it up,—all this to the accompaniment of the sellers' songs. Returning to their seats, the women put on their robes, and their husbands then told them they were to be given to the senior group. A wife would accordingly go out with her allotted "father." But Black-chest's wife reported that the older man merely bade her face west with him and prayed as follows: "My gods, my son has given me his wife. I wish that my daughter-in-law may always enjoy a long and happy life, and I ask you on behalf of my son that he may conquer his enemies." After this prayer he allowed her to return untouched.

As for the aims of these brotherhoods, one of the foremost doubtless was the pleasure to be got out of the incidental social contacts. Membership also gained a man prestige, allowed him to participate in fun and frolic, and even at times gave him rights against the community at large. A Stone Hammer was allowed to steal food from his neighbors; as a Lumpwood one occasionally had a chance to hug a fellow-member's wife; as a Little Dog you charivaried the villagers at will; the Black Mouths could bully everybody; and the Dogs helped themselves to any choice morsels on the women's meat racks. And, whatever else they might be, all of the organizations were mutual benefit societies and clubs, in which members could loaf, feast, sing, dance, and enjoy life generally.

But there was a serious as well as a sportive side to the matter. Not for nothing do these organizations figure in the literature as "military" companies. Their very emblems were often weapons,—knobbed sticks, bows, spears. The officer wearing or carrying such an emblem must stand his ground irrespective of danger. When a Kit-Fox holding the hooked staff got into battle he planted it in the ground and thereafter might not budge, no matter how many enemies threatened his life, unless some comrade plucked out the standard. The privileges granted to some of the officers appear as a compensation for the risks they ran on behalf of the community. But in truth all members were expected to be brave. Death-defiance was the theme of half the songs sung at any meeting, and a splendid spirit of bravado many of them display:

> I am on the earth for just a little while.
> I am a man, I desire no help.
> No matter how many die, let them die.
> I wish to lie with my bones scattered.
> A man ought to die, I will go.
> When these Hidatsa run, they are crazy: so say I.
> No one lives forever. Whatever happens, I shall go.

This was the burden of all instructions by elders. If the Kit-Foxes feasted some older statesmen, the guests were sure to call up individuals by name and exhort them: "You have a great many enemies. You will not live long, but try to be men." And when fifteen-year-old Wolf-chief's group became Stone Hammer novices, they

were admonished to emulate the example of two especially brave warriors, while the women present were told they might look to these youths for protection.

Another important function was constabulary. While some of their neighbors distributed this task among several fraternities, the Mandan and Hidatsa concentrated the police power in the Black Mouth society. This controlled the camp with an iron hand whenever the tribe as a whole was chasing buffalo. Whoever broke the rules by hunting by himself or before the signal was severely flogged, his ill-gotten spoils were confiscated, and sometimes even his bow or gun was broken in two. Power is always liable to abuse, and the Black Mouths formed no exception to the rule. Poor-Wolf was a mild nonagenarian when I saw him in 1910, but about 1860 Boller reports him strutting about the village as head of the police and knocking down several women with the cold-bloodedness of a revenue officer. Two members of this society, bearing peace-pipes, had a gentler task. Whenever a quarrel had arisen between tribesmen they acted as moderators and smoothed over the difficulty.

Supernaturalism did not loom overmuch in these men's clubs, yet they were not without their share of it. The Stone Hammers, for instance, had the sanction of a vision for everything they wore and did. The founder had seen the moon and a star in his revelation; that is why the members ever after scratched a crescent and a star design on their stone emblems. So the Dogs based their stage properties on the instructions laid down by legendary canines who came down from the sky. Again, the Lumpwoods had been blessed by some mysterious buffalo and thus acquired their power to drive a herd into a pound.

In the women's auxiliary branches of the system, this religious element came to the fore while the martial features receded into the background. In fact, it was only the lower women's societies that had any definite connection with militarism. The Skunk girls, for instance, and the Enemy women celebrated jubilee dances over a fallen foeman, but the more distinguished orders—the Goose, the River, the White Buffalo Cow women—all bore a religious character.

Indeed, the performers turned sacred for the time being and were not allowed to go about their daily chores before having their holiness swept off their bodies with sagebrush. The Goose women wore headbands of goose or duck and danced in the Spring in order to make the corn grow, for by a quaint association of ideas there was a belief that geese and corn were at bottom the same thing.

Still more important was the public duty of the Buffalo Cows, "most of whose charms had unmistakably faded," as old Boller puts it. For whenever there was famine these matrons were expected to lure buffalo to the village, and miraculous tales are told of their success. Once, for instance, while they were performing, a buffalo obligingly came to the very doorway of a lodge and was of course killed on the spot. Indeed, according to Boller the society *never* failed, for they simply continued dancing until buffalo were sighted,—if necessary, for weeks. A very striking performance it must have been, with most of the women in painted robes, the leader wrapped in the skin of an albino cow, and each wearing a headdress of white buffalo skin decorated with feathers and all moving to the drumming and chanting of male musicians.

The Geese and the Buffalo Cows had junior members,—young girls of good family whose parents had established a reputation for liberality and were willing to pay heavily for the privilege. The Indians were quite up to the trick of exploiting parental pride.

In fact, the underlying psychology of the whole scheme of both men's and women's organizations is intelligible only when one remembers the universal foibles of human nature. Let us accept unchallenged the aboriginal supernaturalism, let

us admit that the clubs had a legitimate purpose for recreation, military training, and the preservation of peace in the community.

But all this might have been achieved by a single union of men into which boys were admitted gratis at adolescence. Why must husbands go through the formality of sharing their marital rights with the seller of a new degree? Why did the age societies conceive their membership as incorporeal property? How could they hypnotize younger groups into paying extortionate fees for this fictitious and factitious property, even to the point of impoverishing themselves and their kin? Was it absolutely necessary to go through the whole costly rigmarole again and again, merely to exchange a knobbed stick or stone hammer for a dewclaw rattle, one song for another, the privilege of pillaging lodges at night for that of publicly thieving meat from the racks in the village?

The answer is simple: Such is human nature. Why do hard-headed American business men flaunt fezzes and Oriental mummery in the streets of that Western center of thought, Los Angeles? Why will starveling college professors lavish half a month's salary on academic garb worn, at best, twice a year? If Hidatsa boys wrecked their relatives' fortunes to become Stone Hammers, what of college boys who consume their time and substance as stadium fans? In each of these cases people do what they do for one or both of two reasons: because they enjoy doing it, or because it's the thing to do. Life is sad at best, and one must snatch such minimum wages of pleasure as one can. And one of the greatest of all human comforts is surely to be on the band-wagon. A Hidatsa "didn't belong" unless he belonged to some society; and it was a matter of pride to do his bit handsomely when his peers were buying membership. That was *his* way of being a regular fellow. He was getting a lot of fun and earning *kudos* to boot. Why shouldn't he be willing to pay the price?

MR. JEFFERSON'S UNIVERSITY

BY EMILY CLARK

WITHIN the last year the University of Virginia has, in a special and peculiar manner, become a tangible symbol, perhaps the last, of Thomas Jefferson's Virginia. In its columned calm against the Blue Ridge foothills, it is as detached from the new Virginia of Bishop Cannon as the Parthenon is detached from modern Greece. In every physical aspect it is, as ever, a lovely witness to the dreams of a young Virginian just returned from the universities of France with a plan already shaped, to be presented later, through Joseph Carrington Cabell, to the Virginia Senate. When Mr. Jefferson rather resoundingly declared that he "had sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man" his intention was as simple and direct as his words were rhetorical. And his hostility has persisted during the 104 years of the university's existence. This healthy persistence, through all the phases of academic history, gives the university a distinction which survives any criticism, however just. It is the old Jeffersonian hostility which has made the school a red rag to the political bulls running amok in Virginia today.

Before the university buildings were finished in 1823, and long before the first faculty (consisting of several Englishmen, one German and one Virginian) had been chosen in 1825, Jefferson wrote to George Ticknor in Boston:

> I am not fully informed of the practices at Harvard, but there is one from which we shall certainly vary, although it has been copied, I believe, by nearly every college and academy in the United States. That is, holding the students to one prescribed course of reading, and disallowing exclusive application to those branches only which are to qualify them for the particular vocations to which they are destined. We shall, on the contrary, allow them uncontrolled choice in the lectures they shall choose to attend, and require elementary qualification only, and sufficient age. Our institution will proceed on the principle of doing all the good it can, without consulting its own pride or ambition; of letting everyone come and listen to whatever he thinks may improve the condition of his mind.

This attitude, still maintained, has seemed to other colleges a bit excessive. One of its results is that, both academically and athletically, Virginia produces fewer spectacular students than other universities. It is, as a matter of fact, almost the only American college which offers no "athletic scholarships," or special rates to men who are plainly future football stars. Sport is still regarded as a diversion rather than as necessary publicity, with the result that Virginia loses many more games than she wins. For these reasons and many more she is less "collegiate" than any American university, not even excepting Harvard, that ancient and honorable exception to most collegiate rules. Cheer leaders appeared on the Virginia gridiron very much later than on any others, and even now their frail following must dishearten them. For Virginia men dislike cheering even their own team, and, as one of the younger faculty members once said to me: "I am proud and happy to say they cheer very badly."

Nor have raccoon coats, painted slickers or flapping galoshes ever been popular on the Lawn. And it is worthy of notice, by the way, that the university has never had a campus, but a Lawn, just as Harvard possesses a Yard.

II

It is inevitable that a policy of "hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man," and the "gentlemanly aloofness" which is the ideal attitude here should lead, in many cases, to a complete indifference to both study and sport. If a man wishes to remain indefinitely at Virginia for other purposes than these, he is allowed to, without question or interference. I remember two charming examples known to my own youth who remained for more years than I can accurately state, and were indulgently regarded by faculty, students and visiting girls as indispensable social adjuncts of the place. They did not wish to work, to play football, or to go home, and no one compelled them to do any of these things.

Incidentally, though a man is seldom expelled from Virginia (almost never except for an offense against the Honor System) expulsion, when it does occur, is not the amusing incident that being kicked out of most colleges is considered. It is an affair as serious, and as difficult to live down, as a letter from the board of governors of a club requesting a member's resignation. Perhaps the two ornaments of the Lawn who remained on for years found it a source of æsthetic inspiration, since they have surely not been failures in later years. There is, of course, an effort, not yet completely organized, by an element in the university to bring it into collegiate competition, to make it more of a forcing house for young talents, both of the mind and of the body, to create college spirit, to achieve successes for "the honor of the school" and the rest of the rah! rah! line, but it has not gone very far. Rather the tendency is to maintain the old tradition of working hard, if and when one chooses, in sympathetic surroundings, taking a degree only if one desires to. No honorary degrees, by the way, are ever conferred by Virginia. Equally one plays hard, if that seems more desirable, and in either case athletics are regarded more as amusement than as path to glory. Freshmen, sophomores and juniors have never been called by these names, but have been known as first-year, second-year and third-year men. When Dr. Alderman, first and only president of the university, wanted freshman dormitories a few years ago, he won the distinction of gracefully yielding to a minority vote, on learning that some of the students thought first-year men should be allowed to live where they chose. And they still do.

A writer in the last "Corks and Curls," the university's year book, calls the men at the university who believe in what they call progress Organizers, and the non-believers Libertarians. He is filled with gloom by the headway which the Organizers have already made, illustrated by the fact that they dare to use such objectionable words as freshman, campus and dorm. He sees another sign of a new day in the administration's order to the students to stop drinking, when it once requested them "as gentlemen to desist from riotous imbibing." The Libertarians are fearing that students will not always be allowed to live where and as they choose, to pass when they can make the grade and bust out when they can't. They stand firmly by the reply of Reddy Echols, the grand old man of the faculty, to a student who asked if there were any optional questions on an examination: "They're all optional—take 'em or leave 'em!"

There seems no cause for too much alarm here, however, when one of the youngest faculty members, a recent Rhodes scholar at Oxford, announces with calm pride that he has no objection to flunking out 65% of his class. For, he reasonably argues, he is there to give his young men a chance to learn, but not to make them learn. How much they want to study is their affair. It is a wonderful place to think in, he says, but if a man doesn't want to think he shouldn't be coerced into thinking. Never! The Organizer group points to the university's lack of intellectual and sporting luminaries. It advocates compulsory attendance at lectures and football games, com-

pulsory subscription to college magazines. This plan would, of course, enormously increase attendance and production, but wouldn't it effectively break down the "gentlemanly aloofness"? Probably, too, it would increase the size of the college, and it is the present relatively small enrollment that makes the Libertarian ideal possible to attain. The Libertarians believe that "it is not wise to turn a good clerk into a poor professor, and that it would not hurt to turn out fewer Ph.D.'s than other colleges." In any case, the record of Virginia alumni seems to prove that no serious harm is caused by the infrequency of sensational collegiate successes.

Unfortunately, here, as elsewhere, the Organizers are more active and articulate than the Libertarians who cherish the "gentlemanly aloofness" ideal, or, as it is far more commonly known at Virginia, keeping your neck in. This last is a social obligation laid upon the young gentlemen of Virginia largely by the two Ribbon societies, Eli Banana and T. I. L. K. A., both important social organizations. To fail to keep your neck in, to become conspicuous in any way, is a *faux pas*. The writer in "Corks and Curls" believes this rule to be pernicious in its effect upon the Libertarians, since it intensifies their elegant inactivity, and leaves them too weakened to deal fairly with Mr. Babbitt, who has strayed as far from Zenith as Albemarle county, Virginia. He believes that the Ribbon societies were evilly inspired when they "forsook their ancient occupations (drinking) to promulgate the ridiculous idea of dignity now prevailing," an idea which decrees any movement, even a counter-movement, to be in bad taste.

As for drinking, the nail upon which the Rev. David Hepburn, the Anti-Saloon League, and the other forces of Bishop Cannon hang their worst charges against Jefferson's university, there is probably no more of it, and no less, than in any other American college. The bibulous reputation of Virginia may have been strengthened by the candor of the Eli song:

> We're just the right size
> For jolly Elis,
> For we are drunk, boys, yes every one.

Or it may be due to the fact that when a student is drunk he likes to take a walk through Charlottesville and speak cheerfully to everyone, while at Harvard, for instance, it is considered better form to seek a degree of seclusion in the same condition. But this is only a difference between the Virginian and the New England tradition, not a difference in either the desire or the capacity for refreshment. It should be said here that it is an unforgivable offense at Virginia to appear drunk at a university dance. This may have some connection with the Virginian myth of "ladies," which dies hard. At any rate, it is astonishing to the point of quaintness when put beside the custom of dances elsewhere. It is also true that the Hot Feet (in my youth to be on intimate terms with a Hot Foot was important, and to attend their coronation on the steps of Cabell Hall highly desirable) were eventually kicked out of existence after a big party at which they shot bows and arrows from the museum all over the Lawn and defaced the statues. When they were later reorganized they decorously adopted the name of I. M. P.—Dr. J. M. Page's initials with a Latin J. But these facts have apparently made no impression upon the Anti-Saloon League or the sectarian clergy, if indeed they are sufficiently acquainted with the university ever to have heard of them.

At any rate, in November 1928, a hitherto-unheard-of Presbyterian minister living near Fredericksburg wrote a letter to his local paper after the Virginia-North Carolina game at Charlottesville to say that the number of drunken students and drunken girls at the game had appalled him. The fact that he sat in the stadium while the students and their girls sat in the bleachers, too far away for a breath test, seemed not to affect the plausibility of his letter in the eyes of the Rev. Mr. Hepburn, a Pennsylvanian who is now superintendent of the Virginia Anti-Saloon League. Nor did the

swift and generous statement of many alumni present, that it was they who were drunk rather than the undergraduates.

Mr. Hepburn at once wrote a letter to Governor Byrd, to the effect that drinking at the university was "a State-wide scandal," demanding that Federal secret service men be given "as free and as uninterrupted access to the university grounds, fraternity houses and student body as the bootleggers are now reported to have," and asserting that the university's Honor System was "obsolete and false," because it "makes it more of a crime, in the judgment of the student body, to give information as to the sale and consumption of ardent spirits among the students than to give information as to bootleggers who defy the fundamental law of the land." Mr. Hepburn also implied that if Governor Byrd and Dr. Alderman refused to accept this ultimatum he would lead a drive to withhold State appropriations from the university. Dr. Alderman, who received the letter from Governor Byrd, made a formal report in reply. He declared that these reports of excessive drinking were quite unfounded and that Federal prohibition officers had always had free access to the university. He also stated that there was no connection whatever between drinking and the Honor System, except that all university dances were "pledged" by the Honor Council, and offenders punished by the council.

This correspondence inevitably stirred the entire State into an echo of the excitement caused a short time before, when Virginia went Republican in the national election under the leadership of Mr. Hepburn and Bishop Cannon. Since the newspapers had been unanimously against Mr. Hepburn in that campaign, they were again unanimous in their condemnation. The affair assumed far more than a superficial significance. The Anti-Saloon League has long disliked the University of Virginia, regarding it as a last stronghold of aristocracy, and therefore of wickedness. Jefferson's university has remained, through the attitude of its faculty and its students, the one fastness of the State which has never submitted to political or religious dictation. Since honor, not morality, was emphasized by Jefferson, an emphasis which has survived in his school, the attitude bewilders as well as irritates the leaders of new Virginia. The reminder in the last "Corks and Curls" that "morality is of the flesh and honor is of the spirit; that the flesh is corruptible and the spirit incorruptible" has no meaning for them, and they stress the importance of constant supervision and spying. Fortunately, the faculty of Virginia belong, almost to a man, to the Libertarian School, and realize that to assume responsibility for student morality would mark them definitely as adversaries to the students. In addition, it would curtail their own liberty as sharply as it would curtail undergraduate liberty. And this idea is not pleasing to them.

The Dry activity is, of course, partly spite, since the president, most of the faculty and an overwhelming majority of the students supported Governor Smith in 1928. Neither Bishop Cannon, Mr. Hepburn, nor their followers can ever forgive an undergraduate gesture so flamboyant that it was boxed on the front page of the New York *World*. The morning after election day the statue of Thomas Jefferson on the Lawn was found shrouded in heavy crape, and beneath it a placard carried an inscription:

> To the memory of Jeffersonian Democracy and religious freedom.
> Died in Virginia November 6, 1928.

The democracy which holds only that superior men must not be held down is incomprehensible to a democracy which holds, instead, that inferior men must be forced up. But there has been a deeper reason than spite for the Cannon-Hepburn hostility. It is that an authentic F. F. V., during the last four years—one of the rare intervals since the War Between the States—occupied the executive mansion in Richmond. And Governor Harry Byrd proved himself difficult to deal with, impossible to control. The drys have wished to use

the university as a moral issue through which they could lead a more pliable candidate into the governorship of the State. If the university could have been proved to their followers to have sold out to the wets in its support of Governor Smith, and Governor Byrd could have been proved indifferent to the shocking conditions there, it would have given them a definite advantage in the recent State election. So the university has rather dramatically become an incarnation of all that these men hate and fear. And it will be persecuted as long as its persecutors are in power. The recent construction of a Baptist church almost at the entrance to the college, a direct affront to its scientific school, and, so its builders may argue, an antidote to it, is a milestone in the dry advance.

III

The university now is hard pressed from within as well as without. It has the difficult job of adjusting itself to its time without being submerged by its time. It is reminiscent of Oxford in its serenity, as more than one Oxford don entering the Colonnade Club has observed. This club, for professors, alumni and friends of the university, occupies the historic pavilion planned to be Central College, the college which never lived outside of Jefferson's mind, and from which the University of Virginia was developed by him. But Oxonian dignity is comfortably adulterated by Virginian casualness, a casualness sometimes running to the shiftlessness and shabbiness annoying to the North and soothing to Virginians.

Clothes are comparatively unimportant here. Money, as elsewhere, is desirable, but social standing is still independent of it. A good Virginia name is an assistance into certain clubs and fraternities, but not a passport. Collegiate standing is achieved with or without it. Athletic accomplishment, as in other colleges, probably counts as much as any one element in a man's popularity, but it is not indispensable. The purely æsthetic temperament finds the atmosphere not hostile, but indifferent, and I remember one young æsthete who left for Harvard, where he was made at home. The college is too small to contain, like Harvard, every type of man, but it is unfriendly to no type that I can think of. Oddly, New York has contributed the largest quota to its enrollment after the State of Virginia, and New England takes third place. That Virginia, New York and New England are better represented here than the Far South is significant, but I shall not say what it signifies. The temper of the university has been hardly more actively literary than æsthetic, although of late there has been an increased interest in contemporary letters. The *Virginia Quarterly Review*, published by a staff completely of the college, may have been an influence in this direction. At all events it does not suffer by comparison with the *Yale Review* and it has become known as a surprising product of a soil never sympathetic to letters.

There is no enforced intimacy here, and though many students live on East and West Range, where students since the days of Edgar Allan Poe have liked to live because of the loveliness of the Ranges, many more are scattered throughout Charlottesville. The fact that the dormitory system has never prevailed probably produces the degree of formality, the freedom from too much intimacy, that is one of Virginia's best assets. Undergraduates take off their hats to each other, and professors address students as "Gentlemen." The concept of "gentlemen," though at times detrimental to a sense of humor, has made the Honor System the unquestioned success that it is. It has enabled the college, specifically the student body, to manage its own affairs without aid or outside jurisdiction. During the last generation a number of Virginia men proceeded to Heidelberg for their Ph.D.'s, returning to Virginia to teach. As everyone who has visited the old university in the shadow of the *Schloss* remembers, even Imperial Germany was never permitted to punish Heidelberg men for offenses against public peace and order.

The school took care of them in its own "prison." Perhaps the Heidelberg tradition may have been one of the factors in Virginia's reputation for carrying its liquor well. Perhaps not, since the old Heidelberg men, however notable their youthful *Biertisch* triumphs, are models of sobriety and discretion now. Virginia's Honor System, though a cause for doubt and speculation in other universities, can be authoritatively reported to be as competent in handling intra-collegiate matters as Heidelberg's prison. When a new man reaches Charlottesville he is shortly made to realize that his word is his bond. When he learns that he cannot stay if he cheats he also learns that cheating in examinations, which instructors never attend, is only one item in the law.

Naturally, the liberties and the restrictions implicit in this system are confusing to the system of government outside, which holds nothing in common with the government inside the college. But it is the system which, without spectacular achievements, once caused M. Lucien Poincaré, president of the University of Paris, to say: "The University of Virginia has spoken always a language peculiar and pure." It is perhaps why M. Jusserand, erroneously, I fear, called it "the most envied university in the world." It is why fraternities, because of their national, almost Federal aspect, are perhaps less valued socially at this university than certain clubs, although most Virginia men belong to fraternities. Their suspicion of fraternities was not allayed last Spring when the national chapter of Delta Tau Delta caused an investigation of the use of liquor in the Virginia chapter.

Within my own lifetime two changes so radical have been made in the life of the university that one wonders if other changes as basic will follow. The first was the election in 1904 of Dr. Edwin Anderson Alderman as president of the college. Jefferson had continuously opposed a president, and did not succumb even to the suggestion of William Wirt as the first one. He himself was rector of the first Board of Visitors, of which Madison and Monroe were members. Dr. Alderman's election is now known to be less a change in the spirit of the law than the letter, since his régime has required no fundamental alterations.

The second change was the admission, some years later, of women into the college, after a bitter fight within and without the Legislature. Virginia's enrollment of 2000, however, includes only 150 women, and the entrance requirements for these masochistic females, are stricter than for men. It cannot truthfully be said that they have to this day been made warmly welcome at Virginia, and at college dances most of the girls are imported. To the credit of the women it must be said that they are far less conspicuous, far less a stain on the cool whiteness, the beautiful austerity of these Doric, Corinthian and Ionic arcades than had been feared. Women are always a deplorably unæsthetic note in the monastic harmony of a man's university, and these women apparently realize it. One is seldom aware of them. Doubtless they think their own thoughts, doubtless they are without illusion as to their social desirability at Virginia. In their lack of illusion they resemble the Virginia ladies of the past, but at least one of them has proved, in making this lack articulate, that they are of their own time. Recently, in class a self-assured youth said, nonchalantly producing a cigarette: "Mind if I light up?" And the lady replied: "You can light up, burn up and go to Hell for all I care."

Nowhere, however, has the value of girls as girls gone higher than at Virginia. It once reached the point of naming a home-made musical show "The Visiting Girl." It once reached the point of naming a favorite soft drink at the Corner "The Virginia Girl." It even reached the point—and this I believe to be unparalleled in the history of college towns—of causing a Charlottesville street to be named for one of the most popular girls the town ever produced. The street carries her name to this day, a tribute to her, and to what must have been an unusual board of aldermen.

A third change almost took place at the university when a board of architects was called to build new dormitories, and the Monroe house, with slave quarters still standing, was in danger of immediate destruction. It was saved by a frantic protest from Richmond alumni. Poe's room in Rowdy Row, West Lawn, is vacant now and bleak, cared for, but not too assiduously, by the Raven Society. This society, like Phi Beta Kappa, requires a high academic standing for membership. Although there is an intimate interest in Poe at the university very little is known of his career there beyond his constant appeals to Mr. Allan in Richmond for money, and a paper read by him before the Jefferson Society, of which he was an active member, in 1826. This society was formed in 1825, and of course offered honorary membership to Mr. Jefferson. He refused because of his connection with the university, but Mr. Madison, Mr. Monroe and the Marquis de Lafayette accepted.

In 1835 the Washington Society was formed, and forty-five years later the two societies held a debate in Washington Hall which was an interesting forerunner of a national debate in 1928. The question was: "Is the Roman Catholic element in the United States a menace to American institutions?" The contest was closer than the contest of 1928, and the judges required three days for their decision. The two young men, classmates in law school, whose argumentative gifts resulted in a three-day decision, were Woodrow Wilson and William Cabell Bruce, then of Virginia, now of Maryland. Mr. Wilson, who upheld the negative side, lost—another prophecy of 1928. Mr. Bruce, upholding the affirmative, won. It is known that Mr. Wilson believed in his own contention, but it is not known whether or not Mr. Bruce argued merely for the sake of argument. It is probable that he did, since in 1928 Governor Smith had no more gallant defender than Senator Bruce.

After the War Between the States, in which three student companies were organized at Virginia and five hundred alumni were killed, the university made the gorgeously Southern gesture of adopting as its colors cardinal red and silver grey. These colors, it needs no telling to those who know the mind and temper of that despairing day, represented the uniform of the Confederacy dyed in blood. In 1888, however, they were abandoned for the woeful reason that they were not fast colors, and ran in the sweat and filth of football games. Orange and blue, the present colors, were thereupon adopted.

There is grave doubt as to whether Mr. Jefferson's happiest form of self-expression, far truer as well as far more lovely than the Declaration of Independence, can remain intact in its essence. There is no doubt whatever that physically it will endure, short of fire or flood, as the most beautiful of American universities, and indeed the most beautiful of all universities except Oxford and Cambridge. Perhaps the mind that so adapted the Doric of Palladio and the Temple of Fortuna Virilis to the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia that they seem at home, at ease, and unadapted, realized the power of physical perfection. He must have realized that his enemies would be taken at a disadvantage here. It is possible that the loveliness of these buildings, in one of the loveliest of the Virginia counties, is the university's strongest shield today. Certainly, when Carl Van Vechten first saw the place with all the lilacs and all the Albemarle pippins in bloom and the white columns almost luminous in the light of opening May, he said: "If I had known there was such a place when I was at the proper age I would have come and stayed here whether I tried to learn anything or not." Nor was it better then than at my own first sixteen-year-old glimpse of it, dipped deep in snow. And surely it is never better than when moonlight adds another twist to the Serpentine Wall. So, by right of all these things, Mr. Jefferson may keep the upper hand.

THE LAW OF THE ROAD

BY H. H. SAWYER

A little more than twenty-six years ago, on October 30, 1903, the first printed traffic rules in America were published by the police department of New York City. They filled two small pages and ran to seventeen items; they have been the basis of nearly all traffic rules in the United States since. Automobiles are not mentioned in them. Here are some specimens:

> The word vehicle includes equestrians and everything on wheels or runners, except street cars and baby carriages.
>
> On all public streets or highways of the city all vehicles going in a northerly or southerly direction shall have the right of way over all vehicles going in an easterly or westerly direction.
>
> In slowing up or stopping, a signal shall always be given to those behind by raising the whip or hand vertically.
>
> In turning while in motion, or in starting to turn from a stand-still, a signal shall be given by raising the whip or hand, indicating with it the direction in which the turn is to be made.

Automobiles came into use about thirty-five years ago, but for a time they were mostly curiosities and shown for exhibition purposes, as at the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, where they amused the public at so much a ride. The first were equipped with whip-sockets and places for the attachment of shafts for horses. A newspaper of September 28, 1899, announced: "Three automobiles have been purchased by the War Department for the use of officers. Each is equipped so that mules may be hitched to it, should it refuse to run." Motor vehicles did not become numerous enough for the Legislatures to take notice of them until 1901. On April 25 of that year New York passed the first law governing the use of automobiles on the highways. Less than a month later Connecticut passed the second; then came Massachusetts in 1902, and Michigan, Illinois and Pennsylvania in 1903; soon the other States followed in rapid succession. Probably the last State which permitted automobiles to operate without any special regulation was Texas, which did not pass its first motor vehicle law until 1917.

The early laws dealt almost exclusively with the rate of travel and with provisions for the safety of horses on the highways. The regulation of traffic was left to the local authorities. Soon there grew up a multitude of traffic rules in the cities and towns, and out of them have come the present differences in State laws. Practically all the States now forbid local authorities to make any rule or regulation in conflict with the State laws.

From the start there has been a great difference of opinion among the Legislatures regarding the restrictions that should be placed on the use of motor vehicles, and consequently the laws of the States are more celebrated for their conflicts and discrepancies than for their uniformities. The one uniform thing about all of them is constant change. Every session of every Legislature sees a number of repeals and additions to the laws governing the operation of vehicles and the use of the highways.

The existing laws range in bulk from the meager and simple codes of Montana and Georgia, which have about 6500 and 7500 words respectively, to the elaborate code of New Jersey, which contains approximately 110,000 words on 136 pages of fine print. Codes so elaborate go into so much minutiæ that it is almost impossible to enter the States where they are in force without violating some law or other

at every turn. There are no two States with laws alike, and there are very few that do not have laws which are a direct contradiction of the laws of other States. The North Atlantic States, where the traffic problem is the oldest, have the most laws and have made the greatest number of experiments with new ones. These States have tended toward uniformity, but even here there are wide differences. For example, Pennsylvania and New Jersey require that in turning left at an intersection the driver shall keep to the left of the center of the intersecting highways, while the other States of the Eastern group provide that he must pass to the right.

It is now required everywhere that every motor vehicle, before being driven on the highways, shall be registered and that it shall display number plates or tags. In some States the registration and issuance of number plates are done by State officials, in some by county officials, and in others by local officials. In Mississippi the local tax collector collects the fees and issues the certificates of registration, keeping a percentage for his trouble. In Arkansas the sheriff does about the same duty, retaining thirty-five cents for each car registered. Generally it is required that the registration certificate shall accompany the car at all times, but in Alabama, Georgia, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, New Mexico, Ohio and Tennessee the certificate need not be carried. In several of the States a car cannot be registered until a certificate of title is furnished, showing that it is owned by the registrant, and in a few States it cannot be registered until proof of his financial responsibility is furnished.

II

The system of numbering cars grew up haphazard. At first they were numbered consecutively and many States still follow this plan, but when the numbers began to run into six or more figures, it was found advisable to adopt other methods, so that cars could be more easily identified. Letters or figures as an index to counties or districts are frequently used, but in New York, Pennsylvania and California more complicated systems are found. The State officer in charge of motor vehicles usually determines the plan of numbering cars, as well as the size and color of the number plates, although in some States these details are prescribed. In Georgia, for example, number plates may not be smaller than 7 x 16 inches.

Most States require that number plates shall have background and markings of contrasting colors, that they shall be kept clean, in plain view, and securely and rigidly fastened, not less than twelve inches nor more than forty-eight inches from the ground, and that there shall be nothing on them except the number, year and the State name or abbreviation. Several States provide that no other plate shall be displayed, such as one showing the name of a town, or a legend, or the like. Alabama, Florida, Kansas, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma and South Carolina issue only one number plate, which is to be shown on the rear of the car; all the other States issue two plates and provide that one shall be shown on the front and one at the rear. Louisiana, Arkansas, Georgia and Texas furnish slightly different plates, with the word Front on one and Rear on the other, and Kentucky has, in addition to the number, the year and the name of the State, the name of the county on the front plate and on the rear plate, "Kentucky for Progress." Number plates for trucks are usually somewhat different from others and there is a special plate for official cars. Thirteen States require motorcycles to have two number plates; all the others require but one.

Every State requires a new registration and a new number plate each year, and they are generally issued in the order applied for, but sometimes large companies with many cars, such as cab companies, are permitted to reserve a group of consecutive numbers, and in Maine and New Hampshire anyone may reserve the same

number from year to year by making application and paying the registration fee before a fixed date each year. In Wyoming a special statute was passed in 1929 providing that license plate No. 1—1 should for twenty-five years go to the county whose index number is otherwise number eleven. This was in recognition of a former State senator who lives in county No. 11, and who has had license No. 1 ever since the State began issuing license numbers.

In transferring the ownership of a car, twenty-nine States require that the certificate of registration shall be transferred to the buyer and the number plates shall remain with the car; sixteen States provide that neither the certificate of registration nor the number plate may be transferred from seller to buyer, but that the seller may retain them and have them transferred to another car by paying the difference in cost of registration, if any. Alabama, Nebraska and Virginia provide that the seller may, at his option, transfer them to the buyer with the car or retain them and have them transferred to another car.

The minimum age for driving an automobile varies from twelve years in South Carolina to eighteen in Texas and Vermont, with twenty-eight States fixing it at either fifteen or sixteen. No age limit is provided in Montana, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Virginia, Arkansas and Mississippi.

Keeping to the right when two vehicles meet and to the left in overtaking and passing another vehicle seems to have been customary in this country from the earliest days, but in England the rule has been the opposite from time immemorial. There is an old English rhyme relative to the law of the road which is said to be several centuries old:

> 'Tis the law of the road, though a paradox quite,
> If you keep to the left you'll always be right.

Just why the custom was not continued here is difficult to ascertain. At any rate, all the States now require that, in meeting, both vehicles shall keep to the right and that each shall yield at least one-half of the traveled portion of the highway to the other, and a number have additional requirements, such as Florida, which provides that, in meeting or passing, cars must keep eighteen inches from the center of the road.

The right of way at intersecting highways has long been a matter of dispute. While all States grant the preference, in some way, to the car approaching from the right, yet the wording of the various statutes is such as to cause a great deal of misunderstanding, and consequent trouble. Probably the simplest and best worded law on this subject is that of Wyoming which reads:

> The driver of any vehicle, upon approaching any intersection of public highway, shall be required to protect and give the right of way to all vehicles on his right.

The law of Iowa is much the same in effect:

> Where two vehicles are approaching on any public street or highway so that their paths will intersect and there is danger of collision, the vehicle approaching the other from the right shall have the right of way.

Under these laws the vehicle on the right has the right of way in all cases where there is any danger, but the laws of some States are so worded as to seem to give the right of way to the vehicle nearest the point of intersection, although stating that, if they approach at the same time, the car from the right shall have the right of way. The Massachusetts law says:

> Every driver of a motor or other vehicle approaching an intersecting way, shall grant the right of way at the point of intersection to a vehicle approaching from his right, provided that such vehicle is arriving at the point of intersection at approximately the same instant.

And this from Delaware:

> The operator of a vehicle approaching an intersection shall yield the right of way to a vehicle which has entered the intersection. When two vehicles enter an intersection at the same time, the operator of the vehicle on the left shall yield the right of way to the vehicle on the right.

Many statutes provide that at intersections "the driver of any vehicle traveling at an unlawful speed shall forfeit any right

of way which he might otherwise have," and in no State is excessive speed or negligence excused because one has the right of way at an intersection.

The laws generally require that all cars shall come to a full stop before entering arterial highways and boulevards in cities which are marked with a STOP sign. In Maine, Massachusetts, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Nebraska, Idaho, Washington, and the District of Columbia the traffic on the through highway or boulevard has the complete right of way and all incoming cars must yield to it. Elsewhere, such laws do not give to the driver on the through road any additional rights but merely provide another safety factor. When the incoming car has stopped, the rights of both drivers are the same as at any other intersecting roads.

Either by statute or by court decision pedestrians are usually given the right of way at sidewalk crossings and vehicles have the right of way elsewhere on the streets. A recent decision of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia says:

> Drivers of automobiles should remember that pedestrians have the right of way on all crossings excepting controlled crossings, where they have the right of way to enter when the crossing is open, and that right of way continues until they have reached the opposite curb.

With few exceptions all the State laws prescribe the manner of turning at intersections. Right turns are uniform throughout the country, and one must keep as close to the right curb as practicable, but in turning left all but four States require a driver, "when turning to the left, to proceed beyond and to the right of the center of the intersecting streets." Kentucky, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and South Carolina provide that all vehicles, when turning to the left, shall keep to the left of the center of the intersecting highways. In Maine, Wisconsin and Louisiana the laws provide that the cities may mark their streets to require turning to the left of the center of the intersections.

No laws regulating driving are so much in conflict as those governing the hand signals to be given by a driver to indicate the movement he intends to make. Sixteen States do not prescribe a code of signals but leave the matter to the local authorities or to the good sense of the driver; the result is that very often a signal has different meanings within a short distance. Twenty States require but one signal, the left hand extended horizontally from the car; it is intended as a warning and the vehicle following is to be prepared for whatever movement the preceding car may make. Colorado and Vermont have two signals. In Colorado the left arm extended horizontally means a left turn and downward means "stop." Vermont says:

> To make a left turn, extend left arm and hand, palm to the front, straight out at right angles with body and point with index finger only, keeping hand stationary. To stop, slow down, and when leaving the curb or parking place, extend left arm, hand and all fingers, palm to the front straight out at right angles with body and hold hand stationary.

There are eleven States which prescribe three signals, left turn, right turn, and stop or slow. In Arizona, California and Virginia a horizontally extended left arm and hand means a left turn, an uplifted arm means a right turn, and a downward extended left arm means a stop. North Carolina has the same signals except that for a left turn the index finger is to be extended. In Massachusetts and New Jersey a left turn is indicated by extending the left hand horizontally with the index finger pointing, a right turn by a sweeping rotary motion with the left hand, and a stop by horizontally extended left hand open, palm backward. And so on.

III

In the early days of motoring there were few road signs or markers, but soon systematic efforts were made by automobile clubs and chambers of commerce to set them up. Special roads were selected by the associations and given a name and marked

with a special sign, usually in striking colors and designs, such as the Lincoln Highway from New York to San Francisco, whose sign was a letter L on red, white and blue bands. These special roads are now incorporated in the State and national highway systems and the gaudy signs have given way to official numbers. When States began to mark their highways, each State had its own distinctive road marker, quite often the outline of the State with the number of the highway in the center, but now the tendency is to uniformity, with a metal disc for the State road numbers, while the Federal system uses a shield.

Signs have been everywhere placed at curves, cross roads, railroads and other places to warn drivers of every danger or change in the road. Certain States and cities have been experimenting with unusual or freak signs or warnings with the intent to catch the eye of motorists and thus prevent accidents. The Ohio Highway Commission has placed along the roads, wherever a person has been killed in an accident, a small white cross about three feet high. In some places skull-and-crossbones signs have been used at dangerous intersections, bad curves and obscured railroad crossings. The city of Detroit once experimented with a life-size rubber dummy of a woman, painted in natural colors. This dummy was used to stop traffic and protect pedestrians, and was moved from one location to another so that drivers would not become accustomed to it. Some States have posted along the highways such signs as: "Horse sense as well as horse power enter into the operation of an automobile," "Don't try to scare a locomotive with your horn," and "Drive carefully; you may meet a fool."

The rate of speed at which automobiles should be permitted to operate was the first subject of motor vehicle legislation. Today there is the widest diversity of opinion on the subject. The maximum speed limit ranges from thirty miles an hour in Utah to fifty miles in Nevada, and there is no fixed limit in about a dozen States. The States which fix no maximum usually have other restrictions. New York provides that "a rate of speed in excess of thirty miles an hour for a distance of one-fourth of a mile shall be presumptive evidence of driving at a rate of speed which is not careful and prudent." And Iowa provides that "no person shall drive any vehicle upon a highway at a speed greater than will permit him to bring it to a stop within the assured clear distance ahead." Slower rates of speed are prescribed in all of the States for certain conditions, such as passing school houses, crossing bridges, where the view is obstructed, and in driving in cities and towns. Massachusetts provides:

> It shall be considered prima facie unreasonable to operate at a speed greater than eight miles an hour where the operator's view of the road traffic is obstructed, either upon approaching a pedestrian on a highway, an intersecting way, where the view is obscured, or in going around a corner or curve in a way.

Mississippi's law reads:

> No person running or operating . . . a motor vehicle, shall pass a person driving a horse or horses or other domestic animals or foot passengers walking in the roadway of the highway, . . . nor pass a public school, in school days, when school is held between the hours of eight o'clock *ante meridian* and four o'clock *post meridian*, or pass a building of public worship on the Sabbath day during the usual hours of service at a greater rate of speed than eight miles per hour.

Driving faster than is prudent and reasonable under the circumstances and conditions of the street or road is generally forbidden, and Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey also forbid driving slower than is reasonable.

Each State prescribes certain equipment that every motor vehicle must have while operating on the highways. Among the things commonly required are adequate brakes, proper lights, a sounding device, a rear view mirror, and a windshield wiper. Not a few States lay special stress on the subject of brakes, even providing testing stations and requiring that all brakes shall be tested periodically. The distance within which a car shall be able to stop with adequate brakes is sometimes specified. The Pennsylvania law reads:

> On a dry, hard, approximately level stretch of highway, free from loose material, the service brake shall be capable of stopping the motor vehicle from a speed of twenty miles per hour within a distance of fifty feet, or at a rate which corresponds with such performance.

Colorado, Oklahoma, Tennessee and Wyoming do not mention brakes in their laws, evidently relying upon the law of gravity in their mountains to eliminate all cars that are not equipped adequately.

Probably no feature of driving on the highways is more difficult to regulate than lighting. The use of two headlights and one tail light is universally required. Additional lights such as spot lights, signal lights and parking lights are usually allowed under proper regulations, although some States forbid a spot light while driving. The use of one powerful center light instead of two headlights is a violation of law in every State. A number of States provide for testing headlights and require the use of lenses inspected by the automobile department, but there are twenty-one States which do not require the use of approved lenses. New Jersey has the most elaborate law regulating lights. On the other hand, some of the laws cover little more than the number of lights required, the distance they must reveal objects, and the height of the beams. The American Automobile Association through its 1047 affiliated clubs made a nation-wide campaign for testing headlights and on May 20 last reported that close to 22,000,000 motor vehicles in the United States or 95% of the entire number registered, had improper headlights. Tests in the District of Columbia showed that out of 4591 cars only 237 complied with the law. In Norfolk, Va., only 6 out of 3000 complied, and in Scranton, Pa., only 14 out of 400.

A horn, bell or other signaling device is required in every State, and regulations as to its use are often specified, such as requiring it to be sounded before passing other cars, before crossing roads and before rounding curves where the view is obstructed, and frequently it is forbidden to use it unnecessarily. Many attempts have been made to regulate the kind of horn and the quantity and quality of sound, and sirens are often prohibited. Rhode Island's law provides:

> No person shall operate a motor vehicle, truck, bicycle or other vehicle which is equipped with a siren, either electrically, mechanically or hand propelled, or with any other signalling device that in construction or operation is similar to a siren, upon any street or highway; . . . provided, however, that the provisions of this section shall not apply to motor vehicles used for fire, police or ambulance purposes.

New Mexico's lawmakers introduced the æsthetic element when they enacted:

> It shall be unlawful, except as otherwise provided in this section, for any vehicle to be equipped with or for any person to use upon a vehicle any siren, or any compression or sparkplug whistle or any exhaust horn or whistle which does not produce a harmonious sound.

In twenty States and the District of Columbia a person must obtain a license to drive before he may operate a motor vehicle on the public highways. The first State to require a driver's license was Rhode Island in 1908; then followed New Hampshire, 1909, Connecticut, 1915, Maryland, 1919, Massachusetts, 1920, Vermont, Maine, Washington and West Virginia, 1921, New Jersey, 1922, New York and Pennsylvania, 1924, California, 1925, and since then Arizona, Delaware, Indiana, Michigan, Nebraska, Oregon, Wisconsin and District of Columbia. Before granting a license to drive, all of these States, except Indiana, Oregon, Washington and West Virginia, require the applicant to pass an examination in the traffic rules, give a demonstration of his ability to drive, and satisfy the examining officer as to his general fitness to operate a car. In Maine the examination is optional with the Secretary of State. The States requiring a driver's license commonly exempt non-residents from the provisions of their license laws. Two States, however, Maine and West Virginia, provide that all persons, resident and non-resident, shall have an operator's license before driving on their highways.

All the States have reciprocal laws—that is, laws which provide that motor

vehicles of other States may operate in them for a certain period of time, usually from ten days to six months, without registering and securing number plates, provided the owner has complied with the laws of his own State regarding these matters, and also providing that his State grants like privileges to residents of the home State. But all the States require the drivers of such foreign cars to observe the laws and rules of operation of the State in which they are driving, and they are subject to all the usual penalties for violation of these laws.

IV

In thirty-seven States it is required that when an accident has happened the persons involved must render aid to any one injured, and that each driver shall leave his name and address, and report the accident to the local officials or to the State motor vehicle department. Some laws require all accidents to be reported, others, only those in which there is property damage beyond a fixed amount or injury to a person, while still others require reports only when a person has been injured. No report of accidents is required in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan, Mississippi, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Texas and Wyoming. Mostly the records of accidents are open to the public, but in Arizona, California, Delaware, Maine, New Jersey, New Mexico, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Idaho they are confidential to the vehicle department and may not be used against the one making them.

Not many years ago liability insurance for automobile accidents was considered against public policy because it was thought that it would tend to careless driving, but now a good many States are experimenting with legislation to compel security for damages in case of accident. Massachusetts has a compulsory liability insurance law as follows:

> Whoever operates or permits to be operated a motor vehicle during such time as the motor vehicle liability policy or bond or deposit required by the provision of this chapter has not been provided and maintained in accordance therewith shall be punished by a fine of not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars or by imprisonment for not more than one year.

No other State exacts a direct penalty for operating a car without insurance, but several require that, should a driver have an accident for which he is responsible, he must thereafter furnish security for damages, in the form of insurance, bond, or deposit, or satisfy the Superintendent of Motor Vehicles of his financial ability to pay damages before he is again permitted to operate a car. There are still other States, Iowa for example, which provide that if a judgment for damages is not paid within a specified time the car license may be suspended and the driver forbidden to operate a car again until the damages are paid.

Many States provide that one arrested for minor infractions of the driving rules may be released upon his mere promise to appear for trial. Some of these States make a failure to appear when so released a misdemeanor subject to a fine up to $100 or thirty days in jail, whether guilty or not guilty of the offense charged, and others provide that a failure to appear shall forfeit the driver's right to operate on the highways. Maryland, Rhode Island and Mississippi permit a driver to deposit his car in lieu of a bond in cases of simple misdemeanor and in Oregon a member of an incorporated Automobile Club may deposit his membership card for bonds up to $25.

Officers making arrests for traffic violations, and sometimes the justices before whom the cases are tried, are in some States paid fees from the fines and costs collected from the convicted party; in other States officers are not permitted to receive fees from such cases. Wisconsin's law reads:

> No deputy sheriff, constable, marshal, policeman or other police officer shall be paid or shall receive any remuneration whatsoever upon the basis of the number of arrests made, convictions obtained or the amount of fines collected.

And the New York law says:

> No city or village shall employ any officer, agent or person whose compensation shall in any way depend upon the apprehension or arrest of any person or persons for violating the speed limit.

The penalties for violations of the road laws are as diverse as the laws themselves. For the same offense one may receive a small fine in one State and a jail sentence in another. The penalty for driving a car while intoxicated in Wyoming is a fine not to exceed $50 for the first offense and not more than $100 or sixty days in jail, or both, for each succeeding offense. In West Virginia the penalty for the same act is not less than sixty days nor more than six months in jail and a fine of not less than $25 nor more than $100, and for the second offense not less than one year nor more than three years in the penitentiary.

Beside the laws covering the usual matters of highway regulations, there is almost everywhere the unusual law which a driver is not likely to know. In New York, for example, the State highway traffic law does not apply to New York City. Mississippi and Tennessee require every automobile to come to a full stop before crossing any railroad or interurban track. It is forbidden in Wisconsin and Louisiana to ride on the fenders or running-board of an automobile. Vermont makes it unlawful for more than one beside the driver to ride in the driver's seat, although a child under twelve may also ride there if the driver is not hindered thereby, and two adults may ride if the cushion is more than forty-four inches long, and Wisconsin prohibits more than two persons beside the driver. A few States forbid driving through a safety zone in cities at any time, whether it is occupied or not. Hitch-hiking is a misdemeanor in Maine, and Minnesota, New Jersey and the District of Columbia forbid soliciting rides while standing in the road. But it has remained for Vermont to outlaw the back seat driver. In that State the law reads:

> A person shall not operate, attempt to operate, or participate in the steering or operation of a motor vehicle, except in an emergency, unless seated directly behind the steering wheel of such vehicle.

A NEGRO LOOKS AHEAD

BY GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

The Negro must either get out, get white or get along. —*Dr. Kelly Miller*

WHAT is ultimately to become of the colored brother in America? Is he destined to disappear through amalgamation with the surrounding Caucasians? Will he manage to preserve what remains of his racial integrity, and develop a strong group economy that will make him independent, apart from and yet a part of the general population? Will he become a social pariah like the Indian untouchables or the Japanese Etas, vegetating in foul slums, stunted, ignorant, despised and depraved; a victim of pollution and pogroms? Will he, wearying of the struggle, pull up stakes and return to the Dark Continent in the wake of some future Marcus Garvey? Or will the Nordics, despairing of any other way out of the dilemma, pack him off into a territory of his own to shift for himself, physically separated from the whites but still in the Land of the Free?

Here, indeed, are questions to stump the best minds. What is the answer, if any? At this writing the prospects for an early and easy solution certainly do not appear very rosy. The Negroes of the United States constitute 10% of the population and their number is steadily increasing, but because of their studied relegation to the outer fringes of industrial and commercial life, their position remains extremely shaky. While they have a greater diversity of employment in the North than ever before, no less an authority than T. Arnold Hill of the efficient National Urban League tells us that those who remain in Dixie are being pushed out of many of the jobs they formerly monopolized. Down there, where the bulk of them still reside, they are also effectively disfranchised, and the recent heated debates in Congress over Reapportionment do not seem to indicate an early change. Even in the North they wield little political power. They are more widely segregated and discriminated against than before the War for Democracy, and while they are becoming more literate and articulate and thus more sensitive to their position, the whites continue to view them with alternate hatred, humor, indifference, pity and annoyance. Few know where the Negro is going. Worse, the question is given very little consideration.

If one gazes thirty, forty or fifty years into the future, one can observe little that is encouraging, barring such remote eventualities as another War to Make the World a Better Place to Live In or an internal upheaval similar to that which recently convulsed Russia. Neither is impossible, but both are very improbable. No one knows what the future holds, but this much is certain: that whatever happens to America will profoundly influence interracial relations. To paraphrase Metternich, "Every state has the Negroes it deserves." In other words, what the Negro will become depends largely upon the white folks. Theirs is the power and the glory. Is their attitude likely to change for the better or the worse? A difficult question, but one that the contemplative Aframerican constantly ponders, often with pessimistic conclusions.

Today in the United States generally we have a social and economic situation growing increasingly similar to that which existed in the South before the Civil War.

Wealth, ownership and power are becoming concentrated in the hands of a very, very small percentage of the population. The free land has disappeared, the frontier has dipped into the Pacific Ocean, and "Go West, young man!" is now but a wise crack. Before our eyes we see the swift metamorphosis of the independent middle class of shopkeepers and small merchants into a salariat, dependent upon the triumphant chains and trusts for their livelihood; a group increasingly similar to the class of overseers and managers in the slaveholding South.

Controlling preachers, politicians, professors and publishers, the virile plutocracy has developed an almost unbeatable technique for fooling the yokels while picking their pockets. Philanthropy, stock-selling to employés, company unions, welfare work, social service and the over-stimulated worship of transient heroes, such as endurance dancers, aviators, tennis stars, pugilists, frankfurter-eating and peanut-rolling champions, all play their part in sublimating the combative impulse that might otherwise find an outlet in revolutionary scheming. Docile and unthinking, the American herd fast becomes Peruvianized, like the serfs enslaved by the Incas. Riding the high tide of empire, with the entire world paying tribute, the American ruling class, like its Roman prototype, may last for centuries.

II

In this developing scheme of things, it looks as if the Negro will remain for a long time the mudsill of American democracy. As the distance between the poor whites and the rich whites widens, the ofay commonalty will probably occupy a place in society not unlike that of their forbears in Dixie before Secession, with nothing to look forward to in life save the dubious satisfaction of being free, white and twenty-one. That satisfaction, however, is considerable when there is no other. In such a situation, the Negro may likely prove of the same service to the plutocracy that the Jews were in pre-Bolshevist Russia—that is, he may serve as a convenient red herring to divert the attention of the white proletarians whenever they grow restive under exploitation.

Of course, anything is likely to happen in a young country with a tradition of lawlessness. The lower orders possess the ballot, and while their capacity for being gulled by politicians seems to be unlimited, one can never tell when they will tire of the Democrat-Republican Punch and Judy show and flock to a Labor party. It is hard to find a more conservative and docile crowd than the English proletariat, and yet their party has grown so powerful that it controls the British Empire. While the white *hoi polloi* now employs the franchise largely to relieve the Negro of his few remaining rights as a citizen, the same machinery which is thus used to oppress may be one day used to liberate. The *bourgeois* revolt in France against the nobility ended feudalism and serfdom in that country and the Bolshevist revolution in Muscovy considerably eased the pressure on the Jews. Necessity knows no law, and circumstances cause strange alliances. In a pinch, the white and black wage slaves may make common cause. As Scott Nearing points out in "Black America":

> There can be no victory for the working-class while workers are divided along race lines. . . . Emancipation for the American Negro. . . . can only come when the Negro working masses have joined the white working masses.

Meanwhile, one thing seems to be sure: that the Negro will remain in this country. Emigration to Africa has been tried and talked about, but as a solution it can be dismissed. The Aframerican is first and foremost an American, just as the French Negro is a Frenchman, the Spanish Negro a Spaniard and the English Negro an Englishman. He has no more desire to go to Africa than the American Jews have to go to Palestine. He has nothing in common with the African blacks save his color, and the recent war demonstrated conclusively

that the cement of similar skin pigment is not strong enough to cause groups to bury their other differences. Moreover, the whites who control Africa welcome American and West Indian Negroes no more vociferously than Senator Heflin lauds the Catholic Church. It almost requires an act of Congress for an Aframerican to get his passport visaed to any point below the Sahara Desert.

The scores of missionary societies in this country, admittedly hot to Christianize the inhabitants of the Dark Continent (instead of beginning at home on their own people) are as averse to sending Negro missionaries to Africa as Cole Blease is to advocate racial intermarriage. They fear to antagonize the various governments under which they carry on their work by bringing in Negroes who might tell the natives what's what. Finally, the African blacks themselves would take even less kindly to any wholesale immigration of Aframericans, Marcus Garvey notwithstanding. The experience of the American Negro colonists in Liberia who have had to fight off the natives for almost a century proves that.

Nor is there any likelihood that white America will ever herd the widely-scattered Negro population into a separate State such as the Nationalist party of General Hertzog contemplates in South Africa. Many people have thought of this, only to relinquish the idea as fast as a Hindu drops a beefsteak. Such a scheme would be about as popular as the Eighteenth Amendment and more difficult to enforce, even if the Negro approved of it—which he overwhelmingly and emphatically does not. While it is the logical end of the present trend toward what Lothrop Stoddard calls Bi-Racialism and many Negro leaders call Group Economy, it is more remote than a Communist Supreme Court Justice. Who would approve of a Negro State in our midst?

Nevertheless, Bi-Racialism or Group Economy has many advocates, black and white. Booker T. Washington, the Sage of Tuskegee, gave it much aid and comfort, and from a slightly different angle the latter-day Negro leaders do likewise. Briefly outlined, the plan is that the Negroes, by thrift and industry, shall build up their own business enterprises, with an accompanying social superstructure. This, we are told, will rescue them from industrial jim crowism and unemployment, and render them self-sufficient and independent of white domination and exploitation. They will remain Americans, but escape almost all of the disabilities incident to being Negroes.

A comforting solution, this, to all hands! Consequently it has hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic supporters among unthinking white folks and Negroes. It has the merit of being apparently simple and relieves the whites of responsibility for a condition they inaugurated and maintain. What could be sweeter? But alas! it will probably work about as well as a perpetual motion machine. A little real study would convince even Lothrop Stoddard or Dr. R. R. Moton of its unsoundness.

Its advocates neglect to tell us how the Negro, owning but two billion dollars' worth of real and personal property scattered from Peekskill to Pasadena, hardly any investment capital, and with little or no experience in finance, industrial technique or management, is going to start in at this late date and succeed in building up a self-sufficient group economy in the face of the chain stores, vertical trusts and Brobdingnagian financial institutions developed by the white plutocracy during the last century. Even as it is, Negro Business, being small and largely inefficient, is having a worrisome time. It is, in fact, losing ground steadily and irretrievably, and were it not for the immunity afforded part of it by the mechanics of color prejudice, it would soon be doomed to the maw of bankruptcy that swallows 20,000 small Nordic businesses annually. As Prof. Abram L. Harris of Howard University, the most able economic theorist among Negroes, concludes in "The Prospects of the Black *Bourgeoisie*":

1. Negro financial institutions can neither hope to exert any considerable control over national industry requiring fixed capital nor over purely commercial transactions necessitating working capital.
2. Social attitudes being what they are, Negro economic institutions will, by force of these attitudes, confine their services to the Negro race.
3. The restrictions of Negro financial institutions to dealing with the race will shunt them from the general investment market, thus further proscribing their utility.
4. These institutions may incidentally assist some Negroes to acquire a stake in the economic order and furnish employment to a limited number of educated Negroes, but the masses of Negroes must continue to look to white capital for employment.
5. They are an illogically necessary appurtenance in an economic world where the large capital accumulations necessary for production must depend on Negro as well as on white savers, but where it is felt desirable for social reasons to maintain white and black institutions even at the cost of tragic waste.

But such gloomy warnings have not fazed the more optimistic Negroes. They are sold on the proposition and only great adversity can shake their faith. As the aforesaid Dr. Harris points out:

> The philosophy of wealth and economic enterprise grips the imagination of the Negro even in the lower stratum. The tenacity with which this belief in racial economic independence is held results from a fructification of the *bourgeois* ideals that social pressure has forced Negroes to emulate, irrespective of social class.

III

However, this school of thought must face the plain facts, even though it scoffs at economic theory. Recently the National Negro Business League, founded by Booker T. Washington and presided over by Dr. Moton, the present principal of Tuskegee, conducted a survey of Negro business in thirty-three cities in the Southern States wherein at least four-fifths of the Afra-mericans reside. If one judges the results —as Frederick Douglass advised concerning the Negro—"by the depths from which he has come rather than by the heights to which he has attained," the record is impressive. But it hardly arouses confidence in the Negro's ability to erect a group economy.

Out of 2,757 enterprises studied nearly 60% were of the personal service type, and presumably responsible to race discrimination for their existence. According to the latest census reports, there were gainfully employed in the United States in 1920 4,824,151 Negroes over ten years of age. The number must now be close to 5,500,000. But according to the above survey, the nearly three thousand business enterprises studied employed only 17,897 Negroes, with a scattering of whites. Included in the report is this significant statement:

> It is to be regretted, however, that the personal service types of business, such as barber shops, shoe shining parlors, caterers, etc., which serve white patrons exclusively, have suffered a definite loss. While a number of these businesses have shown some improvement in appearance, the Negro is being entirely eliminated from this field.

No group economy can be built without enterprises engaged in the production of basic commodities, yet the survey tells us:

> Of the 2,757 enterprises studied, grocery stores led with 19%; barber shops, representing 14%, are second; cleaning, pressing and tailoring establishments, 11.3%, are third; restaurants, 11%, are fourth; and drug stores, auto mechanics and service tie for fifth place with 6% each.

The sixty financial institutions studied, including banks, insurance companies and finance corporations, employed 5,090 Negroes, including 289 executives; had an income annually of $12,786,619.06, and disbursements of $11,393,541.92; and owned $12,164,437.95 worth of real estate, with total assets of $22,987,871.82. Hardly a sufficient basis for a group economy for twelve million people, or cause for alarm in the offices of J. P. Morgan and the National City Bank! In addition, we are informed that:

> More than one-half of the stores, 1,639, have only the single entry system of keeping books. This represents 59% of the total. . . . Seven hundred and thirty-nine, or 27%, have cash registers. . . . Four hundred and twenty-one, or 18.2%, reported that they kept no records at all. Two hundred and nineteen, or 7.9%, did not give any information as to the system of bookkeeping they used. . . . Our investigators reported the location of only 1807 of the stores. Of this number, 1761 were in strictly Negro neighborhoods, while 46 were in white neighborhoods.

On the other hand, with investment capital more plentiful in America than ever before in history, white businesses have ignored the color line and rudely disturbed the dreams of Negro visionaries by invading the numerous Black Belts. Where and when they have done so in competition with Negro business, money and efficiency have won out and the black shopkeepers have been displaced. This is true in the case of theaters, dance halls, cabarets, drug stores, grocery stores and restaurants. Moreover, the trend is growing. Here is a good market poorly developed and served. Is it not to be expected that homeless capital should enter it rather than attempt the exploitation of fields where competition is stiffer? Moreover, such invasion is plainly beneficial to the Negro consumer, who profits through lower prices made possible by mass production and purchase.

Thus there seems to be little hope for a Negro group economy along capitalistic lines. Business and industry, spurred by necessity, know no color line. Nor can the Negro *bourgeoisie* depend upon the sable proletariat's race patriotism to pay the extra cost of maintaining and developing a group economy. This form of protective tariff based on a race pride that is largely nebulous will never work effectively because, unlike our national protective tariff, it has no police power behind it nor ocean barriers to help enforce it. Largely it is a matter of whim, and the overwhelming majority of Negro consumers, living close to the margin of existence, do not choose to pay a ten or fifteen per cent tariff to a Negro merchant, over and above the current scale, for the dubious satisfaction of seeing another Big Negro roll by in his Packard.

If the Negro, high and low, were not so enthralled by the *bourgeois* ideology, it might be possible for him to accomplish through consumers' coöperation what he is vainly trying to do through competitive business. But coöperation holds out no prospect of profits to a black *bourgeoisie* floundering at the feet of Mammon. Nevertheless, there remains a certain hope here for the Negro masses, for organizations are already in existence through which this purpose could be accomplished. The national Negro fraternal organizations are sixty in number, with a membership of close to 2,500,000, while the Negro church congregations number 47,000. The value of the property owned by the former is $25,000,000; that of the latter, $100,000,000. If the Mormon Church could become a powerful economic institution, there is no reason why the Negro church should not too.

Unfortunately, such a huge project would require unusually intelligent leadership, and the present leadership is largely impotent, indifferent, ignorant, knavish or entirely unwitting of its way. Mainly composed of preachers, ward politicians, agitators and social workers, it is, by and large, selfish, narrow and short-sighted, and often more concerned about standing in right with philanthropic Nordics than with working out intelligent programmes for Negro advancement. Worse, the bulk of the leaders are intellectually mid-Victorian. It will be several decades before a leadership will arise capable of effectively marshalling the Negro's forces and building a group economy in the only way such a structure can be erected.

IV

Will the Negro solve his problem by amalgamating with the Nordic population? Because of his color he has been a social problem since he first entered God's country, manacled by the Founding Fathers. Were there no social taboos in the path of miscegenation, he would have long ago vanished as completely as did the Negroes in Portugal, Spain, Italy and Peru. Even in spite of rope, faggot, tar bucket, and social ostracism, he has lightened considerably since his nineteen ancestors landed at Jamestown in 1619. Melville Herskovits, in "The American Negro," tells us that:

> Instead of 80 or 85% of the American Negroes being wholly of African descent, only a little over 20% are unmixed, while almost 80% show mixture with white or American Indian. . . . Between one-third and one-fourth of them (27.3% to be exact) have American Indian ancestry.

As a further evidence of lack of antipathy between the two races, it is interesting to note that the whites proceeded to attack the Negroes' racial integrity as soon as they got within reach. Says E. B. Reuter, in "The American Race Problem":

> Miscegenation of the Negro and white people in America dates from the first appearance of the Negroes. . . . Neither the severity of the law nor the intolerance of public sentiment seemed to have much effect on the miscegenation of the races. They prevented intermarriage rather than race mixture.

And Dr. Iwan Bloch, in "The Sexual Life of Our Times," observes that:

> White men from early times had a peculiar weakness for Negro and mulatto women and girls. . . . Notwithstanding the deeply rooted racial hatred, even in America racial fetichism gives rise to numerous connections of this kind. The colored girl exercises a powerful attractive force upon the American man; and even the proud American woman manifests, with an especial frequency in Chicago, a certain preference for the male Negro.

Informed people must agree with these gentlemen, despite the solemn claims of pseudo-scientists and the ragings of professional Anglo-Saxons. As a matter of fact, race prejudice in this country has ever been only a public affair. Lower the social barriers, and the tides of life will flow together as they now trickle together. After all, culture is more important than color, and the blacks and whites here have a common culture and language. In other words, the Aframerican is just a lampblacked Anglo-Saxon, with a society which in every detail is a replica of the white society surrounding it.

But there is no prospect of the Negro being absorbed through miscegenation during the lifetime of any Americans now living. Social taboos over a long period of time have so conditioned the whites that only a powerful and unforeseen circumstance could lower the bars separating the two groups. Propinquity is the first law of miscegenation and it is unlikely that there will be much more social contact between members of the two races twenty years from now than there is today. The effort to keep them apart has certainly not been discontinued. Twenty-nine States already have laws against intermarriage and efforts have been made in the past two or three years to pass similar laws in Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, Rhode Island and the District of Columbia. It is a fixed policy of the police almost everywhere to effect the closing of all places where the two races meet or are likely to meet, even though burglars and bootleggers simultaneously go their way rejoicing.

Again, the Negro himself has undergone a change of attitude. In his views on miscegenation and intermarriage, he copies his white brethren, regardless of his secret desires. This change has largely come about in his frenzied effort to conform to Nordic prejudices as a measure of protection; it is a form of Caucasophobia masquerading under the banner of race pride. Thus, where interracial lovers once faced opposition from but one direction, they now face it from two. The Negro concubine, formerly hailed as a shrewd gold-digger, is now ostracised by the best people of Aframerica. While the Negroes spend millions annually on skin-whiteners and hair straighteners, they more and more worship at the shrine of blackness and things African. This defense mechanism will strengthen rather than weaken, so long as the white folks think and act as they do.

Here, indeed, is one of the anomalies of American life: human inclinations thwarted by social institutions. The Melting Pot, hailed as a solvent of nationalistic and ethnical differences within the nation, is spurned as a solvent of racial differences, and we are warned that whereas individuals of different language, religion and culture may associate, those of different race, though of identical language and culture, may not. In his heart, the average American disapproves of such senseless

taboos, but he is helpless before the mob.

The economic interpretation, I believe, explains this anomaly. The slave system was about to peter out when the invention of the cotton-gin saved it. Negro slavery accordingly took on new life. Men who had been about to sell or free their blacks rushed to the market for more. This sudden change of front had to be defended, for much of the so-called civilized world at that time was condemning the institution of slavery. So the slaveocracy through its intellectual *gendarmerie* launched a barrage of propaganda about the Negro's inferiority to the Caucasian, his possible or probable affinity to the simian family, and the valuable service being performed for civilization by snatching him from the clutches of voodooism and tossing him into the arms of Methodism. Thus inferiority and the Negro became synonymous—a result tremendously flattering to those whites who possessed little else save their white skins. This was very convenient to the Southern oligarchy since it effectively prevented any rapprochement between the enslaved blacks and the pauperized whites.

There is, however, another aspect of this matter of amalgamation. There was once a saying in the South that the only free people were white men and black women. The Negroes were without either money or power, while the whites possessed both. It is axiomatic that the men of a ruling group always take sexual advantage of the women of a subject group. In this manner the United States gained most of its mulatto population. On the other hand, the women of the dominant group, economically dependent upon the men, were unable to make as broad sexual selection as the chivalrous males.

The onward march of industrialism has profoundly altered the situation, and it is idle to suppose that the present ability of American women to make their own living will have no effect on the relations between the races and the growth of the mulatto population. To this extent the Nineteenth Amendment is more significant than the Fourteenth and Fifteenth. In twenty years the last vestiges of man's domination will probably have vanished, along with the dodo, the barroom and the family. Whereas it was once a disgrace for a white woman to earn her own living, this is no longer true, even in the South. Increasingly hereafter women are going to do as they please, and one of the things they are going to decide for themselves will be the latitude of their sexual selection. This fact takes on added importance when one couples it with the fact that women have ever been bolder in legally crossing the color line in America to find mates than have the men. This was true even in colonial days, when the offspring of such marriages might be and were sold into slavery and the proceeds given to the church. Today at least three-quarters of the mixed marriages in the United States are of the white-woman-black-man class.

It is not unworthy of note that some of the most earnest protests against lynching have come from Southern white women. One of the pamphlets distributed by the Inter-racial Commission, entitled "Southern White Women on Lynching and Mob Violence," quotes resolutions against the Southern sport from female groups in Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. Incidentally, one of the thorns in the side of Southern communities was, and still is to a certain extent, the spectacle of white women teaching in Negro schools and eating with the Negro teachers. One State, Virginia, even passed a law aimed at stopping the practice in its largest Negro school. Much more than the men, white women are stanch advocates of social equality and equal rights.

V

Thus, on the whole, and in spite of everything, I think it is fair to say that the present strained relations between the races are likely to be transitory. For one

thing, there has been a very marked change of attitude at the source from which much of the vicious anti-Negro propaganda has emanated. Writers, educators, orators and even politicians seldom express nowadays the absurd views on the Negro they once ladled out to the flattered white yokels. They have retreated from the position that the Negro is inferior to the position that he is different.

I doubt if ever before in the history of the country has there been more real sympathy and tolerance on the part of enlightened whites toward the Negro's aspirations nor a greater desire and curiosity to know and understand him. Everywhere one notes a tremendously quickened interest in the progress he has made in spite of his handicaps. This, coupled with the accelerated industrialization of Dixie, the rapid urbanization of the American populace, the decreasing percentage of illiteracy, the ease and cheapness of transportation, and the declining influence of the evangelical sects that thrive greatest in the regions where race prejudice is greatest, arouses hope that the future of the Negro will be brighter.

Moreover, the meticulous observation of the peccadilloes of jim crowism is becoming more onerous, senseless and expensive. With the greatly increased travel of the American public, it begins to seem nonsensical to rage against a Negro for sitting in the white section of a street car when all last year one rode back and forth to work with Negroes in New York, Detroit, Chicago or Los Angeles. As Professor Gordon B. Hancock of Virginia Union University writes me:

> In no case are these discriminatory and segregational laws carried out to the letter. In many instances they are only half-heartedly applied. We quite often see Negroes on street-cars riding in front of whites. Only recently I was shown into a toilet in a theatre marked For Whites Only. . . . The segregation barriers are becoming noticeably weak in certain phases of community life. Nobody seems to care much about whether the letter of the law is lived up to or not, although in some cases very positive gestures are made by officious whites.

Again, the Negroes have managed to produce outstanding personalities, by universal standards, in all walks of life. No informed white person nowadays is flabbergasted on hearing of a Negro physician, poet, journalist, business man, painter or sculptor. There is a widespread and growing belief that, given an opportunity, the Negro is capable of measuring up to the highest standards. Few employers now say that they will not hire Negroes because they believe them incapable of doing the work required. Rather they allege that the race prejudice of their white employés prevents them from doing so.

Also, hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of whites have passed through the Negro districts of our cities, and have seen, along with the shacks and hovels, fine residences, churches and places of business. It is becoming obvious even to the commonalty that the social distance between the two groups has been greatly narrowed in the past quarter century. Philanthropists like Julius Rosenwald, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and others less well known, and social workers like the people associated with the National Urban League and the various Community Chests have wrought mightily to close up the gap between the groups and to an encouraging extent have succeeded in doing so. In this work they have had the hearty coöperation of the Negroes themselves, ever sensitive to the charge of inferiority.

To almost everyone's satisfaction, the Negro has shown himself peaceable, patient, self-effacing, forgiving of the many sins committed against him and desirous of minding his own business and making the most of an admittedly bad situation. Even the leaders of such equal rights organizations as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People have been patient in the face of lynching, peonage, criminal assault, murder and other crimes committed against their race. Where another group might have had recourse to the torch and bomb, the Negro has begged for the ballot and fought

through the courts. Even Senator Heflin no longer maintains that black people are a menace to American civilization.

This is making things hard for the professional Negrophobe. Here is a yielding mass. You punch it and kick it, but it still remains. Push it here, and it goes out there. Press down on it, and it springs back into place. More, it grows larger and more enveloping, though no less yielding. Insistently yet gently it encroaches here and there, always ready to retreat precipitously at the first sign of hostility; always ready to avail itself of every advantage. Soon one lets it alone.

Of course this isn't to say that the Negro accepts everything that is done to him in the spirit of the rabbit or the sheep. He resents, he rants, he rages, but most of it is among his own, "down by the big gate." Without money and politically powerless, he has developed his own unique method of breaking down the barriers surrounding him, and in the main, I think, he has been successful. There have been losses here and there, it is true, but few will maintain that the Negro is not better off than he was in 1900, in 1910 or even in 1920. He has rationalized admirably the situations from which he could not extricate himself and sublimated much of his rancor and bitterness by recourse to a rather superficial race patriotism, a greater group loyalty and internal criticism and examination. He has learned how to turn the white man's lofty pronouncements against him by indicating the inconsistency of his preachments and practices, and thus forces him to yield a point here and there. Nor is the black mockery entirely obscured by ingratiating smiles, ivory-displaying grins, hearty laughs or merry song.

The Negro realizes more than ever before that he has worked out a technique of survival and progress almost as unbeatable as the exploitive technique of the American plutocracy. While other subject races die out to the tunes and tears of poets and philosophers, the Negro remains here hale and hearty and manages to be fairly happy, though not as happy as some may believe him to be. He has learned to use the tactics of attrition and infiltration rather than the headlong mass attack. The more educated he becomes, the more developed his technique; the more civilized the whites become, the more they weaken in the face of his advance.

Breaches in the social barriers will become harder to repair with the softening of the Caucasians and the passing of the professional Anglo-Saxons, and will widen with the flow of ambitious blacks. The Aframerican, shrewd, calculating, diplomatic, patient and a master of Nordic psychology, steadily saps the foundation of white supremacy. Time, he knows, is with him. A few Caucasian alarmists cry shrilly, and ever and anon rally considerable forces to the defense. The Negro suffers a reverse, loses a position, but when the dust is settled he has the ball on the Nordics' five-yard line. He has learned one thing well: that the Caucasian is human before he is white, and he orders his attack accordingly. Ten, twenty or forty years hence he may not be in possession of complete social equality and all that follows in its path, but he'll be nearer the goal. By 2000 A.D. a full-blooded American Negro may be rare enough to get a job in a museum, and a century from now our American social leaders may be as tanned naturally as they are now striving to become artificially.

TOM REED

BY BENJAMIN DECASSERES

A DEMOCRACY without its Congress, Parliament, Reichstag, Riksdag, Storthing, Odelsting or grand mussnud of some kind is, I suppose, inconceivable. That such bodies are superior to Cæsars, Cromwells and Mussolinis as modes of reaching H. G. Wells' and Bernard Shaw's model Utopias I must, as a good American and a believer in God's ever-watchful eye o'er the Land of Our Pilgrim Fathers, believe. Those who sneer at democracy and its machinery forget that they have an ancient biological validity—that they are an organic necessity. They are the visible products of the collective but graded stupidity of the race. The individual has a greater chance of plying his ego under the ægis of the collective will of a people evacuated in the form of a parliament than he has when it is incarnated in a Tiberius, a Cromwell or a Mussolini. Nothing lies more completely open to ridicule than the doings of such august assemblages. I have been flooded with oceanic mirth on my several visits to the galleries of the Senate and the House of Representatives at Washington.

I have sighed for the pencil of a Daumier and the pen of a Swift to record my contained guffaws and ironic emotions. This light-mindedness must remain more or less a spiritual mystery to me, for I am certainly part of that Collective Will down there on the floor, and I know of no better agency for preventing the horned beast of Free Trade from landing at the Battery, no better way of keeping my dollar sound and at par or of keeping the Negroes of the South as sober as any Supreme Court Justice than a Chamber of Deputies, duly elected.

On one momentous occasion I sat for hours in the gallery of the Senate as solemn-looking as a Roach Straton while big things were a-spawning down there on the floor—no less a matter than a war,—but all I could think of was a sentence once uttered by an old political flame of mine at the other end of the Capitol, Thomas Brackett Reed, of Maine, when, referring to the House of Representatives, he said that "it presents the dead level of a Dutch landscape, with all its windmills but without a trace of its beauty and fertility." What would the Big Bambino of the eighties and nineties say if he could look over the House of Representatives today, his partisanship aside? In his day there were some mighty big windmills. Today they have shrunk in size and number, and the House resembles only a stagnant pool ruffled occasionally by the whispering winds of evangelistic lobbies.

Tom Reed came to Philadelphia to make a speech in the Academy of Music when I was a youngster still in my unleavened, hero-hunting period. It was while he was Speaker and right after he had made his famous quorum ruling that a member, just like any other chunk of matter, could not be in two places at the same time. The whole country was a-stew over the matter. He was the Herod of the hour. He was Czar Reed, and had been properly paper-bombed. A massed Republican horde filled Broad street down to the Neck on the south and to the old Keg on the north, where, so I was told, hundreds of Republicans died facing the enemy, Louis Bergdoll and John F. Betz (four per cent with cuff). Being thin, ghost-like and slithery, I got a front seat.

I can see him now as he advanced down the stage of the Academy with the crowd yelling, "Where's your gavel, Tom?", "Make 'em vote! Make 'em vote!", and "Hurrah for the Czar!" He was like a slow-moving giant hulk of a barge moving down the ways into the water. A form dressed completely in black, out of whose collar rose an enormous, round, clean-shaven baby face. A Casaba melon flowering from a fat, black stalk. A sprawling, shuffling being, a subject for a Frans Hals, with long white fingers that would have enraptured a Memling. Below the eyes all was playful infantility. Above the eyes, there rose a high forehead that showed an inexorable will. But in the face there was nothing to indicate the continuous play in the skull of that cold, carefully weighed, crushing irony which bit so deep wherever and whoever it sprayed. He had enormous feet and baggy trousers that flapped like wash on the line.

My hero! Our hero! The Cromwell of Republicanism! "Where's your tin crown, Czar?" yelled a shabby-breeched Democrat from the old Copperhead Fifth Ward in the balcony. It is very likely that Sam Randall had to pay his funeral expenses.

Reed draped himself over the speakers' desk, with his head at an angle of about forty-five degrees and his left arm flung carelessly over the political pulpit, with his right leg stiff and his left leg in a loose, dangling position: precisely and exactly in the manner of a man leaning over a bar, searching for the bar-rail and ordering a drink. He had come up from Washington on a late afternoon train and it was after eleven when he appeared. But his first words showed his humorous contempt for Congress and caused a great uproar:

"My boys have been unseemly again today—"

I cannot convey the dry, saw-like, cooing, matter-of-fact drawl with which this was uttered. It was native to the man. He was incapable of pose or study or gallery-play. He seldom gestured. "Better a pound of fact than a shipload of language" was his motto. His voice carried easily to every part of the Academy, although sometimes you wondered where it came from, it was so metallic. He sprayed his satire and wit in all directions without a trace of effort, passion or malice. He sweated a raw and ready honesty, which naturally made him feared. He kept the audience in an hilarious state for an hour, knocking congressional heads around like ninepins. But in back of all that banter you felt that this man's will was of iron, that the gavel he wielded was made of sterner stuff than wood.

Mark Twain, from whom he was inseparable in his later New York days, made a drawing of him with his mouth left out —"there is enough without it, anyway," Mark wrote on the drawing. And at the bottom he also wrote, "How often have I defended you!" Indeed, in the intellectual make-up and the literary style of the two men there was much in common. Neither of them went brain-rocketing very far from the earth; both drew their metaphors and similes from easily recognizable sources; both had the malice that chasteneth but killeth not, and both knew the beautiful art of lounging and lolling through life, laying their eggs quietly and secretly and then calmly and innocently clucking in the sun of give-and-take sociability. Unfortunately, Reed had no Boswell or Traubel. His finest witticisms, over the wine and walnuts, are lost. His wit was always in the substance of his style—not something dressed up or pinned on.

II

Tom Reed (Tom fit him as completely as Herby does not fit Hoover) was born in 1839 in Portland, Maine, in the house next to where Longfellow was born. He came of a long line of Puritan, partly sea-faring stock, his ancestor, George Cleeve, being the first white settler of what is now Portland. He thought very little of the New England ancestor-worship complex, and

his toast generally, in his early days at forefather dinners, was "Always preferring liberty to ancestry." This simplicity came out when he began to practise law. Technique and precedents meant very little to him, and he was always lying in wait with some of his Grade A vitriol for pettifoggers. He dug out the kernel of a case while the other fellow was still looking through his papers.

The critical, unbelieving nature of his mind made its appearance in early youth, for beside essays on Napoleon and Elijah, he wrote one on Benedict Arnold. In it, according to one of his biographers, Mr. Samuel McCall, he wondered why it wasn't possible to consider Arnold as a hero instead of a traitor. Of course he repudiated this in later years, but it shows that that subtle destroyer, It Depends on the Point of View, was roving around his mind. Other early college essays show his trend away from orthodoxy: "Is a Man Responsible for His Belief?" and "Does Education Detract from True Originality?" His prize theme at Bowdoin was on "The Fear of Death." Any youth who dabbles with death, if he is not a born poet, will soon or late take to alcohol, suicide or the release of irony. Reed was saved by the cactus wall of satire behind which he retired. He is further described in these days as "glowing" with sentiment (satire and cynicism are only hard-boiled tears), as an immense reader, and as a languid, idle dawdler. He grew, but he never changed. Physically, he was a heavy mass growing by dint of rolling in one set direction; mentally, he refined himself to a needle-pointed impudence. He was a bludgeon that concealed in its length a rapier.

When he left college the last dead skins of orthodoxy peeled from him. A stalwart and glory-be Republican, like Ingersoll, he nevertheless, like Ingersoll again, chucked the whole theological mess. In letters at that time he spoke of "that apotheosis of lounging, the life in the Garden of Eden," also he said that "the whole idea of the Atonement is artificial." His was a kind of Calvinistic God all cleaned up for a Unitarian strawberry festival. His philosophy of progress and his judgment of human nature may be summed up in two of his aphorisms: "The best of us only pass from one inaccuracy to another, and so do the worst; but, on the whole, the last inaccuracy is nearer the truth than the old one," and "Human selfishness is universal: the antidote is the selfishness of all the rest." He had also a wise aphorism for nations as well as for individuals: "We make more progress by owning our faults than by always dwelling on our virtues." His panacea for the ills of life was hopelessly simple: "If we ever learn to treat the living with the tenderness with which we instinctively treat the dead, we shall then have a civilization well worth distributing." Once, being accused of elephantine slowness, he replied slantingly: "It took four thousand years of pagan and fifteen centuries of Christian civilization to produce a two-pronged fork and another century to bring it into use." But the indices of his mental makeup would not be complete without this little lollypop: "We live in a world of sin and sorrow; otherwise there would not be any Democratic party."

One of his first cases as a lawyer was a typically New England one. A young man driving in a hired buggy on a Sunday offered to take a young lady home from church. On the way home the buggy upset (just why it upset, the world can only guess: no doubt it was due to New England decency), and the young man was presented with a bill for $48 for damage to the horse and vehicle. He refused to pay, contending that as he was driving the girl home on Sunday and from church, he was not liable, for he was engaged upon a work of necessity and charity. The fellow that owned the buggy was more cynical. Reed took up the case for him, won it, and then lost it on reversal in a higher court. I believe the precedent still stands in Maine: whatever comes to pass on the way home from church on Sunday is a work of necessity or charity.

Came the war. Reed's Republicanism knew no shadow of turning—and neither did his allegiance to Blackstone. All the documents that I have consulted on the matter remain strangely silent about him during the first three years of the war. I find that few Transcendentalists ever bleed for their country. Reed evidently decided to remain, with Ingalls, Emerson, Alcott and Cleveland, a Home Guard. Intellectuals, we know, are famous for keeping the home fires burning. (Of course there are flat feet and uric acid, too.) But in 1864, when things didn't look so well for the Boys in Blue, Reed heard the Call at last and signed up on the fattest job (so he said himself) that he ever had—assistant paymaster of volunteers on the Mississippi river, with an excursion to California in 1865 at the government's expense.

This T. R., like another T. R. when he emerged from the White House in 1909, had a corking time. His remarks about California in 1865 are startlingly modern and give us an inkling of the eternal unchangeability of that vast museum of human curios. He said that California was divided into two parts, San Francisco and the rest of the State, "the latter populated exclusively from Pike county, Missouri," and that they all chanted night and day the glories of the climate. (I wish to tack on to this that I went to Los Angeles in 1924 hoping to pass a Winter in the sub-tropics, and for the first time in many years had to wear double-thick underwear from November to March.)

Returning from the Field of Glory, he went back to the law, and between that time and 1877, when he was elected to the House of Representatives, he managed to slake his patriotic urge by holding local offices. He was Attorney-General of Maine, served both in the House and Senate of the State, and was Solicitor-General of Portland. When he walked into the House of Representatives in 1877 his tonnage and displacement had not yet attained to their maximum, but they were sufficient to turn all eyes upon him. Looking around, he saw such men as Sunset Cox, Alexander H. Stephens, Pig Iron Kelley, a Major McKinley (a man that Charles A. Dana was later to dub in the *Sun*, Major Mum and Bill the Still), James A. Garfield, Joe Blackburn, Bill Springer, Joe Cannon (Reed used to mystify his wife by saying, when he set out of an evening to loosen up, that he was going to call on "the Italian Ambassador, Giuseppi Canoni"), Dick Bland, General Butler, Roger Q. Mills and Sam Randall. Their names were then household words, but now they are all as dead to fame as the presiding officer of the first Witenagemot.

The big grunts in the national powwows of that and the two succeeding decades were Legal Tender, the Florida Returns, Inflation, the Tariff, the Negro Vote, the Trusts, Specie, and Pensions. The bootlegging farmers and the farmers of bootleg were not yet on the map. Reed took the regulation Republican position on all these matters. He was always a partisan, but a partisan of a very high stamp, conceiving principles to be bigger than men or parties. "He never makes concessions," said an opponent; "he wins or loses on the knockout principle"—as he was to prove later in life, when he practically deserted his party on the Spanish War and its imperialistic policy in the Pacific and Caribbean. But in 1877 he took the party and its "great mission" seriously, though piercing at a single glance the trough-nuzzling and pork-barrel swine of both parties that surrounded him. In such a Congress, at such a time—the corruptest that this government had ever known until the advent of the Good Gamaliel—the advent of a man like Reed, fearless, brainy, honest and with a tongue that at one stroke sliced the whiskers off of his opponents' faces, caused a hell of a fluttering in the dove-cotes. He was a Triton among minnows.

He was first placed on a committee that had something to do with the Tilden-Hayes scandal; but we do not hear much about him till around 1880, when he had to abandon everything and go back to fight

as he never had fought before for his seat. Our Country was in one of its periods of recurrent hallucinations. This time it was Greenbackism, a theory propounded by one General James A. Weaver of Ohio, I believe. It was to the effect that if the government made the Treasury greenback the only form of legal-tender there would ensue—what? I've forgotten—but it is always the same thing that will ensue if This is done instead of That: prosperity, happiness for all and the miraculous disappearance of liver-spots.

Solon Chase was the Greenback Mullah of Maine and he had converted enough voting tomnoddies to threaten Reed's seat. But Solon was not an over-literate man. He had one perpetual illustration which contained the phrase, "them steers." Reed immediately made this his own, ridiculing the whole new Utopian movement based on "them steers." The phrase flew through the country—and Reed went back to Congress, but not by a very comfortable margin. The method he pursued in fighting the Greenback craze illustrates his manner of crushing an opponent: he took the point of view of the enemy and blew it up to titanic proportions with rhetoric and glory-be! visions until it collapsed of its own inflated absurdity. Out of the burst bladder rolled the uproarious laughter of his hearers—and even the strangled titters of those out for his scalp. He reached the pet corn of Frank Hurd of Ohio, in his day a famous Free Trader, by patting him on the back as "the melodious child of Free Trade." Any one who now recalls Reed's unmelodious voice must hear in his mind's ear the extraordinary effect of the word melodious as he dwelt on its syllables.

Sunset Cox was one of his butts. His constant reiteration that the member from New York was a gentleman finally caused even Cox to doubt it. He said that Cox was "always busy about great affairs," said it so many times that again Cox began to wonder whether he really was doing anything. Reed often compared him to George IV and referred to him as Lord High Admiral (Cox was on the Naval Affairs Committee). All this finally got Cox's bile, and he said that "if ignorance and impudence would make a statesman, the gentleman from Maine would be a Bismarck." He then began to twit Reed on the Prohibition law of Maine, asserting that "the Republican party drinks a good deal of whisky clandestinely that we do not know anything about." Reed: "When my friend from New York takes it, it does not remain clandestine very long." Townshend, of Illinois, attacked Reed's position on some bill. Reed: "There are only two sets of people for whose opinion I care a great deal: my constituency, which knows me, and the House, which knows Townshend." But it was Springer of Illinois who received Reed's most famous off-of-the-bat quip. Springer had pulled the old wheeze of Henry Clay's, "I would rather be right than President." Reed: "Well, the gentleman will never be either." Springer was through with public life after that.

Reed's speeches were very often condensed into five minutes. He seldom made set harangues. When he did they ran for about two hours, notably on the Wilson and Mills tariff bills. On this subject he once said to a member: "You do not understand the theory of five-minute debate. The object is to convey to the House in the space of five minutes either information or misinformation. You have consumed several periods of five minutes this afternoon without doing either." He was one of the few men in Congress—probably the only one—who never dressed up his speeches for the *Congressional Record*. They were printed as uttered.

III

In 1881 he became his party's candidate for Speaker. He was denounced by the Democrats as "an overgrown boy." General Keifer got the job. The question of polygamy was agitating the country. There was a great ado about seating the Republican member from Utah, who was strictly bibli-

cal as to wives. Mormonism was denounced by a Democrat as "that scarlet-robed harlot that sits enthroned among the hills of Utah" (Salt Lake City was, in fact, the only city in the country that had no streetwalkers). Reed was for seating the member, and although the debate was generally political and constitutional, he no doubt had his own views about these matters.

He wrote the minority report on the first proposal of an amendment to the Constitution giving woman the right to vote. He was pro-woman, and his report is a model of unanswerable logic if you grant his premise—that woman is a human being. (She is really either an angel or a vampire, and sometimes both in one hour.) He also made the fight for a new Congressional Library building in the face of an argument from a member from one of the Piltdown sections of the South that the old building would do if "the government would burn up half the stuff" in it.

In 1885 he was his party's candidate for Speaker again. One of the men who opposed him was Robinson of Massachusetts. Reed issued a long mock-serious statement in which he described how he had offered Robinson $5 for his support, and after long negotiations had got Robinson to withdraw in his favor for $15. But the irony about the low market-price of Representatives was a little too subtle for public consumption at that time.

In 1888 the Mills tariff, providing for the deepest cut ever attempted on dutiable merchandise, was the subject of the greatest of all tariff palavers in Congress. It followed Cleveland's famous Free Trade message of 1887. Reed was a high tariff man, naturally. In one of his speeches he said something in less than a hundred words which illustrates better than anything else he ever said the ability of the man to pierce idealistic hokum:

> Whenever I walk through the streets of that Democratic importing city of New York and look at the brownstone fronts my gorge rises. I can never understand why the virtue, which I know is on the sidewalk, is not thus rewarded. I do not feel kindly to the people inside. But when I feel that way I know what the feeling is. It is good, honest, high-minded envy. When some other gentlemen have the same feeling they think it's political economy.

"The markets of the world," like all other mouth-filling generalizations, was a mark for his wit (Æsop was one of his favorite and most quoted writers):

> Once there was a dog. He was a nice little dog. Nothing the matter with him except a few foolish Free Trade ideas in his head. He was trotting along happy as the day, for he had in his mouth a nice shoulder of succulent mutton. By and by he came to a stream bridged by a plank. He trotted along and looked over the side of the plank and saw the markets of the world and dived for them. A minute after he was crawling up the bank, the wettest, the sickest, the nastiest, the most muttonless dog that ever swam ashore.

Having put Sunset Cox to sleep on his drinking habits, Reed next turned, on that question, to Roger Q. Mills of Texas, father of the Mills bill. The latter had charged the Republicans with being in favor of free whiskey. Reed retorted that he could not mean that, for he knew that "there would not be enough Democrats left to make up the electoral ticket in half the States of the Union if they had confidence in his statement."

Now glided around the year that was to make Tom Reed the most hated and the most beloved man in the country. In 1889 he was finally elected Speaker of the House. At that time members of the minority could hold up business for days by refusing to answer the roll-call, although present. Reed was no sooner in the chair than he uttered the sentence that shook the whole country, startled the corpse-like brains of the members of the House into a Resurrection Day activity, put every editorial writer, paragrapher and cartoonist to work day and night, and even shook the moths out of the old woolsack under Big-Ben-on-Thames.

That sentence was: "The Chair directs the clerk to record the names of the following members present and refusing to vote." The clerk then proceeded amid a riot to record every Democratic member who was in the chamber.

The riots continued for three days. Reed was crowned Czar. Davenport depicted him as a Gulliver squeezing the life out of a horde of Liliputians with his fist. A member shouted at him, "I'm not here!" Reed smiled at him benevolently as one looks at a pet lunatic. Landis of Indiana, a Republican, howled back that he "believed that when a burly demagogue shouted until the acoustics bled, it was *prima facie* evidence that he was in the vicinity and could be counted." Reed waited for a lull, quoted the Constitution, and enjoyed what he called the extensive "répertoire" of abuse. He also emitted the famous epitaph which should be on the tombstone of every Congressman: "They never open their mouths without subtracting from the sum total of human knowledge."

After everything had settled down he had his portrait painted by Sargent, and Sir Henry Irving remarked that he looked like the Stratford bust of Shakespeare.

IV

The next Congress was Democratic, and went back to the old style—only those voting were counted as present. Reed led in the filibustering, remarking:

> I do not promise the members of this House whenever they listen to me to give them wisdom adamant. I do not promise them I shall not change my opinion when I have good reason for doing it. I only promise them that I will give them honestly what my opinion is at the time. They must take their chances of its being for eternity.

He, of course, now had his own reasons for playing absent when present. In the end, as leader of the minority, he so tied up legislation that the Democrats were forced to adopt his ruling, which lasts unto this very day without having lessened by one atom the coagulated stupidity and cowardice that we call the House of Representatives.

While the whirlwind was still raging he received an invitation to speak before the Blue Grass Club, located somewhere in the Crô-Magnon districts of Kentucky. His reply had a Shavian ring:

> I shall not accept the invitation tendered me by the Blue Grass Club. The reason is very simple. I notice that Jay F. Durham is president. Now Jay F. Durham assured me during the late disturbances that if they had me in Kentucky they would kill me. Knowing the said Durham to be a journalist, his declaration to me imports absolute verity. I do not wish to be killed, especially in Kentucky, where such an event is too common to attract attention. For a good man to die anywhere is of course a gain; but I think I can make more by dying later and elsewhere.

In 1892 there appeared the first fissure in the rigid partisanship of Reed. He was evolving. Benjamin Harrison, a beautifully garnished gentleman from Indiana, had been a-squat in the White House for three years, thanks mainly to the efforts of Matt Quay, the finest specimen of his questionable kind that had yet been littered beneath fair Columbia's skirts. Reed referred to his Hirsute Highness as an ice-chest, a Siberian solitude. In regard to his renomination he said, "I have spent my life taking political pills, but my powers of deglutition are, after all, limited. B. Harrison would be dead to start with."

This was the era of a new epidemic of tariff scabies. The Wilson bill was up, and with it came the same old verbal pus—John Bright, Cobden, Anti-Corn Laws, Chinese walls, underpaid labor of Europe, full dinner pail, even the Bull of Bashan. In those days Tariff was the Word. Reed delivered one of his longest speeches against "meddling with the tariff"—several speeches—and from his mass of crackling and amusing hooey I pick out this gem:

> This is the last of the air-cushions which the statesmen of this little Kingdom of Liliput, in which we are now living, have arranged for themselves to tumble on this evening. Of course it is a cushion that is filled with air, like the rest—not wind, because wind is air in motion; this is air that has gone to rest.

Reed served as Speaker again from 1895 to 1899. It was the period of the Spanish War and the rise of America as a world-power. He presided over the House like a didactic Marcus Aurelius not yet become Emperor. The breach with his party that began with his ejection of Harrison now widened over the war in Cuba and the annexation of the Philippines. He would have

none of it. "The best government" he said, "of which a people is capable is a government which they establish for themselves. With all its imperfections, with all its shortcomings, it is always better adapted to them than any other government, even though invented by wiser men." When we bought the Philippines he said, "We have paid $30 a Malay and he is still in the bush. Why didn't we purchase him from Spain f.o.b., with definite freight rate and insurance paid?"

In 1900, when he was out of office, practising law in Washington, the war with Aguinaldo began. Reed came into his office one morning and expressed astonishment that his partner should be working on a day on which the papers told the story of the capture of Aguinaldo's young son and announced that the American army was in hot pursuit of his mother. He pretended to be dumfounded all day that any good American should not be out on the street celebrating.

But it was not this treason that caused his retirement to private life. He had a consuming ambition to be President. He was McKinley's leading opponent in the convention of 1896, and had Roosevelt with him. He never recovered from the blow of his defeat. His health began to fail, and toward the end he spent most of his time in social diversions and reading. He had a large library of the "best" literature, and he kept a diary in French.

What kind of President would Tom Reed have made? Idle question, for it is written that no satirist shall rule. Mumbo-Jumbo must never smile, especially in Nordic countries, where the humorless is always believed to be the profound. Reed could never even have been nominated.

One of his last speeches was delivered in Iowa, wherein he said something that is directly applicable to a current issue in Washington. In speaking to the farmers he said:

"I look in vain for the sad-eyed, poorly-clad men covered with mortgages and Democratic pity."

IN MEMORIAM

BY ALBERT STEVENS CROCKETT

Not far from the spot where the Indian chief who sold Henry Hudson Manhattan Island coined the expression, "Here's how!" when he tackled the bottle of rum that the crafty Britisher—temporarily a Dutchman—threw after his twenty-four dollars to bind the bargain—not far from that sacred spot, in later years, arose a mighty hotel. In one of its great halls, disciples, if not descendants, of the noble red man were wont to assemble every afternoon, and to preface, as well as conclude, with his utterance on that memorable occasion, deals which caused the original Manhattan real estate speculation todwindle to the proportions of a fly-speck.

What some of those men did, under the influence of a just-ended session of the Stock Exchange, of the news-ticker that kept discharging its tape into a waste-basket, and possibly—and probably—of what was dispensed in that hall by a dozen talented bartenders, helped make American history. Men staked fortunes there; they formed pools; they plotted to corner markets. For years the names of certain of them made the first page of the newspapers almost every day. They were, in their way, giants, and they took their ease in a Gargantuan way.

Such of their performances as were worth while from an historical standpoint were long ago recorded in the books, and are now no concern of mine. My interest lies in what they drank. For, whatever his other purposes, a man invariably did at least one thing when he entered the Waldorf-Astoria bar: he drank. More often than not it might be said, "Good God, *how* he drank!" And sometimes, "And *what!*"

Many of that noble army of gallant drinkers I knew by name; most of them I knew by sight. The majority have gone. The great hall where they guzzled every day, some of them for almost two score years, ceased to function one dark day in 1919. Now it has been smashed into bits and carted away. Only the name of the Waldorf-Astoria bar survives. That, and its traditions. But while the light holds, let me try to recreate it, and to limn the shapes of some of those who went surging in and out, while, above the roar of conversation and the chatter of the ticker, the air was rent with calls of "Same here!" and "Here's how!"

It is a room with a high, groined ceiling, supported by great fluted oaken pillars. The walls are of dark oak paneling, except on the north side, where there is a glass partition, dividing it from the main corridor of the hotel. Two big doorways give access from the latter. Above the panelings hang elks' heads. More than half of the great hall is filled with round tables surrounded by men with hats on, and most of them overcoated. On every table are glasses and bottles. White-aproned waiters weave their way in and out among the tables.

On the walls are a few paintings—expensive looking. Here and there is a piece of massive, if not always ornamental, statuary. In one corner stands a great rectangular bar, behind which a dozen men in white coats are busy all afternoon and evening ministering to an endless array of thirsts. In the center of the space the bar encloses is a high refrigerator table, its top graced by the figures of a bull and a bear,

between which is a tiny lamb—all in bronze. Between the two emblems of Wall Street and the lamb—the innocent public—and to either side of the latter, are vases of flowers. The rest of the table is filled with glassware.

The crowd surges in. Everyone struggles to get a foothold on a brass rail that runs around the bottom of the bar. Sometimes the gang is ten deep, all pressing toward that common goal. On every face is written a strong resolve. Each man pushes forward until some drinker who has been monopolizing a coveted spot falls or otherwise gives way; and then, with something like a shout, the late-comer, if he is a good squirmer or ducker, wiggles into the place thus vacated, stepping, perhaps, over a prostrate body, to claim the drink he yelled for while still a Sheridan's ride away.

Ad astra was the motto of the crowd. If it wasn't Martel's Three Stars or Hennessy's Five, it was a cocktail or a highball. The fancier drinks came later in the day.

II

An early patron was Colonel Joe Rickey—not Jim, as he has lived in certain recollections. Rickey was not the inventor of the drink that bears his name. It was a bartender at Shoemaker's in Washington—to which Senators and Congressmen resorted in the days long before they came to depend upon gentlemen in green hats to keep them wet while they voted dry—who was the author of that immortal beverage. Colonel Joe was a lobbyist, and hence a buyer of drinks for members of Congress. He shone particularly at Shoemaker's. The rickey called after him was made by squeezing lime juice into gin, pointing the seltzer siphon in the direction of the mixture, and then letting fly.

In the early days of the Waldorf-Astoria Colonel Rickey's long gray mustache and black slouch hat often caused him to be mistaken for Mark Twain. However, he wore glasses. He always turned up at the bar at cocktail time and would help shut it at one o'clock in the morning. But even one o'clock did not mean curfew to him, for he had a lien on the pint of rye which, with an equal quantity of Scotch, the night manager of the hotel used to cache for the accommodation of patrons who might turn up after hours with the news that they simply had to have a drink or die.

To the era of Colonel Rickey belonged also Major Moses P. Handy, a former Washington newspaper correspondent who had been director of publicity for the Chicago World's Fair, and who, when it came to drinking, was surely no amateur. In his company were often Henry Guy Carleton, the novelist, a newspaper man whose name in Waldorf circles survives only as Old Man Jones of the *Post*, and Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree. The most colorful of the group was Ochiltree, a stout, full-faced and red-mustached man who boasted he was a boon companion of the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII.

In his last years Colonel Tom, once reputed to be a pensioner of the late John W. Mackay, seemed to depend for his support upon the betting tips furnished him by one who was called Dirty Jack McDonald. Dirty Jack was a race-track tipster who had the habit of chalking certain marks upon the coat-sleeves of wealthy men attending the races. If they proved successful bettors, he would come around afterward and demand a stake for handing over the tip. And he often got away with it. The last time I saw Ochiltree, more than twenty years ago, he and McDonald had gone into a huddle in the hallway just outside the Waldorf bar. Despite his mighty shirt front, he lived in one mean room not far away from the hotel. But he used to get his mail at the hotel, and its stationery was free to all. Whenever one entered the bar at cocktail time one discovered him seated at one of the tables, or wedged in the crowd whose members slowly wormed themselves toward the brass rail.

There, too I have often seen John W. Gates—of "Betcha-a-million" fame—with his bosom friend, Colonel Ike Ellwood, in-

ventor of barbed wire fencing. Years before Ike had accused John of pirating his invention, but now they were friends again. Their almost constant companion was Colonel John Lambert, once warden of the Joliet, Ill., Penitentiary, but risen to president of the American Steel and Wire Company. With Gates also were often Edwin Hawley, and Loyall L. Smith, one-time Chicago newsboy, but then a multimillionaire. Gates and his crowd preferred to hold their sessions in the men's café across the hall rather than in the barroom. And there it was that James R. Keene, noted both as a turfman and as a Wall Street operator, and Phil Dwyer, also famed as a patron of the house, used to sit before dinner and during the meal and afterward, surrounded by all the stars of the Jockey Club. Among their cronies was Andy Miller, one of the proprietors of *Life* and also a horse owner. Again, there were Price McKinney, of Ohio, who kept a big stable, and Jack Follansbee, foster-brother of William R. Hearst. There, and in the bar, one used to see, too, Theodore P. Shonts: that was before he was called to become chairman of the Panama Canal Commission.

A picturesque figure was Manny Chappelle, a wine agent, a large man with classical features, pale face and white hair, who often, in competition with one of his rivals, particularly a lad named Murphy, used to "open" by the quart and magnum the brand of champagne he sold. Whichever bought the most champagne and got it consumed on the spot was accounted the victor. Manny usually won, for his expense account ran to $25,000 a year. In the background one often discovered the great Bluebeard face of George Kessler, American agent for Mumm's Extra Dry, who made so much money out of his business that early in the century he bought a great place at Bourne End, on the Thames, and spent the rest of his life in England and France.

Diamond Jim Brady, a grotesque and gaudy figure in the life of New York for a quarter of a century, who appeared each day of the week with shirt front, cuffs, and every garnishable part of his person—except his nose and ears—glittering with diamonds, or rubies, or sapphires, or emeralds, or God-knows-what, according to his humor, often drew the eyes of the crowd. But Jim was a teetotaler. His taste was not for drinks, but for victuals. His bizarre head-lights were his method of advertising. Report had it that he had once served a term as office boy for old Commodore Vanderbilt. Now he was star salesman for a firm dealing in brass fixtures, and among his chief customers were the railroads.

In private life, Jim acted as a getter-up of parties where the Big Fellows, aided by the lavish application of liquors and soft attentions from light but pretty ladies, might coax gentlemen from the sticks into business commitments from which sober sense would have made them revolt. He had a wide acquaintance along Broadway, and his own particular blonde knew others. His address-book, indeed, bulged with the telephone numbers of both blondes and brunettes, all of them agreeably receptive to a promising dinner invitation.

Herman Sielcken, the Coffee King, was another steady patron of the bar. Sielcken, who widened his acquaintance considerably among his adopted countrymen by meeting them at Baden-Baden and entertaining them at his villa, "Maria Halden," in the Black Forest nearby, was the man who helped Brazil bring about the valorization of coffee, and so increased its price to every American consumer of the beverage.

I have spoken of gallant drinkers. One of the most gallant I ever knew was William B. Oliver, a stockbroker, who, to everybody who knew him, was Uncle Billy. Uncle Billy seldom missed a session of the daily after-hours session of the Stock Exchange in the Waldorf bar. He had a portly figure, with a round, cheery smile that never left his face, and any gathering which numbered him always seemed to be having the best time of any table in the great room.

Oliver H. P. Belmont, mostly known to fame as the second husband of the first Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Senior, and stepfather of Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, was also occasionally seen in the bar, but he preferred to chum with the Keene or the Dwyer crowd of racing men in the men's café. It was in the latter that William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet and dramatist, took his first lesson in the American art of drinking.

Yeats' career, we are led to believe, had been cocktailless when he first came to New York with his company of Irish actors from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. Soon after his arrival he was given a luncheon by a group of New York literary men in the men's café of the Waldorf. The Clover Club cocktail had just come into vogue. Immediately after the party sat down, in came a tray of Clover Clubs, mixed by the expert hand of "Doctor" Phil Kennedy, the head barman, who had learned that a distinguished fellow-Celt was to be honored. Yeats sat back in his chair open-eyed, as the Americans present hurled the picturesque pink drinks down their esophagi. Then he sipped from his glass, smacked his lips, and sipped again—and kept sipping until long after soup. When the wine came he ignored it, and so another Clover Club was ordered for him. He sipped Clover Clubs, in fact, until the end of the luncheon. It was the first time his American admirers had ever seen a cocktail taken with meat. Yeats remained blissfully ignorant that in the land of its birth the concoction was supposed to be used only as an appetizer.

The black slouch hat, gray mustache and goatee of Colonel Henry Watterson, editor of the once-famous Louisville *Courier-Journal*, were not unknown in the bar; and Denman Thompson, of "Old Homestead" fame, was a frequent patron, as were Nat Goodwin, William H. Crane and others who made the American stage what it used to be. Jakey Field, who had started as a Wall Street messenger boy and become one of the most successful operators on the Stock Exchange, was often to be seen leaning against a doorpost, overcoat on and hands in trousers pockets, eyeing the crowd and looking for someone. It was Jakey who, when Jesse Livermore, a frequent member of the crowd inside, and then known as the Boy Speculator, was selling Baldwin Locomotive short, bought 100,000 shares of it at between 100 and 110, and made more than a million dollars out of the operation.

A more convivial personage who loomed large, or at least tall, in that bunch of small men or middle-heights, was Colonel John C. Mayo, who had started his career as a school-teacher in Kentucky and amassed a fortune by acquiring vast tracts of coal and lumber land. Mayo, one day, endorsed a check for a complete stranger at the cashier's window of the Waldorf, and lost thereby a considerable sum of money.

Daniel B. Reid, of tin plate and Rock Island fame, was another steady patron of the bar, though it is not recorded that he acquired there the jag which wrought such havoc among purchasers of Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific stock and almost wrecked the market one day many years back. Reid's astonished broker received a message from him to buy 40,000 shares of Rock Island through a score or so of other brokers. The stock quickly ran up thirty points. Reid's orders having been executed, Rock Island immediately dropped thirty points, by which time many who had bought on a margin during the upward movement had been sold out.

I must not forget one, who, if he were alive, would yield ground to no competitor in alcoholic consumption. I refer to Private John Allen of Tupelo, Mississippi, suh, a gentleman of the old Southern school, whose thirst for Bourbon never left him until he was called from this sphere. And, as it meant so much to him, I hope not even then. Allen claimed to be the only Confederate private who had survived the Civil War. A member of Congress, his wit, his eloquence, his per-

sonality and persuasiveness were such that when he got up one day in the House and demanded that his home town of Tupelo be made the site of a fish hatchery, they just handed it to him on a platter.

III

The visitor to the current New York speakeasies, according to report, may lack nothing in abundance or supply; but, according to oldtimers, he is confronted by decided circumscription in variety. Well, Joseph Taylor, one of the Waldorf bartenders, knew how to make, and did make, two hundred and fifty-nine different kinds of cocktails. He knew how to compose, and did compose, five hundred and twenty-five different kinds of mixed drinks altogether. The two hundred and fifty-nine varieties of the great American drink deserve, if by name only, to live in history. For their nomenclature belongs to it.

The stage, whether or not it drove men to drink in those days, certainly inspired much drinking, and successful plays often stood godfather for new cocktails. The great success of "Rosemary," with which John Drew and one of Charles Frohman's companies helped open the Astoria part of the hotel, was celebrated in a cocktail of the same name, composed of equal parts of vermouth and Bourbon. The tuneful "Merry Widow" and the almost equally whistleable "Chocolate Soldier" were drowned in similar baptisms. The Merry Widow cocktail was made of half French vermouth and half Dubonnet; the Chocolate Soldier, an appropriately stronger potation, was composed of one-third Dubonnet, two-thirds Nicholson gin and a dash of lime juice.

"Peg o' My Heart" and "Rob Roy" named other cocktails. A Trilby had been drunk back in the days of the Waldorf sit-down bar. In compliment to the locale of the play, it was made of one-third French vermouth and two-thirds Old Tom gin, with dashes of orange bitters and crême Yvette. "Salôme," when it came to the Metropolitan Opera House, had its success celebrated in a way that might have made Strauss weep for his Munich *Seidel*. With its two dashes of absinthe, cementing half portions of Italian vermouth and French Dubonnet, the Salôme lacked German color altogether, but it was certainly not short in authority. Mrs. Leslie Carter must have heard, when she put Mr. Belasco upon the theatrical map, that "Zaza" made one of its biggest hits in the form of the invention of a Waldorf barman. The Zaza cocktail was somewhat milder than the Salôme, for only one-third of its content was Old Tom gin, that being allied with two-thirds Dubonnet and two dashes of orange bitters. And Charlie Chaplin had a cocktail named in his honor when he began to make the screen public laugh.

In those days every big or spectacular event claimed its appropriate honor at the hands of the Waldorf professors. The first composition of the Arctic cocktail celebrated Peary's discovery of the North Pole, and the Doctor Cook celebrated the exposure of a fakir whose very entrails Peary once confessed to me that he hated. The invention of the Coronation cocktail was anticipative of the ten minutes' rest the late King Edward got when they sat him on the Stone of Scone. The Fin de Siècle came toward the end of the century, when the expression became current in magazines and newspapers, and when lots of people were taking their first lessons in French. What they said when they meant to order such a cocktail is another matter.

One may recall many historical, society, sporting, police and other events by those cocktails. There was the Third Degree, invented when everybody in New York was interested in the way the tough cops were extracting information from accused persons. Probably it left its imbiber in a state similar to that of one of their victims. It consisted of one-eighth French vermouth, seven-eighths Plymouth gin, and several dashes of absinthe. The Good Times was reminiscent of the coach that once ran

from the Waldorf-Astoria to the Woodmansten Inn. The Jitney complimented the invention of a Detroit gentleman which took the place of trolley cars when drivers and conductors went on strike. It may be interesting to him to learn that it was composed of one-half gin, one-fourth lemon, one-fourth orange juice—and a little sugar. Then there was the Marconi Wireless, which first sprang across the bar when the ancestor of the radio began to raise its ghostly voice; and the Prince Henry, concocted to celebrate the arrival of the Kaiser's apostolic brother, who was dined and wined prodigiously in the hotel's grand ballroom just above the bar.

Cocktails by the name of Futurity, Suburban and H. P. Whitney celebrated the triumphs of James R. Keene and other famous stable-owners. A famous picture of a naked girl in the waves, sold under the name of September Morn, was perpetuated—at least it was so thought—by a Waldorf cocktail. However, that cocktail was not a brand-new composition, but simply a Clover Club in which gin gave place to Bacardi rum. The real Clover Club was composed of the juice of half a lemon, half a teaspoonful of sugar, half a pony of raspberry syrup, one-quarter of a pony of white of egg, and a jigger of gin.

The Spanish-American War produced a whole series of new drinks. The guns of Santiago awakened reverberation in the Waldorf bar, and shook up what was termed a Santiago sour—not, however, strictly a cocktail. No more was Hobson's Kiss, reminiscent of an episode that, alas! served to discredit the hero of the *Merrimac*. Then there was a Schley punch, a Shafter cocktail, and another which took its name from Admiral Dewey.

But even when all these are named, one has really not begun on the list.

SECRETS OF THE PSYCHE

BY ARTURO F. RATTI

No one, I imagine, will dispute the great value of sizing up human character at a glance. Indeed, in these gaudy days of the Noble Experiment, when at some time or other virtually every Americano is under suspicion, accurate character-judging has become a national necessity. The Republic's high-pressure mills of learning, of course, sensed this new demand long ago, and as a result most of them now offer elaborate courses in the study of character and personality. But these offerings, alas, are mainly long and windy, and so the up-and-coming business man, when he sets out to snare perfection in the art of sizing up strangers at sight, resorts not to the shrines of higher learning, but to the gates of private professors. Usually advertised simply as characterologists, but also known to the trade as character analysts, personality psychologists, and personality engineers, these ornaments of the new science have set up their booths all over the realm.

Almost anybody, it appears, can become a master characterician by home study, but the speediest way, no doubt, to attain perfection in the new science is to trek to Chicago, the great Mecca of American characterology and the seat of Prof. Mills Watson Connor Conroy. Professor Conroy is the author of "Conroy's Revelations of the Human Mind," parts of which are quoted from time to time in *Character Reading*, the national journal of the personality engineers. Says he:

> At first it may seem paradoxical to assert that a person can become an expert character reader in one single day, but it can be done nevertheless.

Thus assured, the novice is ready to master Professor Conroy's Short System to quick character reading. Its touchstone, it seems, is the human voice, which

> reveals character as nothing else does. The voice comes immediately from the soul. Such as the soul is, such will be the voice. . . . A conversational, clear, sweet, smooth, and musical voice indicates harmony of development, being a combination of the didactic and emotional voice. This means culture, narration, description, and education. . . . A person having the characteristics of earnestness, loftiness, high-mindedness, reverence, adoration, devotion, inspiration, daring and lofty emotions has exalted and lofty utterance.

Men of God, it appears, are just this type:

> Listen to the voice of the ministers of the gospel. . . . and you will hear the peculiarity of vocal utterance. The voice quality is peculiar in the sense that it is produced by the larynx mainly. The pathetic voice quality is long, low, pleading, fatherly, motherly, and earnest.

But voice quality is only one phase of vocal character. Stress and accent, too, count a good deal:

> A man who is honest and strongly convinced of his opinions has a radical stress of voice. He accentuates the first syllable very strongly and then lets the rest of the word fade into an aspirate mode of speech. When there is astonishment, irony, satire, ridicule, and contempt in the mind of a person . . . there is a seeming swell to the accent of the word at the end, while in the middle of the word there is but little force.

As might be guessed, however, the satirical voice is not the star of the vocal show. The real big-timer here is the magnetic voice. This is always

> warm, independent, positive but civil, uniform in stress, didactic, imperative but friendly, clear, uniform, rich, musical, and rhythmical. That voice means success. Cultivate the acquaintance of people having the magnetic voice. It will pay you. With them you improve.

Not only does the cadet characterician improve, but he actually becomes "a character reader at once." Furthermore, "this is the very best way of learning character reading."

But not all characterícians favor the Conroy System. In fact, ever since the reign of a strong, silent man in the White House, some of the analyzers have paid no attention to the voice at all. Such a man is Dr. Redfield, whose scientific findings, like those of Conroy, are also recorded in *Character Reading*. Dr. Redfield is able to track down all the secrets of the psyche by looking at his client's teeth:

> The first pair of upper incisors indicate the sentiment of *Republicanism*. . . . Those who desire to associate and mutually govern themselves have these teeth large.

The same holds for "animals that are called gregarious." Also "agriculturists and laborers have large incisors."

> The second pair of incisors indicates the sentiment of filial affection. Their length indicates the love of father, and their breadth the love of mother.

The apprentice characterician is also expected to keep his eyes on the upper canines. These, it appears, are the sure signs of Love of Possession and Love of Change. They are always enormous in "the mercurial Frenchman and the traffic-loving Jew." Some other owners of colossal upper canines are "the lion, tiger, and wolf." All these, according to Dr. Redfield, "have a strong sense of what belongs to them."

Obviously, his character gauge can't be used for toothless persons. But fortunately in such cases there are plenty of other tests. Assuming for the moment that the toothless one still has legs, and knows how to use them, the job of unraveling his personality isn't difficult—that is, if the analyzer is privy to the wisdom contained in Samuel R. Wells' "Signs of Character." Mr. Wells specializes in "Walks that Cannot Hide Your Character." Here are some of the details:

> A person with a straightforward, honest, but uneducated mind will walk in a straightforward manner, turning neither to the right nor to the left. . . . If educated and refined, the person will acquire a more refined step characterized by regular time. . . . The humble man has a humble walk. The dignified man has a dignified walk. The vain man has a vain walk. The hopeful man a light, buoyant walk.

In addition to being on the *qui vive* for the Light Buoyant Walk, the character engineer should also be ready to note the Executive Walk, the Optimist Walk, the Thinker Walk, the Vulgarity Walk, the Self-Esteem Walk, and the Agony Walk. Should the toothless customer also happen to be legless, there is still no need for despair. Given such a sad case, all that an expert characterician requires of his man is at least a couple of normal hands, as witness the following testimony of Dr. Henry Frith, author of "Not Only Hands But What You Do With Them":

> Folded arms usually indicate that the person is not open to your proposition. In transports of joy the hands are clasped in thankfulness, or the person's fingers are agitated, or joined together so as to keep the continual flow of the nervous, vital fluid to the brain; to keep the current up. That this current exists, that something of such nature is requisite to keep the brain up to the mark, . . . is evident. We constantly see people flourishing a handkerchief, or twirling a watch-chain, or fiddling with a paper-knife or a wine-glass when speaking.

Another specialist in hands is Dr. Byris Trelawney, a *savante* who only a short time ago published a learned monograph on "The Gold-Digger's Hand."

> Hers are lovely hands—supple, slender, graciously modelled. The palms are narrow, long, tapered; the nails naturally long and worn long and pointed; and the skin white and soft.

All these are clues to the gold-digger's character:

> She is stubborn, sentimental, impulsive, and often recklessly jealous. . . . The gold-digger flees from one religion to another. . . . She has a sense of the dramatic and desires to be thought of as what she is not.

But greater even than Dr. Trelawney is Dr. Eugene Lawrence. Thus, where she needs a whole hand to analyze her customer, he can do the trick with just a thumb:

A courageous and resolute man has large thumbs which he, when he walks, sticks out from his hands like a pair of horns, but an irresolute man closes his thumbs within his hands. Watch the thumbs of people and you will notice many peculiarities.

II

There are countless other indices to the secrets of the heart. Beside teeth and voice, hands and walk, there are the eyebrows, the liver, the body chemistry, the glands, the laugh, and the kiss. The eyebrows and their mission are fully discussed in *Character Reading:*

Overhanging, shading and protecting the celestial windows of the soul are the eyebrows. They are the chief seat of individuality and utterly reveal the story of character. The nature and mobility of the eyebrows makes them very significant in expression. We see there displayed with equal clearness anger, pride, contempt, gentleness, firmness, nobleness and quality of character. . . . Eyebrows that are gentle, rich, and long are characteristic of femininity.

But more important than even the "celestial windows of the soul" is the kiss. Here again, Professor Conroy is on top as an authority:

The sentiments have their poles in various parts of the face. Therefore a person who is moved by a certain sentiment kisses in a certain way. Matrimonial love has its pole in the side portions of the mouth. When lovers kiss, they kiss with this part of the mouth. They turn the head sidewards to some little extent. Motherly and fatherly affection has its poles closer to the corners of the mouth. Friendship kisses on the cheeks for the simple reason that it has its poles on the cheeks. Religious love . . . kisses on the forehead or it kisses on the hands. A person moved by a flirting tendency throws kisses with the hands at great distances.

That all these human poles are full of meaning in other ways has been proved by Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, "the greatest American philosopher and character reader:"

The painful morning scenes come to those who love on different planes of thought. Also they come from polarization. As in electricity, the deposit of gases liberated by the current of two wires, two human beings have periods of polarization. To prevent this they should have friends and other interests to replenish their magnetism and attraction for each other.

People about to marry can do no better than to visit Dr. Davis, or some other great characterician, and obtain their proper Scales of Marriage. Dr. Davis himself has seven such scales in stock, ranging from the Harmonial Scale to the lowly Sexual Scale. The right scale for the right person will always operate against the dreaded polarization.

Just as instructive as the kiss and the poles is the laugh. Here the towering scholar is Dr. Mary Olmstead Stanton, author of the celebrated "Encyclopedia of Face and Form," and frequently cited as an authoritative characterician in the official literature. Says Dr. Stanton:

Laughter may be sarcastic, sardonic, malignant, scornful, demoniacal, maniacal, hypocritical, brutal, coarse, idiotic, silly, sensual, amative, sensuous, loving, joyful, affectionate, approbative, or mirthful. . . . Smiles and laughter are most potent indices of character. . . . The intonations alone of each individual carry with them great knowledge of his mental, moral, and physical states. . . . The laugh is an unmistakable signification of sexual passions and powers as well as other functional states.

All this has been verified by another personality engineer who, in *Character Reading*, reports thus:

The laugh of the lover on his wedding day is very different from his laugh on many other occasions.

Besides being privy to all the occult meanings of the laugh, Dr. Stanton is also able to uncover the secrets of the psyche by watching the behavior of her client's liver. She says:

If the liver be of good quality, that is to say, free from all inherited weakness and always acting normally, a high quality of hope will accompany its action. Whenever I see an individual with cheerless and despondent views of life and the future I look for a liver diseased either by abuse or by inheritance from some blue, grim, joyless, jaundiced, bilious ancestor, and I find this invariably the case. How little people think as they stuff and gorge . . . what gloom they are storing up for future generations, cursing the unborn and sending down to posterity the blighting effects of their uncontrolled appetites. Surely it is here religion should commence.

But besides religion, the liver characterician also recommends diet:

> If you have lost hope and ambition, look to your liver. Three days of uncooked vegetables and salads will act as a wonderful liver tonic and you will regain lost hope.

The advanced character analysis taught in the *How to Eat Magazine* of Chicago employs not only the liver but also all the other glands of the *corpus humanum:*

> It is the study of those glands which dictates our thoughts, our habits, makes us affectionate one moment and cool the next, influences our nutrition, our work and our entire life. . . . It is the most fascinating branch of character analysis.

Advanced Character Analysis is also known to its sponsors as Glandular Character Analysis and Medical Character Analysis.

> The medical man gives it to us straight from the laboratory, and describes the chemical types in the most minute detail. He startles and shocks us. . . . He takes us through the agonies of the wife whose husband no longer loves her, but who upon the feeding of iodine regains his love. "Was his soul really alive after all?" she asks. "Is his love merely a certain amount of iodine?"

Besides restoring lost husbands to agonized wives, Medical Character Analysis also does its bit for harassed males:

> The employer can well ask, too, "How much adrenalin has that man got?" when he employs him. In other words, how much of a go-getter is he? And the man with the frigid wife can well question her amount of pituitrin.

Working hand in hand with the Medical Characterician is the Chemical Characterician. He has discovered that the human frame and its contents are made up of chemical substances. I quote from the handbill of a Chicago chemical characterician:

> Analysis of chemical type. We require for this basic analysis a snapshot of your full clothed figure, and if possible a front view photograph. Postal card size will do. We require a sample of the hair, the weight, present vocation, skin coloring, color of hair, and length of index finger.

Such a reading costs only three dollars and includes "bathing instructions for your individual type." The following comes from another chemical characterician, also of mighty Chicago:

> Your chemical type is revealed by your face, figure, skin coloring, hair and proportion. . . . Each member of the family is a chemical law unto himself. Because his chemistry is different, his talents, his character . . . are different.

The chemical characterician also has a few axioms up his sleeve:

> Silicon is the optimistic metal.
>
> Sulphur gives life, progress, tone to the soul. Too much is dangerous.
>
> Fluorin gives genius to the brain.
>
> Magnesium cools and alkalinizes the nervous system and permits sleep at night and life in the daytime.
>
> Hydrogen. Too much causes watery flesh, clumsiness, eczema, sterility.
>
> Manganese feeds the hysterical, neurotic patient. . . . She is starving for manganese, the element which coördinates our thoughts.
>
> Iodine protects the brain from body toxins. Leave out iodine from your diet and you are not normal, mentally or physically.
>
> Potassium gives activity, good looks, and versatility.
>
> Calcium gives . . . science.

Iodine is known to the chemical characterician as the Personality Chemical or the Personality Food. Its workings are marvelous, indeed, as witness the following vivid description sent out by the Chicago Health Information Bureau:

> This important personality chemical gives zest to life and beauty to the complexion and confidence to the mind. . . . Wrinkled skin around the eyes, sunken, pale cheeks tell the story of iodine hunger. Lack of ambition and enthusiasm tell the story of iodine hunger. Lack of ambition, . . . over-excitability, . . . over-consciousness, . . . forgetfulness, . . . these are a few of the symptoms of the lack of iodine.

The Health Information Bureau is concerned not only with taking apart the human personality but also with re-assembling it. For this purpose it puts up and distributes Personality Food in the form of Iodine Sea Lettuce, "in delightful little capsules—fifty capsules for $1.00." For those who are wallowing in the dumps of despondency, the Bureau carries a special supply of the Optimistic Metal disguised as Silicon Oats.

> Rolled oats do not contain this great youth-preserver. Steel-cut oats are delightful. God's original chemical elements remain. . . . If you wish to make work your play and to feel young, happy, and graceful, to retain your teeth and brighten your eye-sight, send for a two months' supply.

Such a supply, according to the Bureau's full-page advertisement in *Character Reading*, may be had for the low outlay of one dollar. For those who sigh for a complete renovation of personality, the Bureau has something very special on tap. I cite its own list:

Pep Cocktail	$ .10
Sleep Cocktail	.25
Complexion Cocktail	.25
Brain Cocktail	.25
Magnetism Cocktail	.25
Vitality Cocktail	.25
Courage Cocktail	.25
	$1.60

"The cocktails combine food and psychology," and "there's one for every day in the week."

III

Chicago houses many other charactericians, all specializing in different ways. There is, for example, the celebrated and widely advertised psychologist and vocational guide, David V. Bush, D.D., who teaches "how to read people at sight," and who is the author of "The Universality of the Master Mind," "The Art of Love," "Psycho-analysis," "Grit and Gumption," and "Character Analysis." Dr. Bush has discovered the five human temperaments, which are the Electric, the Magnetic, the Mental, the Acid, and the Alkaline. Finally, he is also the inventor of "eighty-four charts and pictures," covering such things as the "front face, profile, hands, skin, nose, eyes, ears, mouth, chin, the walk, voice, handshake, personal habits, expression and hundreds of other points that have a direct bearing on character." Competing against the versatile doctor is Dr. Ellene Yona Kerl, the gifted discoveress of Psychic Character Analysis. Unlike Dr. Bush, the psychic character analyzers are cold to charts and pictures: "they know people without using tape-measures and other devices."

The latest addition to the Chicago battery is the Personality Study Club. While still an infant, the P. S. C. has already mastered the first principles of the new science, as witness:

> Folks are the only safe investment in the world. The bank may break. The factory may burn. There might be an earthquake to sweep your land away. War may make your dollars and your check worthless. *But there is one man who will always have money.* He rises from ruins like the above quickly if they come to him at all. This man is the man who knows People. . . . An investment in People pays big dividends. It is knowledge that lasts forever. This is the reason why the Personality Study Club was organized. It is composed of executives and professional people who meet to study *Folks*. We study them from their faces, their chemistry, their temperament, their walks, manners, handwriting.

The Personality Study Club's mode of assorting the various brands of character is quite broad. Indeed, it includes virtually every known variety of character reading except numbers and lines. The latter, fortunately, are also on tap in Chicago:

> The lasting people are those who have more straight lines than curly lines about their make-up. The most lasting automobiles have, strange to say, a predominance of straight lines. The long lived animals, the elephant and the ox, are anything but curly in their structure. Straight-haired people . . . rule the world. . . . The man or woman with the curved, sloping jaw may say very pleasantly that he will come back to pay, in fact will be more convincing in speech than the straight or angular jawed man, *but will he come back?*

The answer to this question may be found in *Character Reading*. It is based on empirical data gathered "by a Chicago pipe-dealer":

> Over a period of twenty years, if ever I have given credit to a man who smokes a curved pipe, I invariably lose my money.

Almost as useful as pipes are numbers. Officially labeled Numeral Character Analysis, this branch of personality analysis, oddly enough, does not prosper in Chicago. To get it at its best one has to strike for the Bryan Belt:

> Perry Snell of St. Petersburg [Fla.] builds islands, bridges, and houses by the hundreds—beautiful houses. The power which gives him ability to do this is seen in the eight in the vowels in his name.

But not to be overlooked are certain other items, such as "the calcium in his chemical make-up, the firmness of his jaw,

the length of his upper lip, and the energy shown by the width between his ears." Chemically, Mr. Snell's character also rings the bell: "he gets his sixteen chemical elements every day of his life in the right proportions." But his bankbook is due "mainly to the broad comprehension of the number eight," which, as *Character Reading* clearly explains, "makes money on a large scale when money itself is forgotten."

Strangely enough, the number nine is just as important as the number eight. This has been proved beyond argument by Prof. Clifford Laden, a numeral characterician from Boise, Idaho, and author of "Have You a Number 9?" Heralded by the critics as "a scholarly piece of work pointing out the prevalence of the number nine in the life of our hero," Mr. Laden's treatise analyzes the celebrated Col. Charles Lindbergh. The startling conclusion is that the colonel is a "world traveler." More evidence of this strange, occult power of numbers has recently been dug up by Dr. Nane Ellean Brooks, author of "If You Can't Understand Your Parents, Get Their Number." Despite its flippant title, this monograph is quite sedate:

> While Mendel proved definite things about the growth and heredity of plants he could not prove entirely satisfactory laws of heredity in human beings. . . . In spite of heredity laws by which we are prone to explain things, numerology certainly throws more definite light on the problem, happily . . . with our parents as well as with outsiders.

Miss Nane sells her analyses *via* the U. S. mail.

> For $1.00, sent with full baptismal name, the month, day, and year of birth, I will reveal to you your hidden talents.

Not only will she analyze you; she will also teach you how to do the stunt to others. This is the Brooks Correspondence Course in Scientific Analysis and costs ten dollars. Number characterology's only rival is the Eternal Triangle. Also referred to by its manufacturers as the Higher Character Analysis, the Eternal Triangle is sold at Batavia, Ill.:

> Your eternal triangle. Your name. Your horoscope. Your writing. We have plenty of time out here on the river to investigate you. We have plenty of reference books and plenty of sincere desire to give you your money's worth. That is why we want to give you a complete analysis.

The complete analysis sets you back only a dollar. If you should be flush and don't mind spending another dollar, the Batavia characterician will show their appreciation by sending you what they call their Certified Reading.

In the field of modern character analysis up-and-doing Manhattan, I fear, must for once admit defeat. Completely outclassed by Chicago, Jimmy Walker's home town is barely able to keep step with booming Batavia. The truth is that in New York a smart characterician can haul in much more mazuma by going to work as a vocational guide. Yet despite such temptations of gold a few personality engineers have remained loyal to their science in the big city, and thus saved it from disgrace. One of these is the eminent Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford, though she is also a vocational guide and business counsellor. Recently retired to devote herself "to travel, research, and writing," Dr. Blackford will always be remembered among characterician as one of the founders of the science. She has written many works, the shortest and most learned being "The Science of Character Analysis —What It Is and What It Will Do For You." This gives the facts in a nutshell:

> The whole science is based on two laws.
>
> First. *Human bodies vary in nine ways:* Color, Form, Size, Structure, Texture, Consistency, Proportion, Expression, Condition.
>
> Second. *Men's characters vary in accordance with the way their bodies vary in these nine particulars.*

Though Dr. Blackford, now *emerita*, is an old-timer among American characterician, her lessons still sparkle. Here, for example, is a specimen of her technique in Lesson 7—Proportion Face:

> The human nose is the in-take for air, one of the essential fuels of his physical engine. Deep chest and large nose mean large energy capacity, whether the energy be wisely used or not. Dividing the face into three parts—nose section, mouth section, and chin section—we find the balanced face is where the first occupies half the length,

the mouth and the chin section each a quarter. These proportions . . . are physiologically expressive as to energy, vitality, endurance, and courage.

Lesson No. 5 is known as Texture:

Just as a thoroughbred horse's fine texture indicates one set of abilities and the rough Percheron's another, so in man the fineness of skin, hair, nails, features, hands, feet, and general build tell their story. . . . Savonarola was of the "convex, coarse-textured type," so tactless in his fierce denunciation of others that he paid the penalty with his life. Only a man of this type could have spoken as he did.

Lesson No. 21 tells all about Marriage and Family Relations as viewed by a scientific characterician:

The whole principle of the author's advice is to look the truth in the face beforehand. . . . The lesson closes with a very interesting Determination between husband and wife. . . .

Dr. Blackford, as I have said, is now retired, but her great work, *grâce à Dieu*, will go on. It will be carried forward and expanded by her successors and former pupils, Drs. Thomas A. McDonald and Marion Prichard, both scientific characterician of long and proud experience. They are also vocational guides.

IV

Other personality analyzers working for Manhattan's greater glory are William H. and James Edwin Lough, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Pd.D. The latter is a Harvard alumnus, a retired N. Y. U. professor of experimental psychology, and a former Acting Dean of Education and Dean of the Extramural Division. He has flung many learned works into print, such as "Analyzing Yourself," "Mental Ability," "Building Character," and "Utilizing Time." He also looms large among characterician for having boiled down the Character Trait List to a measly five-item sheet. The gallant five are Ambition, Confidence, Loyalty, Enthusiasm, and Cheerfulness. Says he:

Congratulate yourself if these traits are yours. If they are not, or if any one of them is below par, it is time to get hold of your feelings. . . .

To help the novice determine whether he is at par, Professor Lough has furnished a few guiding questions:

How do you feel?
Have you genuine ambition?
Are you distinctly loyal?
Is the atmosphere sunnier wherever you are because you carry cheerfulness with you?
Have you firm confidence in yourself, in your husband and in mankind?

Dr. Lough helps his students with statistical tests. The first one, testing Ambition:

Does your job seem *good enough*, so that you want to remain working at it indefinitely? If so, mark yourself not higher than 5%.

Par value for ambition is 20. Here is a fragment of the Test of Confidence:

Do you meet people socially and associate with them, feeling that you are as good as the best of them, or are you backward and retiring and timid? Mark yourself from 5 to 10% as you may deserve.

The bull's-eye for enthusiasm is twenty "according to the intensity of your feeling." The Lough test for cheerfulness, being the most scientific, is also the most elaborate. Consisting of ten questions, of a par value 10% each, the test leads to a Total Rating on Cheerfulness. Here are two specimens:

5. Do you *always* speak pleasantly over the telephone? Rating on No. 5 . . . . . 00%

9. When you join a group of acquaintances does the atmosphere invariably become *more* cheerful? Rating on No. 9 . . . . 00%

All these tests have high standing with scientific characterician. Others, proposed by First Assistant Dean Enoch George Payne, Ph.D., of the N. Y. U. School of Education, apply the yard-stick to Carefulness. Some of the achievements to be gauged are "keeping clothing well dusted and properly cleaned, keeping dresses and stockings properly mended, and washing stockings every day." A perfect character in clothing-dusting is worth five, while in dress-mending and stocking-scrubbing par is four. This test, too, has been accepted by all really scientific characterician.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Once There Was a Princess.—Back of the statistics proving a great decrease in the marriage and great increase in the divorce rates, both so learnedly commented upon in a hundred and one quarters, there is a small point, strikingly obvious, that has apparently escaped the attention of our friends, the philosophers. That the relative disappearance of the romantic impulse, due to the changing viewpoints as to sex and morality, is in part responsible for the disruption of the old order of things, is duly and truthfully recorded. But one of the chief reasons for the disappearance of that impulse on the masculine side seems to remain unnoted. While it is more or less plain that woman's increased economic independence, together with the wide, tacit acceptance of a new moral code, the vanishing of much of the old so-called home life and the psychic unrest brought about by altered worldly conditions, may in combination have done their full share in changing the attitude of the sexes toward each other, it is the masculinization of women, perhaps more than anything else, that stands out as the disturbing fly in the molasses.

It is this acquired mannishness of women that has gradually converted a long sentimental and chivalrous order of men into a realistically minded and sniffishly ironic body of cacklers. The romance that they once sought and found in women—a tradition of the centuries—they find no longer, for women more and more have ceased to be the figures of man's illusion and more and more have become superficially indistinguishable from man himself in his less illusory moments. In sport, in business, in drinking, in politics, in sexual freedom, in conversation, in sophistication and even in dress, women have come closer and closer to men's level and, with the coming, the purple allure of distance has vamoosed. Women act like men, talk like men, think like men; they wear men's tweeds and men's shirts and ties; they cut their hair short like men and use men's razors; they drink men's drinks and tell men's dirty stories; they sit in men's smoking cars and smoke men's tobacco; they jostle men in the voting booths and they wallop flirtatious fellows on the streets; they crowd men's golf links and tennis courts; they make the dates with men that men once made with them; they wear men's eyeglasses and brush their hair with military brushes; they go around in men's low-heeled shoes and they use men's cuss words; they swarm in men's places of trade; they write smutty books and read smuttier ones; they congregate, on land and sea, in bars and smoking-rooms hitherto reserved for men; instead of the old hat-pin they now use their fists; they bathe and swim in masculine bathing suits; they flock to prize-fights and yell enthusiastically at the sight of blood; they begin to talk sex before men get a chance to open their mouths; they wear pajamas, suspenders and knickerbockers; they ride horses cross-saddle and drive racing-cars and sweat at basketball; they carry men's cigarette cases and men's lighters and spit out bits of tobacco like men; they drive fast power-boats and airplanes and play the stock market; they go out alone at night and stay out; they laugh at virginity as they would laugh at a low burlesque-show joke. . . . And once upon a time there was a princess. "It was the blue of her eyes, that had the brightness of the Spring sky when there is no cloud anywhere between Heaven and the heads of men," writes Cabell, "which caused the armies of Rorn and of Ecben to meet like thunder clouds."

The Spirit World.—He is regarded as one of the foremost spiritualistic mediums in the United States and has profoundly impressed various presumably well-balanced skeptics with his amazing and inscrutable psychic gifts. I was invited recently to be convinced of his occult powers and lent my presence to his manifestations. This is what happened.

With several other clients I was escorted into a small room and bidden to seat myself, the professor seating himself in front of us. When we were arranged to his satisfaction, the lights were turned out and the room was thrown into a complete and impenetrable darkness. "It will require about half an hour to conjure up the spirits," the professor observed. "Please sit very quietly and do not cross your knees." It was obvious that it required the professor half an hour to adjust his eyes, treated with belladonna, to the dark, at the end of which period he would be able to see pretty clearly what we with normal vision could not see and, further, that if we crossed our knees our extending feet might embarrass parts of his apparatus. On the floor before us were two aluminum horns, one encircled by a thin band of phosphorescent paint. We sat quietly and the professor continued: "Let no one strike a match or open a door and let in any light, because the sudden shock to me while I am in a trance might mean death to me. Once someone partly opened a door and it was twenty-four hours before I could be revived." Thus were we discouraged from any ulterior whim to expose the show and coincidentally kill the professor.

The half hour up and the professor's eyes now accustomed to the pitch black, the horn with the phosphorescent paint on it was made to move mysteriously above our heads with the aid of a to us invisible aluminum extension contraption resembling, in miniature, the kind of wooden X-crossed hatrack seen in rural communities. As the horn swung about the ceiling, a sudden draught of cold air swept the little room, and we were aware that the professor had blown at us, out of a small tube, the chemical antithesis to the so-called hot-pants powder, that boyhood favorite of the trick novelty shops which, when sprinkled on teacher's chair, broiled teacher's seat and made teacher squirm. "Ah," exclaimed the professor, "a gust from the grave, a token that the spirits are with us! We shall soon hear their messages." The horn was now drawn down from the ceiling by contracting the hatrack-like dingus and Little Elsie, the spirit control, proceeded to entertain us with a performance of the professor's ventriloquial gifts.

"I am from Over There," said Little Elsie in a sweet, babylike voice. "What would you like to know?" One of us observed that he would like to know whether his dear departed daughter, Beatricia, was happy in the Great Beyond. She was very happy, Little Elsie said, somewhat to the dismay of the interrogator, who happened to be a bachelor. Another of us now inquired if Little Elsie could tell him anything about his mother. "Your mother is far, far away," piped Little Elsie. "She sends your father her deepest love and affection." The first part of Little Elsie's message, it appeared, happened to be strangely authentic, though its authenticity was somewhat damaged by the latter part, for the querist's mother, though truly enough far, far away—in Paris—was there for the sole purpose of getting a quick divorce from his father. It was my turn. "Tell me, Little Elsie," I whispered, "tell me what Heaven is like." Quick as a flash, Little Elsie answered, "You will never know! You will never go there!" This impressed me deeply. It proved to me not only that Little Elsie was plainly in the confidence of the Almighty, but that the ghostly kid was used to such embarrassing questions and was pretty hot at stopcock repartee.

"Little Elsie is tired; her long journey from the other world has wearied the child," announced the professor; "she is leaving us." More of the antithetical hot-

pants powder indicated that Little Elsie was on her way back to the grave as the professor continued: "Dr. Anderson, my Canadian control, who is 110 years old, will presently materialize to take Little Elsie's place. Meanwhile, the spirits of the beloved dead will lay in each of your laps a flower as a token of their enduring love." The professor now reached over to a vase on a far table with his aluminum contrivance and duly deposited in each of our laps a bloom. This done, the antithetical hot-pants powder was made again to do its duty, and, with it, Dr. Anderson came to us from the tomb.

Altering his ventriloquial tone from the childish treble of Little Elsie to the sepulchral, the professor brought the phosphorescent horn into action once more and Dr. Anderson proceeded to do his stuff. "Are you with us, Dr. Anderson?" inquired the professor in his natural voice. "I am with thee," responded Dr. Anderson in a voice several octaves lower. "You may ask Dr. Anderson questions," announced the professor.

In reply to a query as to the future course of the stock market, Dr. Anderson vouchsafed the occult information that speculation was always dangerous. Asked by a second searcher after light whether he, Dr. Anderson, could get the searcher into touch with his dead brother, Dr. Anderson answered that he could and, after a pause and with the assistance of a further ventriloquial manœuvre on the part of the professor, metamorphosed himself into the vocal spirit of the dead brother who, in faint and trembling but awesome tones, apprised the searcher after light that he, the dead brother, missed his living relatives greatly, for all the peace and joy of the spirit kingdom, and was only waiting for the day when the family would be reunited in bliss eternal. This, of course, was an astonishing revelation and we were all struck dumb, more or less.

To a third inquiry as to how he contrived to come back to earth, as he undoubtedly did, Dr. Anderson announced oracularly that "death was eternal life and the soul was immortal." There were, oddly enough, no more questions to be asked by the hitherto skeptical clients and, after another dose of the anti-hot-pants powder, Dr. Anderson rejoined his fellow ghosts in the Montreal cemetery.

"Do not move," enjoined the professor. "We must give the spirits ample time in which to leave us." And the professor ample time in which to tuck away his anti-hot-pants powder and horn-wielding contraption. We did not move, as commanded, and after two or three minutes the released horn fell to the floor with a crash, the lights were turned on, and the miraculous séance of one of the foremost spiritualistic mediums in the United States was over.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

British Comedy

One of the reasons why the English and Irish-English playwrights generally write better comedies than the American lies in the fact that so many of them are at bottom tragic, or at least serious, dramatists and in the further and obvious related fact that the best comedy is simply tragedy in falseface. A very considerable number of them have actually begun as writers of tragedy, problem plays or some other species of serious drama—or as serious novelists—and subsequently have come to look at the world with a less gray and more critically humorous eye. Down in the heart of every American writer of comedy there crawls a desire for the more serious drama; to him it seems a step forward in importance. But down in the heart of the English and Irish-English writers of serious plays there crawls an antithetical desire for comedy; to them it means a step forward in worldly wisdom and philosophical development—in which, as always, we have the mark of an older and more fully flowered civilization and culture.

Take a few examples. Galsworthy began in the vein of "The Silver Box," "Strife" and "Justice" and that vein produced the bloom of comedy in "The Pigeon." Drinkwater came into his comedy own with "Bird in Hand" after a long apprenticeship in the sober chronicle drama. Even the mocking Shaw, a genius of comedy, began in the relatively indignant mood of "Widower's Houses" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Maugham's earliest efforts were of "A Man of Honor" flavor and Macdonald Hastings' of "The New Sin." Arnold Bennett's "What the Public Wants" was the forerunner of his several amusing comedies and Lennox Robinson's hilarious "The White-headed Boy" followed a period of dramatic acidity. "The Wife Without a Smile" and other such excellent comedies are the work of the same man who wrote "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" and "Iris." "The Tyranny of Tears" and "The Saving Grace" are the comedies of the author of such antecedent problem drama as "John-a-Dreams." The comedies of H. V. Esmond were preceded by things like "Grierson's Way." The comedies called "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "The Liars" and "Joseph Entangled" are the products of the same playwright who wrote "Judah," "Michael and His Lost Angel" and "Mrs. Dane's Defence." Maugham, already referred to, the author of a number of admirable comedies, is also the author of "The Moon and Sixpence" and "Of Human Bondage." And St. John Ervine, whose comedy, "The First Mrs. Fraser," is currently with us, is the same tragic-minded Ervine who began with "Mixed Marriage," "Jane Clegg" and "John Ferguson." I do not say, plainly enough, that comedy is the sole end of these Englishmen and Irish-Englishmen, for in some cases they have periodically returned to serious drama after gratifying themselves in comedy. What I do say is that their comedies are what they are because they are the slow outgrowth of minds with serious roots.

Ervine's latest comedy is a very much better piece of work than his anterior "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary." It is more sharply and more smoothly written; it is more understanding and it is wittier; and it indicates an increasing ease and comfort in the naturalness of its sophistication. The fable it spins is at bottom a not unfamiliar one: the wife who, by the exercise

of a shrewd and captivating strategy, wins back the husband who has deserted her for another and theoretically more appetizing woman. But Ervine has given the tale freshness and charm by filtering it through deft dialogue and adorning it with telling little touches of observant humor. Throughout it, one has the feeling of a superior intelligence looking down in a kindly and amused mood at the puppets it has created for its own holiday; there is seldom the suggestion, common to our native comedies, that the author has spent his last drop of sweat on the job and that that job has taken out of him all he has to give. The comedies of these Englishmen and Irish-Englishmen pretty nearly always manage to have a doubly agreeable air on the score of their appearance of being regarded by their authors as the amiable trifles of a serious mind on vacation.

Since Ervine is a dramatic critic who, when he was over here, joined some of us in lamenting the ubiquity of the line "Oh, go to hell!" in modern dramatic fare, it is rather odd to find him having recourse to it on two different occasions in his own play. One finds him, however, more faithful to his critical prejudice against the epigrammatic form of expression, for when he indulges himself in it he is quick to apologize by bringing one character to ask, "Does he always talk like that?" and another to rejoin, "Ninian's a very clever little boy from Oxford, but he'll grow out of it." Of straightforward humor, we have a number of diverting samples. Someone refers to a London supper club called the Half-and-Half. It is explained, in reply to an observation on the peculiarity of the name, that the women members are half-men and the men members half-nothing. "That must make it very confusing," says one of the women, "but everything is very mixed nowadays. I had a letter this morning which began 'Dear Sir or Madam.' " Commenting on wrong telephone calls asking if the Frasers' house is Albert Hall, Mrs. Fraser drawls that Albert Hall seems to get rung up a lot now, since they gave up music and took up boxing. On Ervine's debit side, there is the description of a certain Lord Larne as "the sort of thing you see when you turn a stone over" and such a tried one as "People don't feel about these things now as they used to do in your young days, do they?"

In the aggregate, however, the estimable *Observer's* estimable critic's play is a warmly human and ingratiating piece of writing. And it brings to the present-day stage what that stage so sadly misses: the portrait of a woman who is something other than a cross between a minstrel show end-man and a fashionably dressed guinea-pig.

The comedies of such an Englishman as A. A. Milne, on the other hand, generally amount to little more than excursions into sentimental triviality. Back of them one gets the impression of a mind that has scratched only the surface of human affairs and of an emotion that was arrested in the nursery or, at all events, in its preparatory school days. Mr. Milne's characters, whatever their stated age, are always youngsters in the heart of them and it is this emotional simplicity that passes with audiences of like emotional juvenility for sound sentiment. A certain writing facility sometimes helps to mask the basic ingenuousness of the author's point of view, but even that facility cannot conceal for long the pink and blue baby-ribbons that adorn his outlook, his sentimental philosophy and his feelings.

In "Michael and Mary," the latest comedy from Milne's pen, there are two scenes that have some life jockeyed into them with the aid of adult words, but for the most part sweetness and virtue are made so unhandily assertive that the business becomes cloying. There are times, indeed, in Milne's plays when cuteness is carried so far and Barrie-ism so absurdly exaggerated that it is all one can do to keep from being theatrically seasick. Just as last season, in "Meet the Prince," the playwright induced an intestinal riot by causing an adult man and woman coyly to pretend that they were playing nursery telephone, so now

again he goes in for such things as having a fifty-year-old married couple address each other cooingly as "Bubbles" and "Binx" and play piggy-goes-to-market with each other's little fingers. It is Mr. Milne's peculiar fate that the books he deliberately writes for children are diverting to grown-ups and the plays he deliberately writes for the latter diverting chiefly to children.

The difference between a mind and emotion like Milne's and like Ervine's may no more clearly be studied than in a contemplation of the central women characters the writers have created in their respective comedies. Milne, trying to fashion a woman of all the tender virtues, has succeeded in fashioning simply a woman who thinks and feels in terms of a loyal puppy, a papier-mâché Sunday-school cut-out with a blob for a mind. Ervine, creating a woman of basically the same type, has made her real and alive by understanding what is in her head and putting it back into it. Behind Milne's comedy there is, at best, only a wistful and artless inexperience. Behind Ervine's there is an acquaintance with a world in which even the most beautiful hearts are known to have in them some biting bitterness.

II

Manager and Critic

The latest theatrical impresario to view my critical endowments with alarm and to safeguard himself from their painful exercise is Mr. John Golden. It seems that Mr. Golden's feelings were hurt when, in a review of a production of his named "Night Hostess," I took the liberty of calling attention to the fact that it seemed strange that a producer whose churchly boast was that he stood for only the cleanest and purest type of plays should magnanimously provide for the pleasure of us ecclesiastical wets with one whose leading *Schnitzel* of humor was an allusion to the glandular aridity of Mr. Macgruder, alias McCarthy. So deeply was Mr. Golden wounded, indeed, that he forthwith sought out the Authors' League and made a stirring address to that body urging it to protest to the Encyclopædia Britannica that any such foul fellow as I was inappropriate to contribute to it on the history of the American drama, presumably on the theory that a history of the American drama would inevitably include a lengthy treatise on "Night Hostess" and most certainly a deplorable reference to Mr. Macgruder's share in it.

Mr. Golden's attitude is so typical of that of certain others of his kind that it may be worth a few paragraphs. That Mr. Golden believes I didn't record faithfully the fact and the truth of his exploitation of Mr. Macgruder's, alias Mr. McCarthy's, anatomical delinquencies, not even Mr. Golden would for a moment argue. It is rather that he was embarrassed by the truth and, as is generally the reaction in such cases, held me instead of himself to be the hypocritical party. There surely can be no other explanation. That Mr. Golden believes I am ill-equipped for criticism, he himself has sufficiently denied not only by requesting me to review his productions since first he began in the show business, but by continuing to request me in the face of frequent highly adverse comment on his efforts. So long as my criticism hit merely other men, *i.e.*, the playwrights whom he sponsored, he didn't seem much to mind. But the moment it hit him, in his capacity as a producer, his personal vanity was touched and a warmth generated under the collar. Like most of us, he was in this, after all, simply human.

Contrast Mr. Golden's attitude with that of Mr. Edgar Selwyn. About seven or eight weeks ago, Mr. Selwyn put on a cheap little comedy by Walter Hackett called "Other Men's Wives," out of which he hoped merely to make some popular box-office money. Unfortunately, he didn't, for the play met with no public approval and had to be quickly withdrawn to prevent a further investment loss. Mr. Selwyn

invited me not to review the exhibit with, in effect, these sentiments:

"The play is a negligible affair and I know it. It is—I appreciate from a long and thorough acquaintance with your critical tastes—not worth your attention, so what's the use of your reviewing it, saying so and possibly hurting its chances at the box-office? I just want to make some money out of it if I can; I know a good play as well as you do when I get hold of one. When I do, go ahead and criticize the tail off it whether I agree with your conclusions or not, or whether you lose me money or not!"

Whereupon I not only complimented Mr. Selwyn for his frankness and honesty, but sent him a box of Cremo Cremos for saving me from wasting an evening.

If managers were as candid and forthright as this Mr. Selwyn, both they and the critics would be spared a lot of discomfort and pain. But Mr. Selwyn is, alas, an exception. The average producer often knows quite as well as the average critic that what he is producing is unadulterated tripe designed purely to bump the box-office, but he pretends that it is something much better and is then outraged when the critic duly announces that it is the unadulterated tripe that he, the producer, knows perfectly well it is. Certainly no critic objects to a producer making money; it is when the producer counterfeits his money-making endeavors as dramatic art and protests against their being regarded otherwise that the critic feels it is time to polish up the ax.

No honest producer finds it necessary to bar any critic worth his salt. If the Theatre Guild, Arthur Hopkins, Jed Harris, William Harris, Jr., or any other such organization or individual has ever objected to honest criticism, the fact has not come to my notice. It is always the lesser and more suspect producers who do the loudest yelling. These are simply tradesmen who, after the habit of tradesmen when they get a little money, wish to be treated as artists and are wroth when they are regarded merely as tradesmen.

III

The Quality of Failures

There is no better symptom of the steadily increasing taste and discrimination of the American theatre audience, now that the talkies have performed their valuable physic in ridding that audience of its dumber element, than the quality of many of the plays that fail to win its approval. A considerable number of these failures, which in other days—because of the lower caste of audiences—would doubtless have achieved prosperity, are very much above the grade of the failures of the pre-talkie era and often show traces of genuine merit. But these traces are not enough for the improved audience; the latter's heightened standard demands more of plays in these days; and failure is the price of the audience's progress.

All that one need do to convince one's self of the truth of this is to compare the quality of certain successes of, say, a half dozen years ago with that of certain failures today. The latter are found to be quite as good plays as those which in the past have been successes. Indeed, they are often much better. A half dozen years back, before the theatre was so largely purged of the movie type of mind and taste, plays like "The Harem," "Cobra," "Ladies of the Evening," "Dancing Mothers," "Lawful Larceny," "Seventh Heaven" and others of their incipient cinema species won the favor of the theatrical trade. It is extremely doubtful that most of them could win that favor were they produced, as new plays, at the present time. Consider them, further, from the standpoint of critical quality as they compare with failures of the current season. Among these failures have been plays like "The Commodore Marries," "Among the Married," "Maggie, the Magnificent," "Veneer," "The Big Shot" and a sufficient number of others that were not only immensely superior on all counts to the successes named but that undoubtedly would have stood excellent chances for success had they been produced

before the present insistence upon complete merit came into force. Relative merit, as has been observed, is no longer always enough to satisfy an audience. And mere traces of merit, as has also been observed, spell doom.

Among the other failures this season have been such plays as "The Channel Road," "Week-End," "Cross Roads," "Thunder in the Air," "Claire Adams," and "The Amorous Antic," certainly not good plays, any of them, but at any rate fully up to the standard of many a play that used to please the theatrical trade when present-day talkie audiences were still an influential part of it. I don't say, obviously enough, that certain good plays have not always failed in the theatre and certain bad plays succeeded; what I say is that a good play to succeed today has to be better than a merely good play and that, further, the kind of plays that no longer win the theatre audience are often the kind that not so long ago tickled its less finical fancy. The failures nowadays are often relatively more interesting, both from the viewpoint of ideas and writing, than the successes of yesterday. For one piece of outright junk that fails, there are two or three failures that have elements of worth. But with the survival of the fittest in an audience direction there has come about also the survival of the fittest in a dramatic.

The future of the theatre is thus full of promise. As the talkies improve, more of the second-rate element that still figures to a degree in the theatre audience will be weaned away from it and gradually it will approach the state and condition that dramatists and critics have been praying for. When that day comes, *hoch!*

IV

A Guild Selection

The Theatre Guild, I believe, has chosen astutely in selecting for one of its future presentations Maurice Donnay's modernized paraphrase of "Lysistrata" in the excellent translation of William A. Drake. While not one of the most important contributions to modern drama, it is certainly one of the shrewdest and most amusing and it is, further, exactly the sort of play the Guild should undertake, if for no other reason than if the Guild did not undertake it we should doubtless never see it done by any other American producer. Why one of these other producers should not do it is pretty hard to figure out, for it is not only a piece of work far superior to most of the stuff they waste money on and so rather certain to get a wide critical endorsement, but is in addition, it seems to me, very good theatre and pretty sure box-office. Yet their objection to it, I understand, has been that the public would be frightened away in the belief that it was the old Greek play of the same title—as if the belief couldn't be dissipated by simple advertising and press-agency, and that no one is longer interested in costume plays—as if "Berkeley Square" were a failure, as if "The Age of Innocence" hadn't made a lot of money, and as if two of the big musical successes of the year weren't "Sweet Adeline" and "Bitter-Sweet."

The Guild need not concern itself unduly with such prejudices, even were they more greatly founded upon fact, and is accordingly to be commended for having begun to display a measure of judgment, lately so sadly deficient, in the selection of at least one manuscript. My personal interest in that manuscript is due to the circumstance that, after reading my eyes dim with a stack at least ten feet high, it struck me as being not only the most fetching of the lot, but one that I felt would give me a jolly evening in the theatre. And so I listed it for "The Theatre of Today" library, which I preside over in behalf of the Rev. Dr. Knopf, with this prefatory note: "I include the play in this series not because of its importance in the modern catalogue of dramatic art but, very simply, first, because it seems to me to be an immensely amusing one; secondly, because it is the best modernized adaptation of one of the classics

that I know; thirdly, because it represents to me the spirit of present-day French theatrical humor better than anything else I am acquainted with; and fourthly, because it is perhaps the oddest contribution to dramatic letters made in recent times by a member of the French Academy." After a brief outline of the history of the play, the note continued: "Donnay is of Paris rather than of France. He is its wit and a little of its melancholy, its smiling independence and sympathetic understanding and sly, pointed raillery. As Drake has observed, he is a clever, amiable, elegant old gentleman who, for more than twenty years now, has acted as a sort of master-extraordinary of ceremonies to the Academy and with his humor and pleasantry contrived to inject into the dryest and gravest of subjects that quality which has been the delight of the public press and of the Institute."

"Lysistrata" reveals that humor at its best. From Drake's almost perfect translation I regret to confess that, due to the moral stringencies of the United States mails and the danger of landing my publisher in the coop at the hands of professional blue-noses, I deemed it expedient to delete two of the most comical lines of dialogue. I hope that the Guild will restore them to the script, as it is perfectly safe to say things from the stage that one cannot say on the printed page. I shall be glad to send the Guild the passages in question, if Drake has forgotten to put them back into the manuscript from which the Post Office made it imperative for me to extract them. It would be a pity to let Drake and me have all the fun and not share it with others.

In the casting of the play, I can only hope that the Guild will exercise sufficient originality and humorous sagacity to negotiate the job with young actors and actresses instead of with old ones, who would be the stereotyped and obvious choice. It is true that when almost any person thinks of Lysistrata, he thinks of someone who looks like Margaret Anglin, and it is also true that on the two different occasions the play was performed in France the rôle was given to Réjane and to Cora Laparcerie, with Lucien Guitry and subsequently Georges Colin in the leading male rôle. But it strikes me that a doubly humorous and perfectly legitimate effect could be achieved by casting the play, in all save perhaps two or three of its minor rôles, with very much younger men and women. Yet, however they cast it, it should be a picnic compared with the Guild's late répertoire of strip-poker emotionalism, sociological and governmental *chonkinas* and other such dramatic sphygmomanometers.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Bierce Emerges From the Shadows

AMBROSE BIERCE: A BIOGRAPHY, by Carey McWilliams. $3.50. 9 x 5¾; 358 pp. New York: *Albert & Charles Boni.*

THIS is the fourth biography of Bierce to appear within the space of a year—certainly a sufficient proof that interest in him, for long confined to a small sect of *Feinschmecker*, has begun to be general. It is by long odds the best of the four, not only because it presents a great deal of important material that the others lack, but also because its point of view is more judicious.

Mr. C. Hartley Grattan's "Bitter Bierce," the first life to be published, contained some shrewd criticism, but its principal conclusion remained somewhat dubious; moreover, the biographical portions stood on shaky ground. Dr. Danziger's "Portrait" dealt with Danziger far more than it dealt with Bierce, and Danziger turned out to be an extremely unimportant and uninteresting person. So, in a measure, with Mr. Neale's "Life": he had a lot to say about Bierce that was not familiar, but he stopped too often to boast about Neale. Mr. McWilliams avoids all of these follies. He has gone to immense pains to unearth his facts, he sets them forth in a clear manner, and when he pauses to philosophize upon them he speaks very sensibly. Altogether, he has done an admirable piece of work. There are still some holes in the record—no one really knows, for example, how or where Bierce died—, but in so far as making it complete was humanly possible Mr. McWilliams has done so, and he has added no gratuitous speculations of his own.

He dissents sharply from Mr. Neale's interesting theory that Bierce was not really killed in Mexico, as is commonly believed, but went to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and there committed suicide. The new evidence, apparently unknown to Neale, seems to make that theory untenable. Not only is it now certain that Bierce really entered Mexico; it is known that he wrote home from there, and a record of his letters, though not the texts thereof, was preserved by his friend and secretary, Miss Carrie Christiansen. This record, shortly before Miss Christiansen's death, passed to Bierce's daughter, Mrs. Helen Isgrigg, and by her it was placed in Mr. McWilliams' hands. It shows that her father was in the State of Chihuahua, on December 16, 1913, that he was in contact with a body of Mexican troops—whether of the loyal army or of the rebels does not appear—and that he was expecting to proceed soon to Torreón, where there was fighting. After that—silence. Where and when he was killed (or died otherwise) is not known. Four or five circumstantial stories are in circulation, but all of them fall far short of persuasiveness. But if Bierce actually reached the front, as now seems overwhelmingly probable, it becomes almost impossible to believe that he later returned to the United States, and, making his way to the Grand Canyon, there committed suicide. And it becomes equally impossible to believe, as many persons have believed in California, that he died in an asylum for the insane at Napa.

Mr. McWilliams clears off many other legends about Bierce, and in general brings him down from the region of fable and gives him reality. The old whispers about Mrs. Bierce are shown to be without ground, the various fantastic stories about the death of Bierce's son, Day, are disposed

of by relating the plain facts, and there are a dozen or more other such salutory services to the truth. The man who emerges is far more interesting and charming than the old fee-faw-fum. He was not, it appears, the appalling cynic that trembling young reporters used to admire. On the contrary, he was "one of the most idealistic men that his generation produced in America" —in fact, "a great moral force, . . . for he would not lie, and truth alone mattered to him. It came to mean more than beauty; . . . it came to be the paramount value of his life."

His rages were quite natural to such a character. Doomed to live in a country in which, by God's will, honesty is rare, courage is still rarer, and honor is almost unknown, he found his pruderies outraged at every step. So he fell upon the current mountebanks, great and small, in a Berserker fury, seeking thus to sooth and secure his own integrity. That integrity, so far as I can make out, was never betrayed by compromise. Right or wrong, Bierce always stuck to the truth as he saw it. He was magnificently decent. It cost him something, but he never wavered.

I suspect that his death came just in time. Suppose he had survived into the war years: would he have stood pat, or would he have allowed the prevailing blather to fetch him? His private philosophy, of course, was all against it. He was violently opposed to democracy, and held all its heroes in contempt. Somewhere in the present book Mr. McWilliams records his blistering opinion of the absurd jenkins, Walter Hines Page; and in another place he is denounced in his turn by that other exponent of bogus idealism, Franklin K. Lane. But would he have resisted the full pressure, once it was turned on in 1917? I am not so sure. Mark Twain, plainly enough, would have succumbed at once: his death in 1910 spared a candid world some very painful scenes. Bierce, of course, would have been harder to run amok, but that he would have held out to the end is not to be put down as certain. Thus I find myself rather glad that the Mexicans disposed of him in 1913, before the great test really confronted him. If he had held on to the common sense and common decency of his life-long devotion the professional patriots of the time would have badgered him cruelly, and if he had compromised ever so little it would have been a sad and shameful thing.

The Art of the Printer

MODERN TYPOGRAPHY & LAYOUT, by Douglas McMurtrie. $7.50. 12¾ x 9½; 190 pp. Chicago: *The Eyncourt Press.*

This stately work, at first glance, will probably be taken for a German production, for in both type and make-up it forcibly suggests the bold, somewhat raucous printing that the Germans have been doing since the war, and especially in the past few years. The influence of that printing is also widespread in the United States; in the advertising pages of the magazines one is constantly confronted by its bold black masses, its modernistic illustrations, and its harsh, angular, uncompromising faces of type. Mr. McMurtrie is strongly in favor of it, though with certain prudent reservations. He is in favor of getting the useless serifs off of letters, but he is still in some doubt about abandoning capitals. His own book is set in a new face called Stellar Bold, with headings in Ultra-Modern—this last designed by himself—but he is constrained to say that "I do not think we have yet produced a modern type suited to text or body composition." The Stellar Bold helps to prove it. It is, looked at in isolation, a remarkably clear and straightforward face, but a full page of it looks somehow harsh, and a whole volume of it grows unendurable. In type, as in life, it is not possible to be explicit all the time. There must be some softness, some vagueness.

But the new typography is not a thing of type faces alone; it depends for its character upon design in a wider sense—on what printers call layout. In the typical typographical design of the old style all

the principal lines were horizontal: they were, of course, the type lines. In order to make it clear that the thing really had two dimensions and not only one, the printer usually had recourse to borders, either plain or ornamental.

These borders, to be sure, added two to the number of his horizontal lines, but they also gave him two lines that were assertively vertical, and that was enough for those innocent days. The printer of the new style adopts bolder measures. He runs a heavy vertical line down the middle of his design, or somewhere near the middle and then arranges his type around it. Not infrequently he adds a heavy horizontal line, either near the bottom or near the top. Thus his basic design is a bold cross, as it used to be a more or less banal square. The square seemed to hedge the layout in; it obliterated any feeling of movement. But the cross makes the eye move, and so conveys the impression that the whole design moves.

That, in brief, is the essence of the new art of layout. Its aim is to seize the eye, and guide it forcibly to what is most important. To that end everything else must be sacrificed—grace, decorum, even beauty. Some of the new German advertisements, reprinted here with favorable comments by Mr. McMurtrie, are really almost brutal. With their huge black masses, their harsh, angular types, and their frequent splashes of scarlet, they do not coo and woo; they issue commands. One can think of nothing to say to them save a feeble "*Zu Befehl, Herr Oberst!*" But it is one thing to be intimidated, and another thing to buy goods.

Do these clarion calls really sell anything? Sometimes I find myself doubting it. The exercise of reading them, I suspect, is really too strenuous; the customer is fatigued beyond endurance before he can reach for an order blank. But whatever their failure as practical agents of persuasion, it is certainly no wonder that printers find them absorbing, for in the space of a very few years they have completely revolutionized the art of typography. There used to be something extremely cautious and gentle about it; its appeal was to æsthetes and scholars, not to practical men. But now it becomes magnificently he, and before long, perhaps, it will grow so he that the tender-minded will be clamoring for laws to regulate and dephlogisticate it.

Mr. McMurtrie complains that the great organs of the enlightenment in America show little interest in the new typography. Only *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*, he says, have ventured to monkey with it. He forgets that *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* are magazines whose primary purpose is not to be read but to be looked at. What The American Mercury (which he mentions with courteous sorrow) would look like in the new fashion he himself shows by giving a sample page from Jan Tschichold's "Die Neue Typographie," first in the original German and then translated into English but set both times in the same serifless type. The effect is simply dreadful. The page looks like nothing so much as a table of statistics set in the precise, uncomely, despiriting type used for the numbers in telephone books. "It does not seem to me," admits Mr. McMurtrie sadly, "to be as readable as would the same page set in Caslon, or some other traditional book face." Another thing he forgets is that the abandonment of capitals in the headings of *Vanity Fair* is by no means an unquestioned success. So long as it is new it will seem piquant, but once it stales it will become silly. My guess is that *Vanity Fair* will go back to capitals long before Dr. Hoover says his last bitter farewell to the White House.

"Modern Typography and Layout" is a very interesting book. A great deal of novel matter is in it, and the author, while plainly greatly impressed by the new art, yet manages to keep his head. He presents specimens of forty-eight of the new types, mainly from Germany, and reproductions of scores of layouts and finished designs. The volume will be valuable to everyone who has to do with printing.

Ladies, Mainly Sad

A GALLERY OF WOMEN, by Theodore Dreiser. $5. 7½ x 5¼; 2 vols.; 823 pp. New York: *Horace Liveright.*

"A Gallery of Women" is a companion to "Twelve Men," published in 1919. There are fifteen sketches, each dealing with some woman who impinged upon the author at some time in the past; if the collection is not quite as interesting as its forerunner, then that is probably because women themselves are considerably less interesting than men. Not one of them here is to be mentioned in the same breath with Dreiser's brother Paul, the shining hero of "Twelve Men," or with Muldoon the Iron Man, who plainly posed for the stupendous Culhane. Perhaps those who come closest to that high level are Regina C——, who succumbs to cynicism and morphine, and Bridget Mullanphy, almost a female Culhane. The rest are occasionally charming, but only too often their chief mark is a pathetic silliness. What ails most of them is love. They throw away everything for it, and when they can't get the genuine article they seem to be content with imitations. And if it is not love, real or bogus, that undoes them, then it is some vague dream that never takes rational form—of puerile self-expression, of gratuitous self-sacrifice, of something else as shadowy and vain.

Dreiser draws them with a surety of hand that seldom falters. He is at his best in just such character sketches, and he has a special skill at getting under the skins of women. In all of his books, indeed, the matter chiefly dealt with is female vagary, and to its elucidation he has brought an immense curiosity and no little shrewdness. As I have said, men are naturally more interesting, if only because they show a higher variability, but women remain more mysterious, and hence more romantic. Why should Regina C—— throw herself away as she does? Why should Esther Norn waste her devotion upon men who have no need of her, and set no value upon her? Why, indeed, should old Bridget Mullanphy stagger through life in shackles to her loafer of a husband and her abominable daughter? The common answer is that there is something noble about that sort of immolation, but Dreiser is too wise to make it. He simply sets forth the facts as he has seen them, and leaves the philosophizing to less conscientious sages. He sees into all these women, but he would probably be the last to claim that he really sees through them. They remain figures in the eternal charade, touching always but inscrutable to the last.

Dreiser's writing continues to be painful to those who seek a voluptuous delight in words. It is not that he writes mere bald journalese, as certain professors have alleged, but that he wallows naïvely in a curiously banal kind of preciosity. He is, indeed, full of pretty phrases and arch turns of thought, but they seldom come off. The effect, at its worst, is that of a hangman's wink. He has been more or less impressed, apparently, by the familiar charge that his books are too long—that his chief sin is garrulousness. At all events, he shows a plain awareness of it: at one place he pauses in his narrative to say, "But hold! Do not despair. I am getting on." The point here, however, is not well taken. He is not actually garrulous; he always says something apposite, even though it may be obvious. What ails him is simply an incapacity to let anything go. Every detail of the human comedy interests him so immensely that he is bound to get it down. This makes, at times, for hard reading, but it has probably also made Dreiser. The thing that distinguishes him from other novelists is simply his astounding fidelity of observation. He sees every flicker of the eye, every tremor of the mouth, every change of color, every trivial gesture, every awkwardness, every wart. It is the warts, remember, that make the difference between a photograph and a human being.

Most other American novelists of his generation have been going downhill of late, but Dreiser seems to be holding on

pretty well. The youngsters coming up offer him nothing properly describable as serious competition. They all write better than he does, but they surely do not surpass him in the really essential business of their craft. As year chases year, such books as "Jennie Gerhardt" and "The Titan" take on the proportions of public monuments; they become parts of the permanent record of their time; there is a sombre dignity in them that will not down. The defects that are in them are defects that are common to all latter-day American fiction. They may be imperfect, but they remain the best we have.

Confessional

GOD, by J. Middleton Murry. $3. 8⅝ x 5⅝; 344 pp. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

Mr. Murry will be recalled as the husband of the late Katherine Mansfield. Though he has since married again, her death seems to have been a staggering blow to him, and in this curious book he describes some of its consequences. For months, living alone in a remote Sussex cottage, he inhabited a world of shadows, seeing no one and lying under great depression of spirits. He thought of himself as completely solitary and forsaken; he found it quite impossible to relate himself to the lives of other people. Sitting one day before his fire, he became conscious of the feeling that he was "a little island against whose slender shores a cold, dark, boundless ocean lapped devouring." And then, of a sudden, came deliverance.

> The darkness of that ocean changed to light, the cold to warmth; it swept in one great wave over the shores and frontiers of myself, it bathed me and I was renewed; the room was filled with a presence, and I knew I was not alone—that I never could be alone any more, that the universe beyond held no menace, for I was part of it, that in some way for which I had sought in vain for so many years, I *belonged*, and because I belonged I was no longer I, but something different, which could never be afraid in the old ways or cowardly with the old cowardice.

This experience, I daresay, will offer little difficulty to practical psychologists. They are well aware that overwhelming grief is an emotion that cannot last—that it has a habit of vanishing as swiftly as it comes down. Nor will the presence that Mr. Murry speaks of give them pause, for they know that naturally religious people, in moments of emotional crisis, are frequently convinced that mysterious shapes are lurking about. But to Mr. Murry himself such matter-of-fact explanations are not enough, for though he seems to believe that he is an agnostic it is plain that he is really a mystic, and so he seeks an answer in the domain of metaphysics. In so far as I can make it out, it appears to be that ideas have a sort of objective reality—that what a man hopes for and dreams of is as real as what he is.

This, of course, is not new. Many men, in ancient and modern times, have argued for it, and most of us go through life on the assumption that it is true. But Mr. Murry, being more eloquent than most, gives it a certain air of newness, and thus produces an interesting if somewhat chaotic book. His trouble, I suspect, is as I have hinted: he is religious without knowing it. Holy Church, if he could induce himself to yield to her embrace, could do a lot for him; as it is, his groping for light and leading leaves him palpably unhappy. But all the same his book is worth reading, for there is great frankness in it, and persons who are interested in the mental processes of Oxford intellectuals will find it very instructive.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

W. J. Cash *is a native of South Carolina and a graduate of Wake Forest College. He has been a cotton-mill worker, a country editor, a newspaper reporter and editorial writer, and a teacher of English.*

Emily Clark (Mrs. Balch) *is the author of "Stuffed Peacocks," a collection of sketches of Virginia life. She was one of the founders of the* Reviewer *at Richmond, Va.*

Albert Stevens Crockett *was born at Solomon's Island, Md., and educated at Western Maryland College and Harvard. After eight years as a teacher he entered newspaper work, serving the New York* Herald, Sun *and* Times *and other papers. He was on the staff of the Waldorf-Astoria in its last days. His books include "When James Gordon Bennett was Caliph of Bagdad."*

H. L. Davis *was born in Oregon, but now lives in the State of Washington. He is a frequent contributor of verse and prose to the reviews.*

Benjamin DeCasseres *was born in Philadelphia, but now lives in New York. He is an old newspaper man, and the author of numerous books.*

Michael Gold *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

Hermine Kane *was born in Ohio and received her training as a nurse in New York. She is now in practice in Texas.*

Robert H. Lowie *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

Howard Lee McBain, Ph.D. (Columbia), *is dean of the faculties of political science, philosophy and pure science at Columbia University. He was born at Toronto and educated at Richmond, Chicago and Columbia. He has been Ruggles professor of constitutional law at the last-named since 1925. His books include "The Living Constitution," "De Witt Clinton and the Origin of the Spoils System," and "Prohibition, Legal and Illegal."*

Hoffman Nickerson *was born in New Jersey and is an M.A. of Harvard. He is the author of "The Inquisition: A Political and Military Study," and "The Turning Point of the Revolution," and part-author, with Col. O. L. Spaulding and Col. J. W. Wright, of "Warfare: A Study of Military Methods From the Earliest Times."*

Henry F. Pringle *is now at work on a biography of Roosevelt. He is the author of "Alfred E. Smith: A Critical Biography" and "Big Frogs."*

Edward Sapir, Ph.D. (Columbia), *is professor of anthropology and general linguistics at the University of Chicago. From 1910 to 1925 he was chief of the division of anthropology of the National Museum of Canada at Ottawa. Among his books are "Language: an Introduction to the Study of Speech," "Time Perspective in Aboriginal American Culture: A Study in Method," and "The Psychology of Culture."*

H. H. Sawyer *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

George S. Schuyler *has been a soldier in the United States Army, a Civil Service clerk, a porter, a dishwasher, and a railroad trackwalker. Since 1924 he has been on the staff of the Pittsburgh* Courier.

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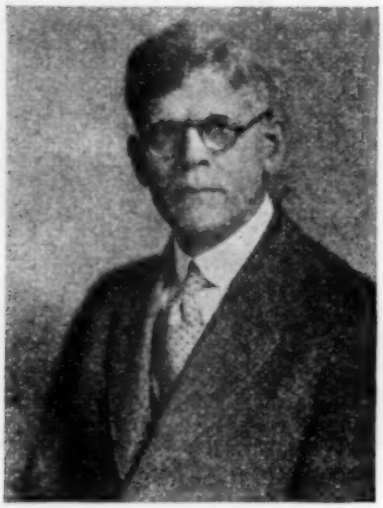
EDITORIAL NOTES



Judge H. H. Sawyer

JUDGE H. H. SAWYER, author of "The Law of the Road," in this issue, was born on a farm near the little town of Ossian, Iowa, on August 23, 1876. When he was ten years old, his parents moved to Nebraska, where he grew up. Of his life from then on, he says,

> I went to country school, and when old enough worked on the farm. Among my earliest recollections were the tales my father told of the Civil War, and I resolved that if there ever was another war I would become a soldier. Accordingly, when the Spanish-American War broke out, I enlisted. I was sent to Camp Alger, Va., but in less than a month I went down with typhoid fever, and was moved to the hospital at Fort Myer, where I remained until the war was over. After returning from the Army I invested my pay in tuition at the Nebraska State Normal College, Fremont, Neb., where I was for six months. The next year I obtained a teacher's certificate, and for two years taught at a country school in Minnesota, and worked on a farm in the Summers. Then I entered Morningside College at Sioux City, Iowa, and working at any jobs I could get, from washing dishes to setting type and reporting on a newspaper, I managed to get through college with an A.B. After leaving school I studied law in an office in Sioux City, and at the same time took a correspondence course in law. On graduating from the latter I took the Iowa bar examinations, and was admitted to practice in the State. In 1921 I was appointed by Governor Kendall to fill a vacancy on the Municipal Court bench, and was elected to that office in 1923 and again in 1927.

In 1926 Judge Sawyer took the initiative and was instrumental in organizing the Poor Man's Court in Des Moines, legally known as the Conciliation Court. It was the first of its kind in Iowa. He has conducted this court since its inauguration, and is still acting as conciliator in addition to his regular duties as judge.

Dr. Robert H. Lowie

DR. ROBERT H. LOWIE, who wrote "American Indian Cultures" in this issue, was born in Vienna on June 12, 1883, and attended the primary schools there. He was brought to New York in 1893, and eight

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THE BRITANNIA-1840

Next to Boston's TEA-PARTY was the Party Boston gave CUNARD

IT was a momentous day—that July 19th, away back in 1840. How the people rejoiced. How Boston celebrated. Full 20,000 came to see and to cheer—"despite the dank fog of the night." The cannonading was terrific—Gun powder was burned in immense quantities. And the great Banquet the Select-men gave to Samuel Cunard, *Cunard—the Nation's Benefactor; Cunard—The Empire Builder* they hailed him.

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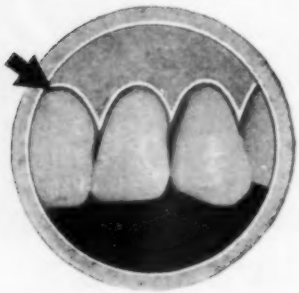

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the safe and efficacious antacid dentifrice

Editorial NOTES

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years later was graduated from the College of the City of New York. After a period of vacillation, during which he read a great deal in general science, taught in the public schools, and seriously considered chemistry as a profession, he decided on anthropology. Accordingly, in 1904, he enrolled at the Columbia Graduate School, where he studied under Professors Boas and Laufer. In 1906, while still a graduate student, he was asked by Dr. Clark Wissler to investigate the then little-known Shoshoni Indians of Idaho for the American Museum of Natural History. After passing his doctor's examination in the following year (the degree was formally conferred in 1908) he entered the service of the museum as assistant, being later promoted to the status of assistant curator and then to that of associate curator. From 1906 until 1916 he spent several months of nearly every year with various Indian tribes in the United States and Canada in the interests of the museum.

In 1917–18 he was lecturer on anthropology at the University of California, and in 1925 he was appointed professor, which position he has held ever since. He attended the International Congress of Americanists in Gothenburg, Sweden, in 1924 as one of its vice-presidents, and availed himself of this opportunity to travel in Scandinavia, France, England, Germany and Austria. His books include "Primitive Society," "Primitive Religion," "The Origin of the State," and "Are We Civilized?", the last of which has just been published. His previous articles for THE AMERICAN MERCURY have been the following: "The Origin and Spread of Cultures," April, 1924; "A Note on History and Race," March, 1925; "Prestige Among the Indians," December, 1927; "Word-Formation in the American Indian Languages," July, 1928; "Bathing Through the Ages,"

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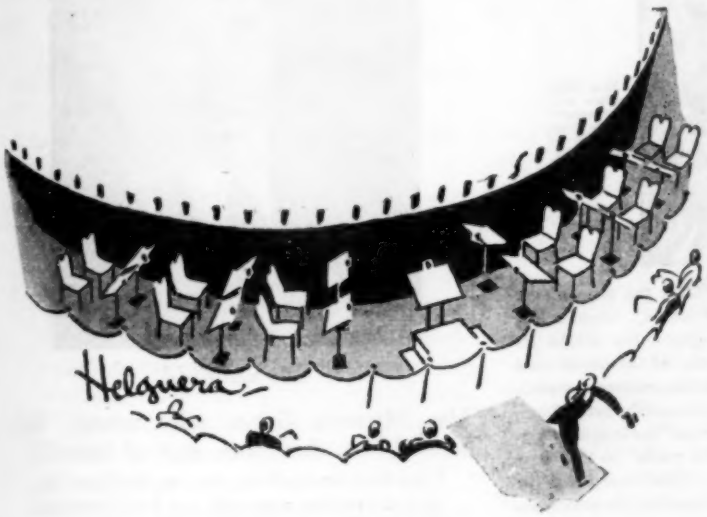
WHAT is wrong with this picture? . . . Why is the man leaving the theatre? . . . Ah! The orchestra pit is empty . . . Perhaps the man is bored with factory-made music . . . Perhaps it has occurred to him that HE IS NOT GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH . . . He used to hear Living Music and see a movie—all for one price of admission . . . Now he gets the movie story, with talk, AND CANNED MUSIC, which is cheaper . . .



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Editorial NOTES

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September, 1928; and "Aboriginal Education in America," October, 1928.

Michael Gold

MR. MICHAEL GOLD, who wrote "Reb Samuel," in this issue, says of himself:

> I was born on April 12, 1896, on the East Side, on a street that was only one block removed from the Bowery. The East Side was then the red light district of the city. The immigrant Jews had to live in its moral and physical filth and bring up children there. My father was a shiftless, easy-going Roumanian Jew, who was fond of wine and song. He worked at many trades here, from street peddling to operating a machine in a cloak and suit sweatshop, and finally opened a little suspender shop of his own, in back of which we lived and worked with him. I remember long, miserable hours of work almost since the cradle. My mother toiled from dawn till midnight. I myself went to work at the age of twelve, in a factory for making incandescent gas mantles. Then I worked for the Adams Express Company for several years, as a driver's helper and night watchman.
>
> My father died when I was nineteen. I had been the chief support of our family, and now I became restless and escaped from New York. My first stop was Boston, where I spent several years. I don't know why, but Boston has always seemed to me to be the most interesting

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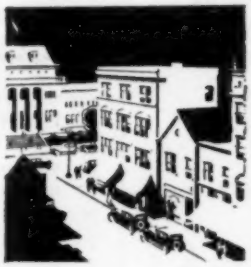

This is MAIN STREET'S *Day*

THE big parade of American industry is turning into Main Street. The American consumer has rerouted the march by demanding style and individuality in the things he buys. His more exacting demands have caused changes within the factory. Mechanical monsters, built to turn out an endless stream of identical articles, are replaced with lines of simpler machines. Each machine is a specialist. Any one may be junked without affecting the usefulness of the others.

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CUNARD-ANCHOR
WEST INDIES CRUISES

Editorial NOTES

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city in America. I became a radical there. I got in with an anarchist group, and with a friend issued a little anarchist weekly, which was soon suppressed by the Boston cops. I did my first writing for this paper. Then I joined the I. W. W., and helped organize a strike of textile workers and one of Negro longshoremen in Providence, R. I. Then I came back to New York, and worked for several years on the old *Call* as copy-reader. After that I drifted across the U. S. A., working on section gangs, newspapers, etc. I spent some time in Chicago and vicinity, and then headed south for Mexico, where I rambled for over two years. In Mexico I became a Communist, and have been one ever since.

After some more tramping I came back to New York again, and got a job as editorial assistant to Max Eastman on the *Masses*. When Max grew tired of being editor of a perpetually bankrupt magazine, Claude McKay, the Negro poet, and I took it over. After two years the paper failed. About three years ago, Hugo Gellert and I founded the *New Masses*, of which I am now editor. I have had two plays produced, "Hoboken Blues," a Negro fantasy, and "Fiesta," a romantic comedy-tragedy of the Mexican revolution. Both were flops.

All in all, I have worked on about thirty-six jobs entailing manual labor, and on about twelve newspapers as a reporter and copy-reader. I have been chased by the cops in about forty street demonstrations, and have helped in about twenty strikes. Recently I managed to finish a book of East Side memories, called "Jews Without Money" [to be published February 15]. I now believe that writing is the one way in which I, as an individual, can best contribute to the world revolutionary movement.

THE following comes from Mr. H. J. Greenwool, author of "The Parliament of Labor" in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for last June:

> Mr. James Wilson, one of the vice-presidents of the American Federation of Labor, informs me that the words I attributed to him in my article were not spoken by him. I think it only fair to him to spread his denial on the record. I think it also only fair to add that my best recollection is that I heard him speak the words as I reported them. Mr. Wilson tells me that he has suffered some joshing at the hands of acquaintances who read THE AMERICAN MERCURY as gospel. I trust this note will give them pause.

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THE INVESTOR

BANK AND INSURANCE STOCKS

By Rudolph L. Weissman

No other class yields more satisfactory results than bank and insurance company stocks, if bought at reasonable price levels, and held for a number of years. At the same time, no other group is less suited to speculative trading, except by dealers. Although the intangibles of management and prestige are so important as to make investment in bank and insurance-banks on the basis of statistical data impractical, a survey of general considerations is serviceable.

The strategic position of the bank in the business world assures it of participation in whatever growth the locality which it serves enjoys. Interest naturally centers in the stocks of New York institutions, and, to a lesser degree, in those of such cities as Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. The expansion of deposits in periods of depression is retarded only slightly. Recent annual earnings for all national banks have averaged 9.5% on capital, surplus and undivided profits; for New York City banks, the average is over 11.5%. Few banks publish income accounts. It is known that banking structures are often carried at ridiculously low figures and that rates of depreciation charged against office equipment are high.

Per share earnings are estimated by comparisons of condition statements. To the year's dividend disbursements are added the gains to surplus and undivided profits, and the total is divided by the number of shares. Many bank stocks carry an equal interest in the security company of the bank. The earnings of these organizations are not made public, but their activities, marking the entrance of commercial banks into the investment banking field, have been highly profitable. As a rule, on top of the conservative accounting methods, less than two-thirds of the shown earnings are paid out in dividends. The additions to surplus, without the dangers which accompany trading on the equity, are the springs of a compounding process, since each dollar's surplus is equivalent to an increase of $5 to $10 in lending power. The book value of stocks of financial institutions is a more valuable guide than the book value of other classes of stock. Banks in active industrial centers, or in cities with a rich mining or agricultural hinterland, show a steady and fairly rapid growth in book value per share.

Contrary to the fears of bankers, the Federal Reserve system did not impair the profits of member banks. Not only were the reserve requirements reduced by the original act, and cut further by an amendment thereto, but fiduciary powers have been granted to enable the member banks to compete with state institutions. Under a 3% reserve on time deposits, time deposits have mounted to a disquieting degree, and various measures were provided to facilitate international banking operations. Since 1927, limited branch banking privileges have been granted, security dealings have been sanctioned, and banks outside the central reserve cities are now allowed to lend on real estate.

Bank stocks, despite all their merits, compete for investment favor with other securities, and fluctuate to a considerable extent; bid and ask prices are usually wider apart than for listed shares. They are by no means "one way" stocks, unless the intermediary price changes are ignored. Earnings have a direct relation to book value and the dividend return, and the

Continued on page xliv

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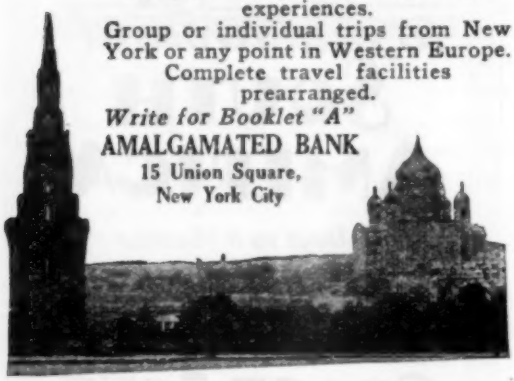

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The INVESTOR

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current price must be reasonable. The possibility of consolidation, or a reduction in par value is often the basis for speculative ventures. The investor will demand, except in exceptional cases, a minimum return of 2.5% and will hesitate to pay more than 2.75 times the indicated book value.

The yield on the stocks of banks in large cities is generally increased by subscription rights, owing to the necessity of raising new capital. A higher return and a smaller premium over the book value is expected of stocks of banks in smaller communities where growth is lacking, until, at the bottom of the scale, towns like Nashua, N. H., or Annville, Pa., are reached, where the return on one's investment is no larger than a decade or two ago.

Before the war, New York bank stocks generally showed a higher yield than stocks of the leading English banks. At this writing, when forty-four dividend-paying New York bank stocks show an average yield of 2.90%, the stocks of the so-called Big Five Joint Stock Banks of England show an average yield of about 5¼%. American banks are now more similar to the principal German banks, which have always had close relations with every phase of industry and finance, and have been conducted on the department store basis in contrast with the English banks, which are purely commercial banking institutions. The spread between the New York and German issues may narrow in time, but no shift to the pre-war relationship is to be expected under existing economic conditions.

As with bank stocks, stocks of fire insurance companies are investigated more with reference to long term records of growth and dividends, and management, than by statistical analysis. Earnings of these issues are determined, first, by underwriting results, and, second, by income

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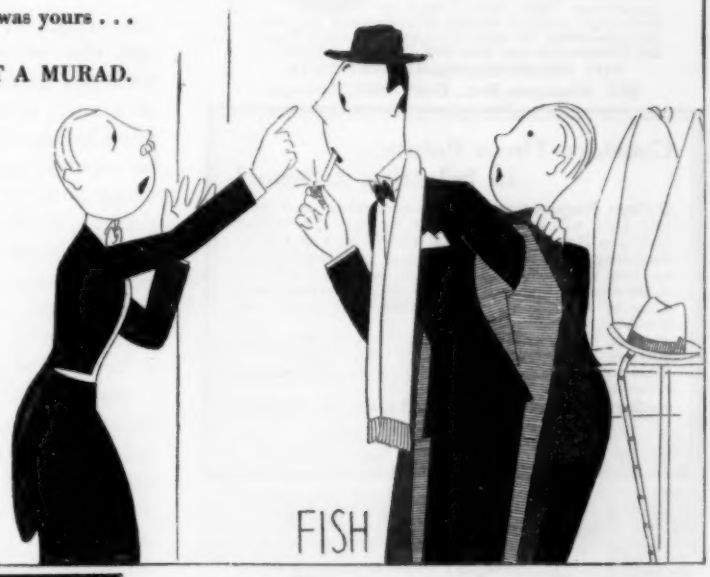

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and profits on security investments. In the last few years the net profits on underwritings in relation to earned premiums, as a rule, have been small. As soon as a premium is collected, the full amount must be set up in reserve, from which it is drawn down annually as the policy matures. The reserve, in theory, is the sum which would have to be returned to policy-holders if all policies were cancelled, or, if the company retired from active business, and the policies on its books were reinsured with some other company.

As a result of experience, it has been found that only about 60% of the reserve set up for unearned premiums is actually paid out in losses. It is not a departure from conservative accounting practice, therefore, to include in each year's earnings 40% of the year's increase in unearned premium reserve.

The liquidating value of an insurance stock is considered the best single statistical guide to its value. It is found by adding to the capital, surplus and voluntary reserves, 40% of the premium reserves, in accordance with the practice outlined, and dividing the total sum by the number of shares outstanding. The importance of the book value is a result of the fact that an insurance company's security holdings are its chief source of earnings. The connection between the market price of industrial stocks and their book values is remote, and the reference to book value is not to be extended to these securities.

The growth of "fleets," whereby long established and large corporations manage recently formed and smaller units, is expected to reduce costs, and effect more economical operations. However, the investor in insurance stocks has less reason to expect rapid appreciation of his holdings than the investor in New York City bank

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The INVESTOR

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stocks, and as compensation, a dividend return of about 3¾% is not too much to expect.

Stocks of all types of financial institutions are dealt in largely by dealers. Few issues are listed on the important exchanges. The method of trading limits the opportunities for trading profits, but reputable dealers, and New York Stock Exchange houses which maintain departments that deal in these stocks, are in a position to render investors valuable advisory service.

New Financial Books

PROFITS IN INSURANCE STOCKS.
By Walter H. Woodward. *The Macmillan Company*
$1.50 7¾ x 5¼; 122 pp. *New York*

A companion volume to the author's "Profits in Bank Stocks." Until recently, insurance stocks were held exclusively by wealthy investors. Attempts have been made in the last two years to introduce them to the investor of moderate means. What Mr. Woodward states about the remarkable success of many companies is true. However, at a time when the stocks of financial institutions are selling much higher than formerly, in relation to earnings, book value, or any other conventional test, and yielding less, purchasers are bound to meet with disappointments. Investors should be reminded that the large profits in these stocks have been made by those who held them not for three or six months, but for years. The book lacks an index.

KEANE'S MANUAL OF INVESTMENT TRUSTS.
By C. P. Keane. *The Financial Publishing Company*
$20 9¾ x 6¼; 1488 pp. *New York*

The second annual number of this manual is indispensable for those having occasion to examine investment trust securities, either from the standpoint of an analyst or of an investor. In addition to complete information regarding the capital structure of all important investment trusts, details are furnished wherever possible regarding the portfolios and investment restrictions. Valuable articles on investment trust accounting are included, together with State regulations and a directory of directors and personnel. Securities held by investment trusts are listed alphabetically in an appendix, so that one is able to gather what issues are investment trust favorites, at least to the extent to which the publication of holdings is practised.